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THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

VOL. XIII.

LONDON:

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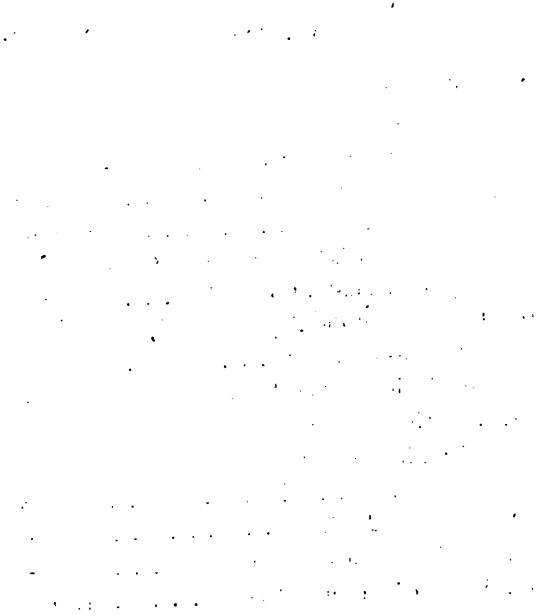

THE SPECTATOR.

N° 453. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1712.

Non usitatâ nec tenui ferar
Pennâ———

HOR. 2 Od. xx. 1.

No weak, no common wing shall bear
My rising body through the air.

CREECH.

THERE is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker! The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties, which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another,

naturally produces a very pleasing sensation
mind of a grateful man; it exalts the soul int
ture, when it is employed on this great obj
gratitude, on this beneficent Being who has gi
every thing we already possess, and from wh
expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the works of the pagan poets were
direct hymns to their deities, or tended indire
the celebration of their respective attribute
perfections. Those who are acquainted wi
works of the Greek and Latin poets which a
extant, will upon reflexion find this observa
true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One
wonder that more of our Christian poets ha
turned their thoughts this way, especially if w
sider, that our idea of the Supreme Being is n
infinitely more great and noble than what coul
sibly enter into the heart of an heathen, bu
with every thing that can raise the imaginatio
give an opportunity for the sublimest thoug
conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was sing
hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her
delight in human sacrifices, and other instan
cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet w
present at this piece of devotion, and seems t
had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the
by way of reproof, that, in recompence
hymn, he heartily wished he might have a
ter of the same temper with the goddess
lebrated. It was impossible to write the pra
one of those false deities, according to the
creed, without a mixture of impertinence a
surdity.

The Jews, who before the time of Chri
were the only people who had the knowledge
true God, have set the Christian world an e

how they ought to employ this divine talent of which I am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have transmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry, as much as in the subject to which it was consecrated. This I think might easily be shown, if there were occasion for it.

I have already communicated to the public some pieces of divine poetry; and, as they have met with a very favourable reception, I shall from time to time publish any work of the same nature, which has not yet appeared in print, and may be acceptable to my readers.

I.

'When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise:

II.

'O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

III.

'Thy providence my life sustain'd
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

'To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

'Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

'When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

'Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

VIII.

'When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face,
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

'Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

X.

'Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

'Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

'When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

'Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.'

N° 454. MONDAY, AUGUST 11, 1712.

Sine me, vacivum tempus ne quod dem mihi
Laboris.

TER. Heaut. Act. i. Sc. i.

Give me leave to allow myself no respite from labour.

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significancy in it.

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation: nay, they who enjoy it must value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning and took boat for London with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four-and-twenty hours, till the many different objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad

into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster, by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six o'clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve; and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two o'clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners, bound for the several market-ports of London; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plyed their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations, as any spot on the earth: but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape. It was very easy to observe by their sailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins, who were supercargoes, the part of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent-garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks-market.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten sail of apricot boats, at Strand-bridge, after having put in at Nine-Elms, and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Cuffe, of that place, to Sarah Sewell and company, at their stall in Covent-garden. We arrived at Strand-bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading; when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Dark-House, to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed

by us as we made up to the market, and some raillery happened between one of the fruit-wenches and those black men, about the Devil and Eve, with allusion to their several professions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent-garden; where I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women around me, who were purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach and followed a young lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her maid. I saw immediately she was of the family of the Vainloves. There are a set of these, who, of all things, affect the play of Blindman's-buff, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of woman is usually a janty slattern; she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly, and all with an appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet give you to understand she is in humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers, as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took the wink to pursue; and the lady's driver gave the hint tha he was going through Long-acre towards St. James's: while he whipped up James-street, we drove for King-street, to save the pass at St. Martin's-lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport-street and Long-acre. The fright, you must believe, brought down the lady's coach door, and obliged her, with her mask off, to inquire into the bustle,—when she sees the man she

would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney-coach, as well as the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe on her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on the opposite cushion, held her both firm, and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and a half, in all parts of the town, by the skill of our drivers; till at last my lady was conveniently lost, with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chace was now at end; and the fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a silk-worm. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying any thing. The silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen; for, though they never buy, they are ever talking of new silks, laces, and ribbons, and serve the owners in getting them customers, as their common dunners do in making them pay.

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity; when I resolved to walk it, out of cheapness; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take coach; for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expence. It happened so immediately; for at the corner of War-

wick-street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extremely poor, and should die in the street for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him sixpence to go into the next ale-house and save his life. He urged, with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirst. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jest; by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing reflexion to see the world so prettily checkered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satisfaction increased as I moved towards the city; and gay signs, well-disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came into the centre of the city, and centre of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, in attention to their several interests. I, indeed, looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day; for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey, to go up stairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females: to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, only 'To look at you.' I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several

voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming; which created in me a reflexion that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to myself with a kind of pun in thought, 'What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it?' In these, or not much wiser thoughts, I had liked to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man, according to the natural bashfulness or sullenness of our nation, eats in a public room a mess of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterwards to Robin's, and saw people, who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates; and could not but behold with great pleasure, property lodged in, and transferred in a moment from, such as would never be masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them, every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent-garden, and passed the evening at Will's in attending the discourses of several sets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the subjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The last subject kept me till I heard the streets in the possession of the bell-man, who had now the world to himself, and cry'd 'Past two o'clock.' This roused me from my seat; and I went to my lodgings, led by a light, whom I put into the discourse of his private œconomy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loss of a family that depended upon a link, with a design to end my trivial day with the generosity of six-pence, instead of a third part of that sum. When I came to my chambers, I writ down these minutes; but was at a

loss what instruction I should propose to my reader from the enumeration of so many insignificant matters and occurrences; and I thought it of great use, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one circumstance will make every face you see give you the satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend; will make every object a pleasing one; will make all the good which arrives to any man, an increase of happiness to yourself. T.

N° 455. TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1712.

———Ego apis Matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum———

HOR. 2. Od. iv. 27.

———My timorous muse
Unambitious tracts pursues;
Does with weak unballast wings,
About the mossy brooks and springs,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey fly,
And there with humble sweets contents her industry.
COWLEY.

The following letters have in them reflexions which will seem of importance both to the learned world and to domestic life. There is in the first an allegory so well carried on, that it cannot but be very pleasing to those who have a taste of good writing: and the other billets may have their use in common life.

' MR. SPECTATOR,

' As I walked the other day in a fine gar den, and observed the great variety of improve ments in plants and flowers, beyond what they other wise would have been, I was naturally led into reflexion upon the advantages of education, o modern culture: how many good qualities in th mind are lost, for want of the like due care in nurs ing and skilfully managing them; how many virtue are choaked by the multitude of weeds which ar suffered to grow among them; how excellent part are often starved and useless, by being planted in wrong soil; and how very seldom do these mora seeds produce the noble fruits which might be ex pected from them, by a neglect of proper manuring necessary pruning, and an artful management of ou tender inclinations and first spring of life. Thes obvious speculations made me at length conclude that there is a sort of vegetable principle in th mind of every man when he comes into the world In infants, the seeds lie buried and undiscovered till after a while they sprout forth in a kind of ra tional leaves, which are words; and in due seaso the flowers begin to appear in variety of beautifu colours, and all the gay pictures of youthful fanc and imagination; at last the fruit knits and is formed which is green perhaps at first, sour and unplea to the taste, and not fit to be gathered: till, ripene by due care and application, it discovers itself in a the noble productions of philosophy, mathematic close reasoning, and handsome argumentation. Thes fruits, when they arrive at just maturity, and are c a good kind, afford the most vigorous nourishment t the minds of men. I reflected further on the intel lectual leaves before mentioned, and found almo as great a variety among them, as in the vegetabl world. I could easily observe the smooth shinin

Italian leaves, the nimble French aspen always in motion, the Greek and Latin ever-greens, the Spanish myrtle, the English oak, the Scotch thistle, the Irish shambrogue, the prickly German and Dutch holly, the Polish and Russian nettle, besides a vast number of exotics imported from Asia, Africa, and America. I saw several barren plants, which bore only leaves, without any hopes of flower or fruit. The leaves of some were fragrant and well-shaped, and others ill-scented and irregular. I wondered at a set of old whimsical botanists, who spent their whole lives in the contemplation of some withered Egyptian, Coptic, Armenian, or Chinese leaves; while others made it their business to collect, in voluminous herbals, all the several leaves of some one tree. The flowers afford a most diverting entertainment, in a wonderful variety of figures, colours, and scents; however, most of them withered soon, or at least are but annuals. Some professed florists make them their constant study and employment, and despise all fruit; and now and then a few fanciful people spend all their time in the cultivation of a single tulip, or a carnation. But the most agreeable amusement seems to be the well-choosing, mixing, and binding together these flowers in pleasing nosegays, to present to ladies. The scent of Italian flowers is observed, like their other perfumes, to be too strong, and to hurt the brain; that of the French with glaring gaudy colours, yet faint and languid: German and northern flowers have little or no smell, or sometimes an unpleasant one. The ancients had a secret to give a lasting beauty, colour, and sweetness, to some of their choice flowers, which flourish to this day, and which few of the moderns can effect. These are becoming enough and agreeable in their seasons, and do often handsomely adorn an entertainment:

but an over-fondness of them seems to be a disease. It rarely happens to find a plant vigorous enough to have (like an orange-tree) at once beautiful and shining leaves, fragrant flowers, and delicious, nourishing fruit.

Sir, yours, &c.

'DEAR SPEC, August 6, 1712.

'You have given us, in your Spectator of Saturday last, a very excellent discourse upon the force of custom, and its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. I cannot deny but that I received above two-pennyworth of instruction from your paper, and in the general was very well pleased with it; but I am, without a compliment, sincerely troubled that I cannot exactly be of your opinion, that it makes every thing pleasing to us. In short, I have the honour to be yoked to a young lady, who is, in plain English, for her standing, a very eminent scold. She began to break her mind, very freely, both to me and to her servants, about two months after our nuptials; and, though I have been accustomed to this humour of hers these three years, yet I do not know what's the matter with me, but I am no more delighted with it than I was at the very first. I have advised with her relations about her, and they all tell me that her mother and her grandmother before her were both taken much after the same manner; so that, since it runs in the blood, I have but small hopes of her recovery. I should be glad to have a little of your advice in this matter. I would not willingly trouble you to contrive how it may be a pleasure to me; if you will but put me in a way that I may bear it with indifference, I shall rest satisfied.

Dear Spec,

Your very humble servant.

'P. S. I must do the poor girl the justice to let you know, that this match was none of her own choosing (or indeed of mine either); in consideration of which I avoid giving her the least provocation; and indeed we live better together than usually folks do who hated one another when they were first joined. To evade the sin against parents, or at least to extenuate it, my dear rails at my father and mother, and I curse hers for making the match.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, August 8, 1712.

'I LIKE the theme you lately gave out extremely, and should be as glad to handle it as any man living. But I find myself no better qualified to write about money than about my wife; for, to tell you a secret, which I desire may go no further, I am master of neither of those subjects.

Yours,

PILL GARLICK.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I DESIRE you will print this in italic, so as it may be generally taken notice of. It is designed only to admonish all persons, who speak either at the bar, pulpit, or any public assembly whatsoever, how they discover their ignorance in the use of similies. There are, in the pulpit itself, as well as in other places, such gross abuses in this kind, that I give this warning to all I know. I shall bring them for the future before your spectatorial authority. On Sunday last, one, who shall be nameless, reproving several of his congregation for standing at prayers, was pleased to say, "One would think, like the elephant, you had no knees." Now I myself saw an elephant, in Bartholomew fair, kneel down to take on his back the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman.

T. Your most humble servant.'

N° 456. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1712.

De quo libelli in celeberrimis locis proponuntur, huic ne perire quidem tacitè conceditur.

TULL.

The man whose conduct is publicly arraigned, is not suffered even to be undone quietly.

OTWAY, in his tragedy of Venice Preserved, has described the misery of a man whose effects are in the hands of the law, with great spirit. The bitterness of being the scorn and laughter of base minds, the anguish of being insulted by men hardened beyond the sense of shame or pity, and the injury of a man's fortune being wasted, under pretence of justice, are excellently aggravated in the following speech of Pierre to Jaffier:

'I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains;
The sons of public rapine were destroying.
They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune:
Nay more, Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale.
There was another making villainous jests
At thy undoing. He had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments:
Rich hangings intermix'd and wrought with gold;
The very bed, which on thy wedding-night
Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.'

Nothing indeed can be more unhappy than the condition of bankruptcy. The calamity which hap-

pens to us by ill fortune, or by the injury of others, has in it some consolation; but what arises from our own misbehaviour, or error, is the state of the most exquisite sorrow. When a man considers not only an ample fortune, but even the very necessaries of life, his pretence to food itself, at the mercy of his creditors, he cannot but look upon himself in the state of the dead, with his case thus much worse, that the last office is performed by his adversaries instead of his friends. From this hour the cruel world does not only take possession of his whole fortune, but even of every thing else which had no relation to it. All his indifferent actions have new interpretations put upon them; and those whom he has favoured in his former life, discharge themselves of their obligations to him, by joining in the reproaches of his enemies. It is almost incredible that it should be so; but it is too often seen that there is a pride mixed with the impatience of the creditor; and there are who would rather recover their own by the downfall of a prosperous man, than be discharged to the common satisfaction of themselves and their creditors. The wretched man, who was lately master of abundance, is now under the direction of others; and the wisdom, economy, good sense, and skill in human life before, by reason of his present misfortune, are of no use to him in the disposition of any thing. The incapacity of an infant or a lunatic is designed for his provision and accommodation; but that of a bankrupt, without any mitigation in respect of the accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter ruin, except there be a remainder ample enough, after the discharge of his creditors, to bear also the expence of rewarding those by whose means the effect of all this labour was transferred from him. This man is to look on and see others giving directions upon what terms and con-

ditions his goods are to be purchased; and all this usually done, not with an air of trustees to dispose of his effects, but destroyers to divide and tear them to pieces.

There is something sacred in misery to great and good minds; for this reason all wise law-givers have been extremely tender how they let loose even the man who has right on his side, to act with any mixture of resentment against the defendant. Virtuous and modest men, though they be used with some artifice, and have it in their power to avenge themselves, are slow in the application of that power, and are ever constrained to go into rigorous measures. They are careful to demonstrate themselves not only persons injured, but also that to bear it longer would be a means to make the offender injure others, before they proceed. Such men clap their hands upon their hearts, and consider what it is to have at their mercy the life of a citizen. Such would have it to say to their own souls, if possible, that they were merciful when they could have destroyed, rather than when it was in their power to have spared a man, they destroyed. This is a due to the common calamity of human life, due in some measure to our very enemies. They who scruple doing the least injury, are cautious of exacting the utmost justice.

Let any one who is conversant in the variety of human life reflect upon it, and he will find the man who wants mercy has a taste of no enjoyment of any kind. There is a natural disrelish of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world. He is ever extremely partial to himself in all his actions, and has no sense of iniquity but from the punishment which shall attend it. The law of the land is his gospel, and all his cases of conscience are determined by his attor-

ney. Such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of a miserable man; that riches are the instruments of serving the purposes of heaven or hell, according to the disposition of the possessor. The wealthy can torment or gratify all who are in their power, and choose to do one or other, as they are affected with love or hatred to mankind. As for such who are insensible of the concerns of others, but merely as they affect themselves, these men are to be valued only for their mortality, and as we hope better things from their heirs. I could not but read with great delight a letter from an eminent citizen, who has failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better fortune, and able by his countenance to retrieve his lost condition.

'SIR,

'It is in vain to multiply words and make apologies for what is never to be defended by the best advocate in the world, the guilt of being unfortunate. All that a man in my condition can do or say, will be received with prejudice by the generality of mankind, but I hope not with you: you have been a great instrument in helping me to get what I have lost; and I know (for that reason, as well as kindness to me) you cannot but be in pain to see me undone. To show you I am not a man incapable of bearing calamity, I will, though a poor man, lay aside the distinction between us, and talk with the frankness we did when we were nearer to an equality: as all I do will be received with prejudice, all you do will be looked upon with partiality. What I desire of you is, that you, who are courted by all, would smile upon me, who am shunned by all. Let that grace and favour which your fortune throws upon you, be turned to make up the coldness and indifference that is used towards me. All good and

generous men will have an eye of kindness for me for my own sake, and the rest of the world will regard me for yours. There is a happy contagion in riches, as well as a destructive one in poverty: the rich can make rich without parting with any of their store; and the conversation of the poor makes men poor, though they borrow nothing of them. How this is to be accounted for I know not; but men's estimation follows us according to the company we keep. If you are what you were to me, you can go a great way towards my recovery; if you are not, my good fortune, if it ever returns, will return by slower approaches.

I am, Sir,

Your affectionate friend,
and humble servant.'

This was answered by a condescension that did not, by long impertinent professions of kindness, insult his distress, but was as follows:

'DEAR TOM,

'I AM very glad to hear that you have heart enough to begin the world a second time. I assure you, I do not think your numerous family at all diminished (in the gifts of nature, for which I have ever so much admired them) by what has so lately happened to you. I shall not only countenance your affairs with my appearance for you, but shall accommodate you with a considerable sum at common interest for three years. You know I could make more of it; but I have so great a love for you, that I can wave opportunities of gain to help you; for I do not care whether they say of me after I am dead, that I had an hundred or fifty thousand pounds more than I wanted when I was living.

T. Your obliged humble servant.'

N° 457. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1712.

———Multa et præclara minantis.

HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 9.

Seeming to promise something wondrous great.

I SHALL this day lay before my readers a letter written by the same hand with that of last Friday, which contained proposals for a printed news-paper that should take in the whole circle of the penny-post.

'SIR,

'THE kind reception you gave my last Friday's letter, in which I broached my project of a news-paper, encourages me to lay before you two or three more; for, you must know, sir, that we look upon you to be the Lowndes* of the learned world, and cannot think any scheme practicable or rational before you have approved of it, though all the money we raise by it is in our own funds, and for our private use.

'I have often thought that a news-letter of whispers, written every post, and sent about the kingdom, after the same manner as that of Mr. Dyer, Mr. Dawkes, or any other epistolary historian, might be highly gratifying to the public, as well as beneficial to the author. By whispers I mean those pieces of news which are communicated as secrets, and which bring a double pleasure to the hearer; first, as they are private history; and, in the next place, as they have always in them a dash of scandal. These are the two chief qualifications in an article of news, which recommend it, in a more than ordinary manner, to the ears of the curious. Sickness of persons in high

* Secretary at this time of the treasury, and director of the mint.

posts, twilight visits paid and received by ministers o state, clandestine courtships and marriages, secre amours, losses at play, applications for places, with their respective successes and repulses, are the mate rials in which I chiefly intend to deal. I have tw persons, that are each of them the representative of a species, who are to furnish me with those whisper which I intend to convey to my correspondents. T first of these is Peter Hush, descended from t ancient family of the Hushes. The other is the lady Blast, who has a very numerous tribe of dau ters in the two great cities of London and Westmin ster. Peter Hush has a whispering-hole in most o the great coffee-houses about town. If you are alon with him in a wide room, he carries you up into corner of it, and speaks in your ear. I have see Peter seat himself in a company of seven or ei persons, whom he never saw before in his life; and after having looked about to see there was no one t overheard him, has communicated to them in a lo voice, and under the seal of secrecy, the death of great man in the country, who was, perhaps, a fox hunting the very moment this account was given him. If upon your entering into a coffee-house y see a circle of heads bending over the table, and ly close to one another, it is ten to one but my frien Peter is among them. I have known Peter publish ing the whisper of the day by eight o'clock in t morning at Garraway's, by twelve at Will's, before two at the Smyrna. When Peter has tu effectually launched a secret, I have been very v pleased to hear people whispering it to one another a second-hand, and spreading it about as their own; fo you must know, sir, the great incentive to whisperi is the ambition which every one has of being thoug in the secret, and being looked upon as a man wh has access to greater people than one would imagine

After having given you this account of Peter Hush, I proceed to that virtuous lady, the old lady Blast, who is to communicate to me the private transactions of the crimp-table, with all the arcana of the fair sex. The Lady Blast, you must understand, has such a particular malignity in her whisper, that it blights like an easterly wind, and withers every reputation that it breathes upon. She has a particular knack at making private weddings, and last winter married above five women of quality to their footmen. Her whisper can make an innocent young woman big with child, or fill an healthful young fellow with distempers that are not to be named. She can turn a visit into an intrigue, and a distant salute into an assignation. She can beggar the wealthy, and degrade the noble. In short, she can whisper men base or foolish, jealous or ill-natured: or, if occasion requires, can tell you the slips of their great grandmothers, and traduce the memory of honest coachmen that have been in their graves above these hundred years. By these and the like helps, I question not but I shall furnish out a very handsome news-letter. If you approve my project, I shall begin to whisper by the very next post, and question not but every one of my customers will be very well pleased with me, when he considers that every piece of news I send him is a word in his ear, and lets him into a secret.

'Having given you a sketch of this project, I shall, in the next place, suggest to you another for a monthly pamphlet, which I shall likewise submit to your spectatorial wisdom. I need not tell you, sir, that there are several authors in France, Germany, and Holland, as well as in our own country*, who publish every month what they call, An Account of the Works of the Learned, in which they give us an

* Mr. Michael de la Roche, 38 vols. 8vo, in Engl. under different titles; and in Fr. 8 tomes, 24to.

abstract of all such books as are printed in any par Europe. Now, sir, it is my design to publish ev month, An Account of the Works of the Unlearn Several late productions of my own countrymen, v many of them make a very eminent figure in the il rate world, encourage me in this undertaking. I i in this work, possibly make a review of several pie which have appeared in the foreign accounts ab mentioned, though they ought not to have been tal notice of in works which bear such a title. I n likewise take into consideration such pieces as pear, from time to time, under the names of th gentlemen who compliment one another in pul assemblies, by the title of " the learned gentleme Our party-authors will also afford me a great vari of subjects, not to mention the editors, commentat and others, who are often men of no learning, what is as bad, of no knowledge. I shall not enla upon this hint; but, if you think any thing can made of it, I shall set about it with all the pains a application that so useful a work deserves.

I am ever,

C. Most worthy Sir, &

N° 458. FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1712.

Αἰδὼς ἐκ ἀγαθὴ———
HES. *
———*Pudor malus*———
HOR.

False modesty.

I COULD not but smile at the account that v yesterday given me of a modest young gentlem

* The motto from Hesiod was not prefixed to this paper in Spect. in folio.

who, being invited to an entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the confidence to refuse his glass in his turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered, that he took all the talk of the table into his own hands, abused every one of the company, and flung a bottle at the gentleman's head who treated him. This has given me occasion to reflect upon the ill effects of a vicious modesty, and to remember the saying of Brutus, as it is quoted by Plutarch, that 'the person has had but an ill education, who has not been taught to deny any thing.' This false kind of modesty has, perhaps, betrayed both sexes into as many vices as the most abaned impudence; and is the more inexcusable to son, because it acts to gratify others rather than ; and is punished with a kind of remorse, not like other vicious habits when the crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false: The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humour of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct, limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

We may conclude that modesty to be false and vicious which engages a man to do any thing that is ill or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary nature. How many men, in the common concerns of life, lend sums of money which they are not able to spare, are bound for persons whom they have but little friendship for, give recommendatory characters of men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow places on those

whom they do not esteem, live in such manner as they themselves do not approve, and all this merely because they have not the confidence to resist solicitation, importunity, or example!

Nor does this false modesty expose us only to such actions as are indiscreet, but very often to such as are highly criminal. When Xenophanes was called timorous, because he would not venture his money in a game at dice: 'I confess,' said he, 'that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do an ill thing.' On the contrary, a man of vicious modesty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look singular in the company where he is engaged. He falls in with the torrent, and lets himself go to every action or discourse, however unjustifiable in itself, so it be in vogue among the present party. This, though one of the most common, is one of the most ridiculous dispositions in human nature, that men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a dissolute or irrational manner, but that one who is in their company should be ashamed of governing himself by the principles of reason and virtue.

In the second place, we are to consider false modesty, as it restrains a man from doing what is good and laudable. My reader's own thoughts will suggest to him many instances and examples under this head. I shall only dwell upon one reflexion, which I cannot make without a secret concern. We have in England a particular bashfulness in every thing that regards religion. A well-bred man is obliged to conceal any serious sentiment of this nature, and very often to appear a greater libertine than he is, that he may keep himself in countenance among the men of mode. Our excess of modesty makes us shame-faced in all the exercises of piety and devotion. This humour prevails upon us daily; insomuch that, at many well-bred tables, the master of the house is as

very modest a man, that he has not the confidence to say grace at his own table: a custom which is not only practised by all the nations about us, but was never omitted by the heathens themselves. English gentlemen, who travel into Roman-catholic countries, are not a little surprised to meet with people of the best quality kneeling in their churches, and engaged in their private devotions, though it be not at the hours of public worship. An officer of the army, or a man of wit and pleasure, in those countries, would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred man, should he be seen to go to bed, or sit down at table, without offering up his devotions on such occasions. The same show of religion appears in all the foreign reformed churches, and enters so much in their ordinary conversation, that an Englishman is apt to term them hypocritical and precise.

This little appearance of a religious deportment in our nation, may proceed in some measure from that modesty which is natural to us; but the great occasion of it is certainly this. Those swarms of sectaries that over-ran the nation in the time of the great rebellion, carried their hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthusiasm; insomuch that, upon the restoration, men thought they could not recede too far from the behaviour and practice of those persons who had made religion a cloak to so many villanies. This led them into the other extreme; every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical; and falling into the hands of the 'ridiculers' who flourished in that reign, and attacked every thing that was serious, it has ever since been out of countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that vicious modesty, which has in some measure worn out from among us the appearance of Christianity in ordinary

life and conversation, and which distinguishes us from all our neighbours.

Hypocrisy cannot indeed be too much detested, but at the same time it is to be preferred to open impiety. They are both equally destructive to the person who is possessed with them; but, in regard to others, hypocrisy is not so pernicious as barefaced irreligion. The due mean to be observed is, 'to be sincerely virtuous, and at the same time to let the world see we are so.' I do not know a more dreadful menace in the holy writings, than that which is pronounced against those who have this perverted modesty, to be ashamed before men in a particular of such unspeakable importance.

N° 459. SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1712.

———Quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.
HOR. 1 Ep. iv. 8.

———Whate'er befits the wise and good.
CREECH.

RELIGION may be considered under two general heads. The first comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practise. By those things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the holy writings, and which we could not have obtained the knowledge of by the light of nature; by the things which we are to practise, I mean all those duties to which we are directed by reason or natural religion. The first of these I shall distinguish by the name of faith, the second by that of morality.

If we look into the more serious part of mankind, we find many who lay so great a stress upon faith, that they neglect morality; and many who build so much upon morality, that they do not pay a due re-

gard to faith. The perfect man should be defective in neither of these particulars, as will be very evident to those who consider the benefits which arise from each of them, and which I shall make the subject of this day's paper.

Notwithstanding this general division of Christian duty into morality and faith, and that they have both their peculiar excellencies, the first has the pre-eminence in several respects.

First, Because the greatest part of morality (as I have stated the notion of it) is of a fixed eternal nature, and will endure when faith shall fail, and be lost in conviction.

Secondly, Because a person may be qualified to do greater good to mankind, and become more beneficial to the world, by morality without faith, than by faith without morality.

Thirdly, Because morality gives a greater perfection to human nature, by quieting the mind, moderating the passions, and advancing the happiness of every man in his private capacity.

Fourthly, Because the rule of morality is much more certain than that of faith, all the civilised nations of the world agreeing in the great points of morality, as much as they differ in those of faith

Fifthly, Because infidelity is not of so malignant a nature as immorality; or, to put the same reason in another light, because it is generally owned, there may be salvation for a virtuous infidel (particularly in the case of invincible ignorance), but none for a vicious believer.

Sixthly, Because faith seems to draw its principal, if not all its excellency, from the influence it has upon morality; as we shall see more at large, if we consider wherein consists the excellency of faith, or the belief of revealed religion; and this I think is,

First, In explaining, and carrying to greater heights, several points of morality.

Secondly, In furnishing new and stronger motives to enforce the practice of morality.

Thirdly, In giving us more amiable ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing notions of one another, and a truer state of ourselves, both in regard to the grandeur and vileness of our natures.

Fourthly, By showing us the blackness and deformity of vice, which in the Christian system is so very great, that he who is possessed of all perfection, and the sovereign judge of it, is represented by several of our divines as hating sin to the same degree that he loves the sacred person who was made the propitiation of it.

Fifthly, In being the ordinary and prescribed method of making morality effectual to salvation.

I have only touched on these several heads, which every one who is conversant in discourses of this nature will easily enlarge upon in his own thoughts, and draw conclusions from them which may be useful to him in the conduct of his life. One I am sure is so obvious, that he cannot miss it, namely, that a man cannot be perfect in his scheme of morality, who does not strengthen and support it with that of the Christian faith.

Besides this, I shall lay down two or three other maxims, which I think we may deduce from what has been said.

First, That we should be particularly cautious of making any thing an article of faith, which does not contribute to the confirmation or improvement of morality.

Secondly, That no article of faith can be true and authentic, which weakens or subverts the practical part of religion, or what I have hitherto called morality.

Thirdly, That the greatest friend of morality and natural religion cannot possibly apprehend any danger from embracing Christianity, as it is preserved pure and uncorrupt in the doctrines of our national church*.

There is likewise another maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing considerations, which is this, that we should, in all dubious points, consider any ill consequences that may arise from them, supposing they should be erroneous, before we give up our assent to them.

For example, In that disputable point of persecuting men for conscience sake, besides the imbittering their minds with hatred, indignation, and all the vehemence of resentment, and insnaring them to profess what they do not believe, we cut them off from the pleasures and advantages of society, afflict their bodies, distress their fortunes, hurt their reputations, ruin their families, make their lives painful or put an end to them. Sure when I see such dreadful consequences rising from a principle, I would be as fully convinced of the truth of it, as of a mathematical demonstration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my religion.

In this case the injury done our neighbour is plain and evident; the principle that puts us upon doing it, of a dubious and disputable nature. Morality seems highly violated by the one; and whether or no a zeal for what a man thinks the true system of faith may justify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our religion produces charity as well as zeal, it will not be for showing itself by such cruel instances. But to conclude with the words of an excellent author, 'We have just enough of religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.'

* The Gospel.

N° 460. MONDAY, AUGUST 18, 1712.

Decipimur specie recti——

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 1

Deluded by a seeming excellence.

ROSCOMMO

Our defects and follies are too often unknown to nay, they are so far from being known to us, that th pass for demonstrations of our worth. This ma us easy in the midst of them, fond to show them, fo to improve them, and to be esteemed for them. Th it is that a thousand unaccountable conceits, gay ventions, and extravagant actions, must afford pleasures, and display us to others in the colo which we ourselves take a fancy to glory in. deed there is something so amusing for the time this state of vanity and ill-grounded satisfaction, th even the wiser world has chosen an exalted word describe its enchantments, and called it, 'The Pa dise of Fools.'

Perhaps the latter part of this reflexion may see a false thought to some, and bear another turn th what I have given; but it is at present none of r business to look after it, who am going to conf that I have been lately amongst them in a vision.

Methought I was transported to a hill, gree flowery, and of an easy ascent. Upon the broad t of it resided squint-eyed Error, and Popular Opini with many heads; two that dwelt in sorcery, a were famous for bewitching people with the love themselves. To these repaired a multitude from eve side, by two different paths which lead towards ea of them. Some who had the most assuming air we directly of themselves to Error, without expectin

conductor; others of a softer nature went first to Popular Opinion, from whence, as she influenced and engaged them with their own praises, she delivered them over to his government.

When we had ascended to an open part of the summit where Opinion abode, we found her entertaining several who had arrived before us. Her voice was pleasing; she breathed odours as she spoke. She seemed to have a tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of something that was valuable in himself, and expected a paradise which she promised as the reward of his merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, till she should bring us where it was to be bestowed; and it was observable, that all the way we went, the company was either praising themselves in their qualifications, or one another for those qualifications which they took to be conspicuous in their own characters, or dispraising others for wanting theirs, or vying in the degrees of them.

At last we approached a bower, at the entrance of which Error was seated. The trees were thick woven, and the place where he sat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was disguised in a whitish robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer resemblance to Truth; and as she has a light whereby she manifests the beauties of nature to the eyes of her adorers, so he had provided himself with a magical wand, that he might do something in imitation of it, and please with delusions. This he lifted solemnly, and, muttering to himself, bid the glories which he kept under enchantment to appear before us. Immediately we cast our eyes on that part of the sky to which he pointed, and observed a thin blue prospect, which cleared as mountains in a summer morning when the mist goes off, and the palace of Vanity appeared to sight.

The foundation seemed hardly a foundation, but a

set of curling clouds, which it stood upon by magical contrivance. The way by which we ascended was painted like a rainbow; and as we went, the breeze that played about us bewitched the senses. The walls were gilded all for show; the lowest set of pillars were of the slight fine Corinthian order, and the top of the building being rounded, bore so far the resemblance of a bubble.

At the gate the travellers neither met with a porter, nor waited till one should appear; every one thought his merits a sufficient passport, and pressed forward. In the hall we met with several phantoms, that roved amongst us, and ranged the company according to their sentiments. There was decreasing Honour, that had nothing to show, but an old coat of his ancestor's achievements. There was Ostentation, that made himself his own constant subject, and Gallantry strutting upon his tiptoes. At the upper end of the hall stood a throne, whose canopy glittered with all the riches that gaiety could contrive to lavish on it; and between the gilded arms sat Vanity, decked in the peacock's feathers, and acknowledged for another Venus by her votaries. The boy who stood beside her for a Cupid, and who made the world to bow before her, was called Self-Conceit. His eyes had every now and then a cast inwards, to the neglect of all objects about him; and the arms which he made use of for conquest, were borrowed from those against whom he had a design. The arrow which he shot at the soldier, was fledged from his own plume of feathers; the dart he directed against the man of wit, was winged from the quills he writ with; and that which he sent against those who presumed upon their riches, was headed with gold out of their treasuries. He made nets for statesmen from their own contrivances; he took fire from the eyes of ladies, with which he melted their hearts; and lightning from the tongues of the elo-

quent, to inflame them with their own glories. At the foot of the throne sat three false Graces; Flattery with a shell of paint, Affectation with a mirror to practise at, and Fashion ever changing the posture of her clothes. These applied themselves to secure the conquests which Self-Conceit had gotten, and had each of them their particular polities. Flattery gave new colours and complexions to all things; Affectation new airs and appearances, which, as she said, were not vulgar; and Fashion both concealed some home defects, and added some foreign external beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I saw, I heard a voice in the crowd bemoaning the condition of mankind, which is thus managed by the breath of Opinion, deluded by Error, fired by Self-Conceit, and given up to be trained in all the courses of Vanity, till Scorn or Poverty come upon us. These expressions were no sooner handed about, but I immediately saw a general disorder, till at last there was a parting in one place, and a grave old man, decent and resolute, was led forward to be punished for the words he had uttered. He appeared inclined to have spoken in his own defence, but I could not observe that any one was willing to hear him. Vanity cast a scornful smile at him; Self-Conceit was angry; Flattery, who knew him for Plain-Dealing, put on a vizard, and turned away; Affectation tossed her fan, made mouths, and called him Envy or Slander; and Fashion would have it, that at least he must be Ill-Manners. Thus slighted and despised by all, he was driven out for abusing people of merit and figure; and I heard it firmly resolved, that he should be used no better wherever they met with him hereafter.

I had already seen the meaning of most part of that warning which he had given, and was considering how the latter words should be fulfilled, when a

mighty noise was heard without, and the door was blackened by a numerous train of harpies crowding in upon us. Folly and Broken-Credit were seen in the house before they entered. Trouble, Shame, Infamy, Scorn, and Poverty, brought up the rear. Vanity, with her Cupid and Graces, disappeared; her subjects ran into holes and corners; but many of them were found and carried off (as I was told by one who stood near me) either to prisons or cellars, solitude or little company, the mean arts or the viler crafts of life. 'But these,' added he with a disdainful air, 'are such who would fondly live here, when their merits neither matched the lustre of the place, nor their riches its expences. We have seen such scenes as these before now; the glory you saw will all return when the hurry is over.' I thanked him for his information; and believing him so incorrigible as that he would stay till it was his turn to be taken, I made off to the door, and overtook some few, who, though they would not hearken to Plain-Dealing, were now terrified to good purpose by the example of others. But when they had touched the threshold, it was a strange shock to them to find that the delusion of Error was gone, and they plainly discerned the building to hang a little up in the air without any real foundation. At first we saw nothing but a desperate leap remained for us, and I a thousand times blamed my unmeaning curiosity that had brought me into so much danger. But as they began to sink lower in their own minds, methought the palace sunk along with us, till they were arrived at the due point of esteem which they ought to have for themselves; then the part of the building in which they stood touched the earth, and we departing out, it retired from our eyes. Now, whether they who stayed in the palace were sensible of this descent, I cannot tell: it was then my opinion that

they were not. However it be, my dream broke up at it, and has given me occasion all my life to reflect upon the fatal consequences of following the suggestions of Vanity.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WRITE to you to desire, that you would again touch upon a certain enormity, which is chiefly in use among the politer and better-bred part of mankind; I mean the ceremonies, bows, curtsies, whisperings, smiles, winks, nods, with other familiar arts of salutation, which take up in our churches so much time that might be better employed, and which seem so utterly inconsistent with the duty and true intent of our entering into those religious assemblies. The resemblance which this bears to our indeed proper behaviour in theatres, may be some instance of its incongruity in the above-mentioned places. In Roman-catholic churches and chapels abroad, I myself have observed, more than once, persons of the first quality, of the nearest relation, and intimatest acquaintance, passing by one another unknowing as it were, and unknown, and with so little notice of each other, that it looked like having their minds more suitably and more solemnly engaged; at least it was an acknowledgment that they ought to have been so. I have been told the same even of Mahometans, with relation to the propriety of their demeanour in the conventions of their erroneous worship; and I cannot but think either of them sufficient laudable patterns for our imitation in this particular.

'I cannot help, upon this occasion, remarking on the excellent memories of those devotionists, who upon returning from church shall give a particular account how two or three hundred people were dressed: a thing, by reason of its variety, so difficult

to be digested and fixed in the head, that it is a
racle to me how two poor hours of divine service
be time sufficient for so elaborate an undertaking,
duty of the place too being jointly, and no doubt
pathetically, performed along with it. Where i
said in sacred writ, that " the woman ought to
a covering on her head because of the angels,
last word is by some thought to be metaphoric
used, and to signify young men. Allowing this
terpretation to be right, the text may not appea
be wholly foreign to our present purpose.

' When you are in a disposition proper for writ
on such a subject, I earnestly recommend this
you; and am, Sir,

T. Your very humble serva

N° 461. TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1712.

——Sed non ego credulis illus.

VIRG. Ecl. ix.

But I discern their flatt'ry from their praise.

DRYDE

For want of time to substitute something e
room of them, I am at present obliged to p
compliments above my desert in the followi
ters. It is no small satisfaction, to have given oc
sion to ingenious men to employ their thoughts u
sacred subjects from the approbation of such pie
of poetry as they have seen in my Saturdays' pap
I shall never publish verse on that day but wha
written by the same hand*; yet shall I not accomp

* Addison.

those writings with eulogiums, but leave them to speak for themselves.

FOR THE SPECTATOR.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You very much promote the interests of virtue, while you reform the taste of a profane age; and persuade us to be entertained with divine poems, whilst we are distinguished by so many thousand humours, and split into so many different sects and parties; yet persons of every party, sect, and humour, are fond of conforming their taste to yours. You can transfuse your own relish of a poem into all your readers, according to their capacity to receive; and when you recommend the pious passion that reigns in the verse, we seem to feel the devotion, and grow proud and pleased inwardly, that we have souls capable of relishing what the Spectator approves.

'Upon reading the hymns that you have published in some late papers, I had a mind to try yesterday whether I could write one. The cxivth psalm appears to me an admirable ode, and I began to turn it into our language. As I was describing the journey of Israel from Egypt, and added the divine presence amongst them, I perceived a beauty in this psalm which was entirely new to me, and which I was going to lose; and that is, that the poet utterly conceals the presence of God in the beginning of it, and rather lets a possessive pronoun go without a substantive, than he will so much as mention any thing of divinity there. "Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion or kingdom." The reason now seems evident, and this conduct necessary: for, if God had appeared before, there could be no wonder why the mountains should leap and the sea

retire; therefore, that this convulsion of nature may be brought in with due surprise, his name is not mentioned till afterward; and then, with a very agreeable turn of thought, God is introduced at once in all his majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate in a translation without paraphrase, and to preserve what I could of the spirit of the sacred author.

'If the following essay be not too incorrigible, bestow upon it a few brightenings from your genius, that I may learn how to write better, or to write no more.'

Your daily admirer and
humble servant, &c.'

PSALM CXIV.

I.

" When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their king, and Judah was his throne.

II.

" Across the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way;
The streams of Jordan saw, and fled
With backward current to their head.

III.

" The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign power at hand.

IV.

" What power could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

V.

" Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel. See him here:
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

VI.

" He thunders—and all nature mourns
The rock to standing pools he turns.
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess their Lord*."

' MR. SPECTATOR,

' THERE are those who take the advantage of your putting a halfpenny value upon yourself above the rest of our daily writers, to defame you in public conversation, and strive to make you unpopular upon the account of this said halfpenny. But, if I were you, I would insist upon that small acknowledgment for the superior merit of yours, as being a work of invention. Give me leave, therefore, to do you justice, and say in your behalf, what you cannot yourself, which is, that your writings have made learning a more necessary part of good breeding than it was before you appeared; that modesty is become fashionable, and impudence stands in need of some wit; since you have put them both in their proper lights. Profaneness, lewdness, and debauchery, are not now qualifications; and a man may be a very fine gentleman, though he is neither a keeper nor an infidel.

' I would have you tell the town the story of the Sibyls, if they deny giving you two-pence. Let them know, that those sacred papers were valued at the same rate after two thirds of them were destroyed, as when there was the whole set. There are so many of us who will give you your own price, that you may acquaint your non-conformist readers, that they shall not have it, except they come in within such a day, under three-pence. I do not know but you might bring in the Date Obolum Belisario with a good grace. The witlings come in clusters to two or three coffee-houses which have left you off; and I

* By Dr. Isaac Watts.

hope you will make us, who fine to your wit, meri with their characters who stand out against it.

I am your most humble servan

'P. S. I have lately got the ingenious authors blacking for shoes, powder for colouring the hai pomatum for the hands, cosmetic for the face, to l your constant customers; so that your advertis ments will as much adorn the outward man, as yo paper does the inward.'

N° 462. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1712.

Nil ego prætulerim jucundo sanus amico.

HOR. 1 Sat. v. 44.

Nothing so grateful as a pleasant friend.

People are not aware of the very great for which pleasantry in company has upon all tho with whom a man of that talent converses. H faults are generally overlooked by all his acquain ance; and a certain carelessness, that constant attend all his actions, carries him on with great success, than diligence and assiduity does others wl have no share in this endowment. Dacinthus brea his word upon all occasions both trivial and impor ant; and, when he is sufficiently railed at for th abominable quality, they who talk of him end wi 'After all, he is a very pleasant fellow.' Daci thus is an ill-natured husband, and yet the ve women end their freedom of discourse upon this su ject, 'But after all, he is very pleasant company Dacinthus is neither, in point of honour, civilit good-breeding, nor good-nature, unexceptionabl

and yet all is answered, 'For he is a very pleasant fellow.' When this quality is conspicuous in a man who has, to accompany it, manly and virtuous sentiments, there cannot certainly be any thing which can give so pleasing a gratification as the gaiety of such a person; but when it is alone, and serves only to gild a crowd of ill qualities, there is no man so much to be avoided as your pleasant fellow. A very pleasant fellow shall turn your good name to a jest, make your character contemptible, debauch your wife or daughter, and yet be received by the rest of the world with welcome wherever he appears. It is very ordinary with those of this character to be attentive only to their own satisfactions, and have very little bowels for the concerns or sorrows of other men; nay, they are capable of purchasing their own pleasures at the expence of giving pain to others. But they who do not consider this sort of men thus carefully, are irresistibly exposed to their insinuations. The author of the following letter carries the matter so high, as to intimate that the liberties of England have been at the mercy of a prince merely as he was of this pleasant character.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is no one passion which all mankind so naturally give into as pride, nor any other passion which appears in such different disguises. It is to be found in all habits and complexions. Is it not a question, whether it does more harm or good in the world; and if there be not such a thing as what we may call a virtuous and laudable pride?

'It is this passion alone, when misapplied, that lays us so open to flatterers; and he who can agreeably condescend to sooth our humour or temper, finds always an open avenue to our soul; especially if the flatterer happen to be our superior.

'One might give many instances of this in a late English monarch, under the title of "The gaities of king Charles II." This prince was by nature extremely familiar, of very easy access, and much delighted to see and be seen; and this happy temper, which in the highest degree gratified his people's vanity, did him more service with his loving subjects than all his other virtues, though it must be confessed he had many. He delighted, though a mighty king, to give and take a jest, as they say: and a prince of this fortunate disposition, who were inclined to make an ill use of his power, may have any thing of his people, be it never so much to their prejudice. But this good king made generally a very innocent use, as to the public, of this insnaring temper; for, it is well known, he pursued pleasure more than ambition. He seemed to glory in being the first man at cock-matches, horse-races, balls, and plays; he appeared highly delighted on those occasions, and never failed to warm and gladden the heart of every spectator. He more than once dined with his good citizens of London on their lord-mayor's-day, and did so the year that sir Robert Viner was mayor. Sir Robert was a very loyal man, and, if you will allow the expression, very fond of his sovereign; but, what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, and through the warmth he was in with continual toasting healths to the royal family, his lordship grew a little fond of his majesty, and entered into a familiarity not altogether so graceful in so public a place. The king understood very well how to extricate himself in all kinds of difficulties, and, with an hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guildhall-yard. But the mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued

him hastily, and, catching him fast by the hand, cried out with a vehement oath and accent, "Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle." The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air (for I saw him at the time, and do now) repeated this line of the old song:

"He that's drunk is as great as a king."

and immediately returned back and complied with his landlord.

'I give you this story, Mr. Spectator, because, as I said, I saw the passage; and I assure you it is very true, and yet no common one; and when I tell you the sequel, you will say I have a better reason for it. This very mayor afterwards erected a statue of his merry monarch in Stocks-market *, and did the crown many and great services; and it was owing to this humour of the king, that his family had so great a fortune shut up in the exchequer of their pleasant sovereign. The many good-natured condescensions of this prince are vulgarly known; and it is excellently said of him by a great hand † which writ his character, that he was not a king a quarter of an hour together in his whole reign. He would re-

* The equestrian statue of Charles II. in Stocks-market, erected at the sole charge of sir Robert Viner, was originally made for John Sobieski, king of Poland; but by some accident it had been left on the workman's hands. To save time and expence, the Polander was converted into a Briton, and the Turk underneath his horse into Oliver Cromwell, to complete the compliment. Unfortunately the turban on the Turk's head was overlooked, and left an undeniable proof of this story. See Stow's Survey, &c. ed. 1755, p. 517, vol. i. and Ralph's Review, &c. edit. 1736. p. 9.

† Sheffield duke of Buckingham, who said, that 'on a premeditation Charles II. could not act the part of a king for a moment.'

I saw, methought, a pair of golden scales hanging by a chain of the same metal, over the table that stood before me; when, on a sudden, there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each side of them. I found, upon examining these weights, they showed the value of every thing that is in esteem among men. I made an essay of them, by putting the weight of wisdom in one scale, and that of riches in another; upon which, the latter, to show its comparative lightness, immediately flew up and kicked the beam.

But, before I proceed, I must inform my reader, that these weights did not exert their natural gravity till they were laid in the golden balance, insomuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy whilst I held them in my hand. This I found by several instances; for upon my laying a weight in one of the scales, which was inscribed by the word 'Eternity,' though I threw in that of Time, Prosperity, Affliction, Wealth, Poverty, Interest, Success, with many other weights, which in my hand seemed very ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite balance; nor could they have prevailed, though assisted with the weight of the Sun, the Stars, and the Earth.

Upon emptying the scales, I laid several titles and honours, with Pomp, Triumphs, and many weights of the like nature, in one of them; and seeing a little glittering weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other scale, when, to my great surprise, it proved so exact a counterpoise, that it kept the balance in an equilibrium. This little glittering weight was inscribed upon the edges of it with the word 'Vanity.' I found there were several other weights which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoises to one another: a few of them I tried, as Avarice and Poverty, Riches and Content, with some others.

There were likewise several weights that were of the same figure, and seemed to correspond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the scales: as Religion and Hypocrisy, Pedantry and Learning, Wit and Vivacity, Superstition and Devotion, Gravity and Wisdom, with many others.

I observed one particular weight lettered on both sides; and, upon applying myself to the reading of it, I found on one side written, 'In the dialect of men,' and underneath it, 'Calamities:' on the other side was written, 'In the language of the gods,' and underneath 'Blessings.' I found the intrinsic value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowered Health, Wealth, Good-fortune, and many other weights, which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

There is a saying among the Scotch, that an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy: I was sensible of the truth of this saying, when I saw the difference between the weight of Natural Parts and that of Learning. The observations which I made upon these two weights opened to me a new field of discoveries; for, notwithstanding the weight of the Natural Parts was much heavier than that of Learning, I observed that it weighed an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put Learning into the same scale with it. I made the same observation upon Faith and Morality; for, notwithstanding the latter outweighed the former separately, it received a thousand times more additional weight from its conjunction with the former, that what it had by itself. This odd phenomenon showed itself in other particulars, as in Wit and Judgment, Philosophy and Religion, Justice and Humanity, Zeal and Charity, depth of Sense and perspecuity of Style, with innumerable other particulars too long to be mentioned in this paper.

As a dream seldom fails of dashing seriousness with impertinence, mirth with gravity, methought I made several other experiments of a more ludicrous nature, by one of which I found that an English octavo was very often heavier than a French folio; and, by another, that an old Greek or Latin author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my Spectators lying by me, I laid it into one of the scales, and flung a two-penny piece into the other. The reader will not inquire into the event, if he remembers the first trial which I have recorded in this paper. I afterwards threw both the sexes into the balance; but, as it is not for my interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excused from telling the result of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one scale the principles of a Tory, and into the other those of a Whig; but, as I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this head also, though upon examining one of the weights, I saw the word 'TEKEL' engraven on it in capital letters.

I made many other experiments; and, though I have not room for them all in this day's speculation, I may perhaps reserve them for another. I shall only add, that, upon my awaking, I was sorry to find my golden scales vanished; but resolved for the future to learn this lesson from them, not to despise or value any things for their appearances, but to regulate my esteem and passions towards them according to their real and intrinsic value. C.

N° 464. FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1712.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ.

HOR. 2 Od. x. 5.

The golden mean, as she's too nice to dwell
Among the ruins of a filthy cell,
So is her modesty withal as great,
To balk the envy of a princely seat.

NORRIS.

I AM wonderfully pleased when I meet with any passage in an old Greek and Latin author, that not blown upon, and which I have never met with in a quotation. Of this kind is a beautiful saying in Theognis; 'Vice is covered by wealth, and virtue by poverty;' or, to give it the verbal translation, 'Among men there are some who have their vices concealed by wealth, and others who have their virtues concealed by poverty.' Every man's observation will supply him with instances of rich men, who have several faults and defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden, by means of their riches; and, I think, we cannot find a more natural description of a poor man, whose merits are lost in his poverty, than that in the words of the wise man: 'There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then said I, wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless, the

poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.'

The middle condition seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of wisdom. Poverty turns our thoughts too much upon the supplying of our wants, and riches upon our enjoying superfluities; and, as Cowley has said in another case, 'It is hard for a man to keep a steady eye upon truth, who is always in a battle, or a triumph.'

If we regard poverty and wealth, as they are apt to produce virtues or vices in the mind of man, one may observe that there is a set of each of these growing out of poverty, quite different from that which rises out of wealth. Humility and patience, industry and temperance, are very often the good qualities of a poor man. Humanity and good-nature, magnanimity and a sense of honour, are as often the qualifications of the rich. On the contrary, poverty is apt to betray a man into envy, riches into arrogance; poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur, and discontent. Riches expose a man to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and too great a fondness for the present world. In short, the middle condition is most eligible to the man who would improve himself in virtue; as I have before shown, it is the most advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was upon this consideration that Agur founded his prayer, which, for the wisdom of it, is recorded in holy writ. 'Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.'

I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a play by Aristophanes the Greek comedian. It seems originally designed as a satire upon the rich, though, in some parts of it, it is, like the foregoing discourse, a kind of comparison between wealth and poverty.

Chremylus, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old sordid blind man, but, upon his following him from place to place, he at last found, by his own confession, that he was Plutus the god of riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that, when he was a boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which Jupiter, considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own house, but out of all Greece, if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty on this occasion pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that, should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and sciences, would be driven out with her; and that, if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with

those pomps, ornaments, and conveniences of life which made riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gouts, dropsies, unwieldiness, and intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately considered how he might restore Plutus to his sight; and, in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of Æsculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the gods, and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry incidents, till in the last act Mercury descends with great complaints from the gods, that since the good men were grown rich, they had received no sacrifices; which is confirmed by a priest of Jupiter, who enters with a remonstrance, that since the late innovation he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning of the play was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a proposal, which was relished by all the good men who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry Plutus in a solemn procession to the temple, and install him in the place of Jupiter. This allegory instructed the Athenians in two points: first, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distributions of wealth; and, in the next place, as it showed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them.

C.

N° 465. SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1712.

Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum:
Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido;
Ne pavor et rerum mediocriter utilium spes.
HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 97.

How you may glide with gentle ease
Adown the current of your days;
Nor vex'd by mean and low desires,
Nor warm'd by wild ambitious fires;
By hope alarm'd, depress'd by fear,
For things but little worth your care.
FRANCIS.

HAVING endeavoured in my last Saturday's paper to show the great excellency of faith, I shall here consider what are the proper means of strengthening and confirming it in the minds of man. Those who delight in reading books of controversy, which are written on both sides of the question on points of faith, do very seldom arrive at a fixed and settled habit of it. They are one day entirely convinced of its important truths, and the next meet with something that shakes and disturbs them. The doubt which was laid revives again, and shows itself in new difficulties, and that generally for this reason, because the mind, which is perpetually tost in controversies and disputes, is apt to forget the reasons which had once set it at rest, and to be disquieted with any former perplexity, when it appears in a new shape, or is started by a different hand. As nothing is more laudable than an enquiry after truth, so nothing is more irrational than to pass away our whole lives, without determining ourselves one way or other, in those points which are of the last im-

portance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may withhold our assent; but, in cases by which we are to regulate our lives, it is the greatest absurdity to be wavering and unsettled, without closing with that side which appears the most safe and the most probable. The first rule, therefore, which I shall lay down, is this; that when by reading or discourse we find ourselves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reasonableness of our belief in it, we should never after suffer ourselves to call it in question. We may perhaps forget the arguments which occasioned our conviction, but we ought to remember the strength they had with us, and therefore still to retain the conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common art and science; nor is it possible to act otherwise, considering the weakness and limitation of our intellectual faculties. It was thus that Latimer, one of the glorious army of martyrs, who introduced the reformation in England, behaved himself in that great conference which was managed between the most learned among the protestants and papists in the reign of Queen Mary. This venerable old man, knowing his abilities were impaired by age, and that it was impossible for him to recollect all those reasons which had directed him in the choice of his religion, left his companions, who were in the full possession of their parts and learning, to baffle and confound their antagonists by the force of reason. As for himself he only repeated to his adversaries the articles in which he firmly believed, and in the profession of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the mathematician proceeds upon propositions which he has once demonstrated; and though the demonstration may have slipped out of his memory, he builds upon the truth, because he

knows it was demonstrated. This rule is absolutely necessary for weaker minds, and in some measure for men of the greatest abilities; but to these last I would propose, in the second place, that they should lay up in their memories, and always keep by them in readiness those arguments which appear to them of the greatest strength, and which cannot be got over by all the doubts and cavils of infidelity.

But, in the third place, there is nothing which strengthens faith more than morality. Faith and morality naturally produce each other. A man is quickly convinced of the truth of religion, who finds it is not against his interest that it should be true. The pleasure he receives at present, and the happiness which he promises himself from it hereafter, will both dispose him very powerfully to give credit to it, according to the ordinary observation, that we are easy to believe what we wish. It is very certain, that a man of sound reason cannot forbear closing with religion upon an impartial examination of it; but at the same time it is certain, that faith is kept alive in us, and gathers strength from practice more than from speculation.

There is still another method, which is more persuasive than any of the former; and that is an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in constant acts of mental worship, as in outward forms. The devout man does not only believe, but feels there is a Deity. He has actual sensations of him; his experience concurs with his reason; he sees him more and more in all his intercourses with him, and even in this life almost loses his faith in conviction.

The last method which I shall mention for the giving life to a man's faith, is frequent retirement from the world, accompanied with religious meditation. When a man thinks of any thing in the darkness of the night, whatever deep impressions it

may make in his mind, they are apt to vanish as soon as the day breaks about him. The light and noise of the day, which are perpetually soliciting his senses, and calling off his attention, wear out of his mind the thoughts that imprinted themselves in it, with so much strength, during the silence and darkness of the night. A man finds the same difference as to himself in a crowd and in a solitude: the mind is stunned and dazzled amidst that variety of objects which press upon her in a great city. She cannot apply herself to the consideration of those things which are of the utmost concern to her. The cares or pleasures of the world strike in with every thought, and a multitude of vicious examples gives a kind of justification to our folly. In our retirements every thing disposes us to be serious. In courts and cities we are entertained with the works of men; in the country with those of God. One is the province of art, the other of nature. Faith and devotion naturally grow in the mind of every reasonable man, who sees the impressions of divine power and wisdom in every object on which he casts his eye. The Supreme Being has made the best arguments for his own existence, in the formation of the heavens and the earth; and these are arguments which a man of sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the noise and hurry of human affairs. Aristotle says, that should a man live under ground, and there converse with works of art and mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open day, and see the several glories of the heaven and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of such a being as we define God to be. The psalmist has very beautiful strokes of poetry to this purpose, in that exalted strain: 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handy work. One day telleth

another; and one night certifieth another. ' is neither speech nor language; but their voic heard among them. Their sound is gone ou all lands; and their words into the ends o world.' As such a bold and sublime m thinking furnishes very noble matter for the reader may see it wrought into the fou one.

I.

" The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

II.

" Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

" What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine."

N° 466. MONDAY, AUGUST 25, 1712.

——————Vera incessu patuit dea.
VIRG. Æn. i. 409.

And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.
DRYDEN.

When Æneas, the hero of Virgil, is lost in the wood, and a perfect stranger in the place on which he is landed, he is accosted by a lady in an habit for the chase. She inquires of him, whether he has seen pass by that way any young woman dressed as she was? whether she were following the sport in the wood, or any other way employed, according to the custom of huntresses? The hero answers with the respect due to the beautiful appearance she made; tells her, he saw no such person as she inquired for; but intimates that he knows her to be of the deities, and desires she would conduct a stranger. Her form from her first appearance manifested she was more than mortal; but, though she was certainly a goddess, the poet does not make her known to be the goddess of beauty till she moved. All the charms of an agreeable person are then in their highest exertion, every limb and feature appears with its respective grace. It is from this observation that I cannot help being so passionate an admirer as I am of good dancing. As all art is an imitation of nature, this is an imitation of nature in its highest excellence, and at a time when she is most agreeable. The business of dancing is to display beauty; and for that reason all distortions and mimicries, as such, are what raise aversion instead of pleasure: but things that are in themselves

excellent, are ever attended with impostur
false imitation. Thus, as in poetry there are l
ing fools who write anagrams and acrostics,
are pretenders in dancing, who think merely
what others cannot, is to excel. Such cre
should be rewarded like him who has acqui
knack of throwing a grain of corn through th
of a needle, with a bushel to keep his hands i
The dancers on our stage are very faulty i
kind; and what they mean by writhing them
into such postures, as it would be a pain for a
the spectators to stand in, and yet hope to
those spectators, is unintelligible. Mr. Princ
a genius, if he were encouraged, would p
him to better things. In all the dances he in
you see he keeps close to the characters he
sents. He does not hope to please by maki
performers move in a manner in which no on
ever did, but by motions proper to the char
he represents. He gives to clowns and lut
clumsy graces; that is, he makes them p
what they would think graces; and I have
dances of his, which might give hints that
be useful to a comic writer. These perform
have pleased the taste of such as have not ref
enough to know their excellence, because th
in nature; and the distorted motions of other
offended those who could not form reasons to
selves for their displeasure, from their being
tradiction to nature.

When one considers the inexpressible adva
there is in arriving at some excellence in th
it is monstrous to behold it so much neg
The following letter has in it something very r
on this subject.

' MR. SPECTATOR,

' I AM a widower with but one daughter: she was by nature much inclined to be a romp; and I had no way of educating her, but commanding a young woman, whom I entertained to take care of her, to be very watchful in her care and attendance about her. I am a man of business, and obliged to be much abroad. The neighbours have told me, that in my absence our maid has let in the spruce servants in the neighbourhood to junketings, while my girl played and romped even in the street. To tell you the plain truth, I catched her once, at eleven years old, at chuck-farthing among the boys. This put me upon new thoughts about my child, and I determined to place her at a boarding-school; and at the same time gave a very discreet young gentlewoman her maintenance at the same place and rate, to be her companion. I took little notice of my girl from time to time, but saw her now and then in good health, out of harm's way, and was satisfied. But, by much importunity, I was lately prevailed with to go to one of their balls. I cannot express to you the silly anxiety my silly heart was in, when I saw my romp, now fifteen, taken out: I never felt the pangs of a father upon me so strongly in my whole life before; and I could not have suffered more had my whole fortune been at stake. My girl came on with the most becoming modesty I had ever seen, and casting a respectful eye, as if she feared me more than all the audience, I gave a nod, which I think gave her all the spirit she assumed upon it: but she rose properly to that dignity of aspect. My romp, now the most graceful person of her sex, assumed a majesty which commanded the highest respect; and when she turned to me, and saw my face in rapture, she fell into the prettiest smile, and I saw in all her motions

that she exulted in her father's satisfaction. You, Mr. Spectator, will, better than I can tell you, imagine to yourself all the different beauties and changes of aspect in an accomplished young woman setting forth all her beauties with a design to please no one so much as her father. My girl's lover can never know half the satisfaction that I did in her that day. I could not possibly have imagined, that so great improvement could have been wrought by an art that I always held in itself ridiculous and contemptible. There is, I am convinced, no method like this, to give young women a sense of their own value and dignity; and I am sure there can be none so expeditious to communicate that value to others. As for the flippant insipidly gay, and wantonly forward, whom you behold among dancers, that carriage is more to be attributed to the perverse genius of the performers, than imputed to the art itself. For my part, my child has danced herself into my esteem; and I have as great an honour for her as ever I had for her mother, from whom she derived those latent good qualities which appeared in her countenance when she was dancing; for my girl, though I say it myself, showed in one quarter of an hour the innate principles of a modest virgin, a tender wife, a generous friend, a kind mother, and an indulgent mistress. I'll strain hard but I will purchase for her an husband suitable to her merit. I am your convert in the admiration of what I thought you jested when you recommended; and if you please to be at my house on Thursday next, I make a ball for my daughter, and you shall see her dance, or, if you will do her that honour, dance with her.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
PHILIPATER.'

I have some time ago spoken of a treatise written by Mr. Weaver on this subject, which is now, I understand, ready to be published. This work sets this matter in a very plain and advantageous light; and I am convinced from it, that if the art was under proper regulations, it would be a mechanic way of implanting insensibly, in minds not capable of receiving it so well by any other rules, a sense of good-breeding and virtue.

Were any one to see Mariamne* dance, let him be never so sensual a brute, I defy him to entertain any thoughts but of the highest respect and esteem towards her. I was showed last week a picture in a lady's closet, for which she had an hundred different dresses, that she could clap on round the face on purpose to demonstrate the force of habits in the diversity of the same countenance. Motion, and change of posture and aspect, has an effect no less surprising on the person of Mariamne when she dances.

Chloe is extremely pretty, and as silly as she is pretty. This idiot has a very good ear, and a most agreeable shape; but the folly of the thing is such, that it smiles so impertinently, and affects to please so sillily, that while she dances you see the simpleton from head to foot. For you must know (as trivial as this art is thought to be), no one was ever a good dancer that had not a good understanding. If this be a truth, I shall leave the reader to judge, from that maxim, what esteem they ought to have for such impertinents as fly, hop, caper, tumble, twirl, turn round, and jump over their heads; and, in a word, play a thousand pranks which many animals can do better than a man, instead of per-

* Probably Mrs. Bicknell.

forming to perfection what the human figure onl capable of performing.

It may perhaps appear odd, that I, who set up a mighty lover, at least of virtue, should take so m pains to recommend what the soberer part of n kind look upon to be a trifle; but, under favou the soberer part of mankind, I think they have enough considered this matter, and for that re only disesteem it. I must also, in my own justi tion, say, that I attempt to bring into the servic honour and virtue every thing in nature that can tend to give elegant delight. It may possibly proved, that vice is in itself destructive of pleas and virtue in itself conducive to it. If the deli of a free fortune were under proper regulations, truth would not want much argument to support but it would be obvious to every man, that there strict affinity between all things that are truly la ble and beautiful, from the highest sentiment of soul to the most indifferent gesture of the body.

N° 467. TUESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1712.

——Quodcunque meæ, poterunt audere Comænæ,
Seu tibi par poterunt; seu, quod spes abnuit, ultrà;
Sive minus; certeque canent minus: omne vovemus
Hoc tibi: ne tanto careat mihi nomine charta.
TIBULL. ad Messalem, 1 Eleg. iv. 94.

Whate'er my Muse adventurous dares indite,
Whether the niceness of thy piercing sight
Applaud my lays, or censure what I write;
To thee I sing, and hope to borrow fame,
By adding to my page Messala's name.

The love of praise is a passion deeply fixed in the mind of every extraordinary person; and those who are most affected with it, seem most to partake of that particle of the divinity which distinguishes mankind from the inferior creation. The Supreme Being himself is most pleased with praise and thanksgiving: the other part of our duty is but an acknowledgment of our faults, whilst this is the immediate adoration of his perfections. 'Twas an excellent observation, that we then only despise commendation when we cease to deserve it; and we have still extant two orations of Tully and Pliny, spoken to the greatest and best princes of all the Roman emperors, who, no doubt, heard with the greatest satisfaction, that even the most disinterested persons, and at so large a distance of time, cannot read without admiration. Cæsar thought his life consisted in the breath of praise, when he professed he had lived long enough for himself, when he had for his glory. Others have sacrificed themselves for a name which was not to begin till they were dead, giving away themselves to purchase a sound which was not to

commence till they were out of hearing. But by merit and superior excellencies, not only to gain, but whilst living, to enjoy a great and universal reputation, is the last degree of happiness which we can hope for here. Bad characters are dispersed abroad with profusion, I hope for example's sake, and (as punishments are designed by the civil power) more for the deterring the innocent, than the chastising the guilty. The good are less frequent, whether it be that there are indeed fewer originals of this kind to copy after, or that, through the malignity of our nature, we rather delight in the ridicule than the virtues we find in others. However, it is but just, as well as pleasing, even for variety, sometimes to give the world a representation of the bright side of human nature, as well as the dark and gloomy. The desire of imitation may, perhaps, be a greater incentive to the practice of what is good, than the aversion we may conceive at what is blameable: the one immediately directs you what you should do, whilst the other only shows what you should avoid; and I cannot at present do this with more satisfaction, than by endeavouring to do some justice to the character of Manilius.

It would far exceed my present design, to give a particular description of Manilius through all the parts of his excellent life. I shall now only draw him in his retirement, and pass over in silence the various arts, the courtly manners, and the undesigning honesty by which he attained the honours he has enjoyed, and which now give a dignity and veneration to the ease he does enjoy. 'Tis here that he looks back with pleasure on the waves and billows through which he has steered to so fair an haven: he is now intent upon the practice of every virtue, which a great knowledge and use of mankind has discovered to be the most useful to them. Thus in

his private domestic employments he is no less glorious than in his public; for it is in reality a more difficult task to be conspicuous in a sedentary inactive life, than in one that is spent in hurry and business: persons engaged in the latter, like bodies violently agitated, from the swiftness of their motion have a brightness added to them, which often vanishes when they are at rest; but if it then still remain, it must be the seeds of intrinsic worth that thus shine out without any foreign aid or assistance.

His liberality in another might also bear the name of profusion: he seems to think it laudable even in the excess, like that river which most enriches when it overflows *. But Manilius has too perfect a taste of the pleasure of doing good, ever to let it be out of his power; and for that reason he will have a just economy and a splendid frugality at home, the fountain from whence those streams should flow which he disperses abroad. He looks with disdain on those who propose their death, as the time when they are to begin their munificence: he will both see and enjoy (which he then does in the highest degree) what he bestows himself; he will be the living executor of his own bounty, whilst they who have the happiness to be within his care and patronage, at once pray for the continuation of his life and their own good fortune. No one is out of the reach of his obligations; he knows how, by proper and becoming methods, to raise himself to a level with those of the highest rank; and his good-nature is a sufficient warrant against the want of those who are so unhappy as to be in the very lowest. One may say of him, as Pindar bids his muse say of Theron,

'Swear, that Theron sure has sworn,
No one near him should be poor.

* The Nile.

Swear, that none e'er had such graceful art,
Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart,
With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.'

Never did Atticus succeed better in gaining the universal love and esteem of all men; nor steer with more success between the extremes of two contending parties. 'Tis his peculiar happiness that while he espouses neither with an intemperate zeal he is not only admired, but, what is more rare and unusual felicity, he is beloved and caressed by both and I never yet saw any person, of whatever age o sex, but was immediately struck with the merit o Manilius. There are many who are acceptable t some particular persons, whilst the rest of mankin look upon them with coldness and indifference; bu he is the first whose entire good fortune it is ever t please and to be pleased, wherever he comes to b admired, and wherever he is absent to be lamented His merit fares like the pictures of Raphael, whic are either seen with admiration by all, or at least n one dare own he has no taste for a composition which has received so universal an applause. Envy and malice find it against their interest to indulg slander and obloquy. 'Tis as hard for an enemy t detract from, as for a friend to add to his praise. A attempt upon his reputation is a sure lessening of one's own; and there is but one way to injure him, whic is to refuse him his just commendations, and be ob stinately silent.

It is below him to catch the sight with any care o dress; his outward garb is but the emblem of l mind. It is genteel, plain, and unaffected; n knows that gold and embroidery can add nothing t the opinion which all have of his merit, and that h gives a lustre to the plainest dress, whilst 'tis impos sible the richest should communicate any to him. H is still the principal figure in the room. He first en

gages your eye, as if there were some point of light which shone stronger upon him than on any other person.

He puts me in mind of a story of the famous Bussy d'Amboise, who, at an assembly at court, where every one appeared with the utmost magnificence, relying upon his own superior behaviour, instead of adorning himself like the rest, put on that day a plain suit of clothes, and dressed all his servants in the most costly gay habits he could procure. The event was, that the eyes of the whole court were fixed upon him; all the rest looked like his attendants, while he alone had the air of a person of quality and distinction.

Like Aristippus, whatever shape or condition he appears in, it still sits free and easy upon him; but in some part of his character, 'tis true, he differs from him; for as he is altogether equal to the largeness of his present circumstances, the rectitude of his judgment has so far corrected the inclinations of his ambition, that he will not trouble himself with either the desires or pursuits of any thing beyond his present enjoyments.

A thousand obliging things flow from him upon every occasion; and they were always so just and natural, that it is impossible to think he was at the least pains to look for them. One would think it was the dæmon of good thoughts that discovered to him those treasures, which he must have blinded others from seeing, they lay so directly in their way. Nothing can equal the pleasure that is taken in hearing him speak, but the satisfaction one receives in the civility and attention he pays to the discourse of others. His looks are a silent commendation of what is good and praise-worthy, and a secret reproof to what is licentious and extravagant. He knows how

to appear free and open without danger of intrusion and to be cautious without seeming reserved. The gravity of his conversation is always enlivened with his wit and humour, and the gaiety of it is tempered with something that is instructive, as well as barely agreeable. Thus, with him you are sure not to be merry at the expence of your reason, nor serious with the loss of your good humour; but by a happy mixture of his temper, they either go together, or perpetually succeed each other. In fine, his whole behaviour is equally distant from constraint and negligence, and he commands your respect, whilst he gains your heart.

There is in his whole carriage such an engaging softness, that one cannot persuade one's self he is ever actuated by those rougher passions, which wherever they find place, seldom fail of showing themselves in the outward demeanour of the person they belong to: but his constitution is a just temperature between indolence on one hand, and violence on the other. He is mild and gentle wherever his affairs will give him leave to follow his own inclinations; but yet never failing to exert himself with vigour and resolution in the service of his prince, his country, or his friend.

Z.

N° 468. WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27, 1712.

Erat homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, et qui plurimum et salis, haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus.

PLIN. Epist.

He was an ingenious, pleasant fellow, and one who had a great deal of wit and satire, with an equal share of good-humour.

My paper is, in a kind, a letter of news, but it regards rather what passes in the world of conversation that that of business. I am very sorry that I have at present a circumstance before me, which is of very great importance to all who have a relish for gaiety, wit, mirth, or humour; I mean the death of poor Dick Eastcourt. I have been obliged to him for so many hours of jollity, that it is but a small recompence, though all I can give him, to pass a moment or two in sadness for the loss of so agreeable a man. Poor Eastcourt! the last time I saw him, we were plotting to show the town his great capacity for acting in its full light, by introducing him as dictating to a set of young players, in what manner to speak this sentence, and utter t'other passion. He had so exquisite a discerning of what was defective in any object before him, that in an instant he could show you the ridiculous side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to men of no ill judgment, before he had pointed at the failure. He was no less skilful in the knowledge of beauty; and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well-turned compliments, as well as smart repartees of Mr. Eastcourt's, than of any other man in England. This was easily to be observed in his

inimitable faculty of telling a story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected incidents to make his court to one part, and rally the other part of the company. Then he would vary the usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp language. He had the knack to raise up a pensive temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which crowd into my memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him. Hamlet holding up the scull which the grave-digger threw to him, with an account that it was the head of the king's jester, falls into very pleasing reflexions, and cries out to his companion,

'Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that.'

It is an insolence natural to the wealthy, to affix, as much as in them lies, the character of a man to his circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good qualities of those below them, and say, It is very extraordinary in such a man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the value of him whose lowness upbraids their exultation. It is to this humour only, that it is to be ascribed, that a quick wit in conversation, a nice judgment upon any emergency that could arise, and a most blameless inoffensive beha-

viour, could not raise this man above being received only upon the foot of contributing to mirth and diversion. But he was as easy under that condition, as a man of so excellent talents was capable; and since they would have it, that to divert was his business, he did it with all the seeming alacrity imaginable, though it stung him to the heart that it was his business. Men of sense, who could taste his excellencies, were well satisfied to let him lead the way in conversation, and play after his own manner; but fools, who provoked him to mimicry, found he had the indignation to let it be at their expense who called for it, and he would show the form of conceited heavy fellows as jests to the company at their own request, in revenge for interrupting him from being a companion to put on the character of a jester.

What was peculiarly excellent in this memorable companion, was, that in the accounts he gave of persons and sentiments, he did not only hit the figure of their faces, and manner of their gestures, but he would in his narration fall into their very way of thinking, and this when he recounted passages wherein men of the best wits were concerned, as well as such wherein were represented men of the lowest rank of understanding. It is certainly as great an instance of self-love to a weakness, to be impatient of being mimicked, as any can be imagined. There were none but the vain, the formal, the proud, or those who were incapable of amending their faults, that dreaded him; to others he was in the highest degree pleasing; and I do not know any satisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever tasted so much, as having got over an impatience of my seeing myself in the air he could put me when I have displeased him. It is indeed to his exquisite talent this way, more than any philosophy I could read on

the subject, that my person is very little of my car and it is indifferent to me what is said of my shap my air, my manner, my speech, or my address. is to poor Eastcourt I chiefly owe that I am arriv at the happiness of thinking nothing a dimin tion to me, but what argues a depravity of m will.

It has as much surprised me as any thing in natur to have it frequently said, that he was not a goo player: but that must be owing to a partiality f former actors in the parts in which he succeede them, and judging by comparison of what was lil before, rather than by the nature of the thing. Whe a man of his wit and smartness could put on an utt absence of common sense in his face, as he did i the character of Bullfinch in the Northern Lass, an an air of insipid cunning and vivacity in the c racter of Pounce in The Tender Husband, it folly to dispute his capacity and success, as he v an actor.

Poor Eastcourt! let the vain and proud be at res thou wilt no more disturb their admiration of thei dear selves; and thou art no longer to drudge i raising the mirth of stupids, who know nothing c thy merit, for thy maintenance.

It is natural for the generality of mankind to ru into reflexions upon our mortality, when disturber of the world are laid at rest, but to take no notic when they who can please and divert are pulle from us. But for my part, I cannot but think th loss of such talents as the man of whom I am speak ing was master of, a more melancholy instance o mortality than the dissolution of persons of neve so high characters in the world, whose pretension were that they were noisy and mischievous.

But I must grow more succinct, and, as a Spectator give an account of this extraordinary man, who, in

his way, never had an equal in any age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I speak of him as a companion, and a man qualified for conversation. His fortune exposed him to an obsequiousness towards the worst sort of company, but his excellent qualities rendered him capable of making the best figure in the most refined. I have been present with him among men of the most delicate taste a whole night, and have known him (for he saw it was desired) keep the discourse to himself the most part of it, and maintain his good-humour with a countenance, in a language so delightful, without offence to any person or thing upon earth, still preserving the distance his circumstances obliged him to; I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at will read this, without giving him some sorrow for their abundant mirth, and one gush of tears for so many bursts of laughter. I wish it were any honour to the pleasant creature's memory, that my eyes are too much suffused to let me go on——— T.

*** The following severe passage in this number of the Spectator in folio, apparently levelled at Dr. Radcliffe, was suppressed in all the subsequent editions:

'It is a felicity his friends may rejoice in, that he had his senses, and used them as he ought to do, in his last moments. It is remarkable that his judgment was in its calm perfection to the utmost article; for when his wife, out of her fondness, desired she might send for a certain illiterate humourist (whom he had accompanied in a thousand mirthful moments, and whose insolence makes fools think he assumes from conscious merit), he answered, "Do what you please, but he won't come near me." Let poor Eastcourt's negligence about this message convince the unwary of a triumphant empiric's ignorance and inhumanity.

N° 469. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1712.

Detrahere aliquid alteri, et hominem hominis incommodo suum augere commodum, magis est contra naturam quàm mors, quàm paupertas, quàm dolor, quàm cætera quæ possunt aut corpori accidere, aut rebus externis.

TULL.

To detract any thing from another, and for one man to multiply his own conveniences by the inconveniences of another, is more against nature than death, than poverty, than pain, and the other things which can befal the body, or external circumstances.

I AM persuaded there are few men, of generous principles, who would seek after great places, were it not rather to have an opportunity in their hands of obliging their particular friends, or those whom they look upon as men of worth, than to procure wealth and honour for themselves. To an honest mind, the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.

Those who are under the great officers of state, and are the instruments by which they act, have more frequent opportunities for the exercise of compassion and benevolence, than their superiors themselves. These men know every little case that is to come before the great man, and, if they are possessed with honest minds, will consider poverty as a recommendation in the person who applies himself to them, and make the justice of his cause the most powerful solicitor in his behalf. A man of this temper, when he is in a post of business, becomes a blessing to the public. He patronises the orphan and the widow, assists the friendless, and guides the ignorant. He does not reject the person's preten-

sions, who does not know how to explain them, or refuse doing a good office for a man because he cannot pay the fee of it. In short, though he regulates himself in all his proceedings by justice and equity, he finds a thousand occasions for all the good-natured offices of generosity and compassion.

A man is unfit for such a place of trust, who is of a sour untractable nature, or has any other passion that makes him uneasy to those who approach him. Roughness of temper is apt to discountenance the timorous or modest. The proud man discourages those from approaching him, who are of a mean condition, and who most want his assistance. The impatient man will not give himself time to be informed of the matter that lies before him. An officer, with one or more of these unbecoming qualities, is sometimes looked upon as a proper person to keep off impertinence and solicitation from his superior; and this is a kind of merit, that can never atone for the injustice which may very often arise from it.

There are two other vicious qualities, which render a man very unfit for such a place of trust. The first of these is a dilatory temper, which commits innumerable cruelties without design. The maxim which several have laid down for a man's conduct in ordinary life, should be inviolable with a man in office, never to think of doing that to-morrow which may be done to-day. A man who defers doing what ought to be done, is guilty of injustice so long as he defers it. The dispatch of a good office is very often as beneficial to the solicitor as the good office itself. In short, if a man compared the inconveniences which another suffers by his delays, with the trifling motives and advantages which he himself may reap by them, he would never be guilty of a fault which very often does an irreparable prejudice to a person

who depends upon him, and which might be remed with little trouble to himself.

But in the last place there is no man so improper to be employed in business, as he who is in any degree capable of corruption; and such a one is the man who, upon any pretence whatsoever, receives more than what is the stated and unquestioned fee of his office. Gratifications, tokens of thankfulness, dispatch money, and the like specious terms, are the pretences under which corruption very frequently shelters itself. An honest man will however look on all these methods as unjustifiable, and will enjoy himself better in a moderate fortune that is gained with honour and reputation, than in an overgrown estate that is cankered with the acquisitions of rapine and exaction. Were all our offices discharged with such an inflexible integrity, we should not see men in all ages, who grow up to exorbitant wealth, with the abilities which are to be met with in an ordinary mechanic. I cannot but think that such a corruption proceeds chiefly from men's employing the fi that offer themselves, or those who have the c - racter of shrewd worldly men, instead of searching out such as have had a liberal education, and have been trained up in the studies of knowledge and virtue.

It has been observed, that men of learning who take to business, discharge it generally with greater honesty than men of the world. The chief reason for it I take to be as follows. A man that has spent his youth in reading, has been used to find virtue extolled, and vice stigmatised. A man that has passed his time in the world, has often seen vice triumphant, and virtue discountenanced. Extortion, rapine, and injustice, which are branded with infamy in books, often give a man a figure in the world; while several qualities, which are celebrated in au-

thors, as generosity, ingenuity, and good nature, impoverish and ruin him. This cannot but have a proportionable effect on men whose tempers and principles are equally good and vicious.

There would be at least this advantage of employing men of learning and parts, in business; that their prosperity would sit more gracefully on them, and that we should not see many worthless persons shot up into the greatest figure of life. O.

N° 470. FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1712.

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.
MART. 2 Epig. lxxxvi.

'Tis folly only, and defect of sense,
Turns trifles into things of consequence.

I HAVE been very often disappointed of late years, when, upon examining the new edition of a classic author, I have found above half the volume taken up with various readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned note upon a doubtful passage in a Latin poet, I have only been informed, that such or such ancient manuscripts for an *et* write an *ac*, or of some other notable discovery of the like importance. Indeed, when a different reading gives us a different sense or a new elegance in an author, the editor does very well in taking notice of it; but when he only entertains us with the several ways of spelling the same word, and gathers together the various blunders and mistakes of twenty or thirty different transcribers, they only take up the time of

the learned readers, and puzzle the minds of the ig norant. I have often fancied with myself how en raged an old Latin author would be, should he se the several absurdities in sense and grammar, whic are imputed to him by some or other of these var ous readings. In one he speaks nonsense; in an other makes use of a word that was never heard of and indeed there is scarce a solecism in writin which the best author is not guilty of, if we may b at liberty to read him in the words of some manu script, which the laborious editor has thought fit t examine in the prosecution of his work.

I question not but the ladies and pretty fellow will be very curious to understand what it is that have been hitherto talking of. I shall therefore giv them a notion of this practice, by endeavouring t write after the manner of several persons who mak an eminent figure in the republic of letters. To th end we will suppose that the following song is a old ode, which I present to the public in a ne edition, with the several various readings which find of it in former editions, and in ancient manu scripts. Those who cannot relish the various read ings, will perhaps find their account in the sc which never before appeared in print.

'My love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my heart;
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
An eye that gave the fatal stroke:
Till by her wit Corinna sav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

'But now a long and lasting anguish
For Belvidera I endure;
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

' For here the false unconstant lover,
After a thousand beauties shown,
Does new surprising charms discover,
And finds variety in one.'

Various Readings.

tanza the first, verse the first. *And changing.*] *and* in some manuscripts is written thus, *&y;* but in the Cotton library writes it in three distinct ers.

erse the second. *Nor e'er would.*] Aldus reads *er would;* but as this would hurt the metre, we e restored it to the genuine reading, by observ- that synæresis which had been neglected by ig- ant transcribers.

bid. *In my heart.*] Scaliger and others, *on my rt.*

erse the fourth. *I found a dart.*] The Vatican script for *I* reads *it;* but this must have been allucination of the transcriber, who probably took the dash of the *I* for a *T.*

tanza the second, verse the second. *The fatal ke.*] Scioppius, Salmasius, and many others, for read *a;* but I have stuck to the usual reading.

erse the third. *Till by her wit.*] Some manu- ts have it *his wit,* others *your,* others *their wit.* as I find Corinna to be the name of a woman other authors, I cannot doubt but it should be

tanza the third, verse the first. *A long and last- anguish.*] The German manuscript reads *a last- passion,* but the rhyme will not admit it.

erse the second. *For Belvidera I endure.*] Did all the manuscripts reclaim, I should change *videra* into *Pelvidera; Pelvis* being used by se- al of the ancient comic writers for a looking- ss, by which means the etymology of the word is

very visible, and *Pelvidera* will signify a lady wh often looks in her glass; as indeed she had very goo reason, if she had all those beauties which our po here ascribes to her.

Verse the third. *Hourly I sigh, and hourly l guish.*] Some for the word *hourly* read *daily,* an others *nightly;* the last has great authorities of it side.

Verse the fourth. *The wonted cure.*] The el Stevens reads *wanted cure.*

Stanza the fourth, verse the second. *After a thou sand beauties.*] In several copies we meet with a *hundred beauties,* by the usual error of the transcribers, who probably omitted a cypher, and had not taste enough to know that the word *thousand* was ten times a greater compliment to the poet's mistress than an *hundred.*

Verse the fourth. *And finds variety in one.*] of the ancient manuscripts have it *in two.* Indeed so many of them concur in this last reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two reasons, which incli me to the reading as I have published it: first, be cause the rhyme; and, secondly, because the sen is preserved by it. It might likewise proceed fr the oscitancy of transcribers, who, to dispatch th work the sooner, used to write all numbers in cy pher, and seeing the figure 1 followed by a lit dash of the pen, as is customary in old manuscripts they perhaps mistook the dash for a second figur and, by casting up both together, composed out them the figure 2. But this I shall leave to th learned without determining any thing in a matt of so great uncertainty.

C.

N° 471. SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1712.

Ἐν ἐλπίσιν χρὴ τὰς σοφὰς ἔχειν βίον.
EURIPID.

The wise with hope support the pains of life.

THE time present seldom affords sufficient employ-
nt to the mind of man. Objects of pain or
easure, love or admiration, do not lie thick enough
ther in life to keep the soul in constant action,
and supply an immediate exercise to its faculties.
In order, therefore, to remedy this defect, that
the mind may not want business, but always have
erials for thinking, she is endowed with certain
powers, that can recal what is passed, and an
ticipate what is to come,

That wonderful faculty, which we call the me-
y, is perpetually looking back, when we have
thing present to entertain us. It is like those
repositories in several animals that are filled with
res of their former food, on which they may ru-
minate when their present pasture fails.

As the memory relieves the mind in her vacant
moments, and prevents any chasms of thought by
ideas of what is passed, we have other faculties that
tate and employ her for what is to come. These
the passions of hope and fear.

By these two passions we reach forward into
uturity, and bring up to our present thoughts ob-
ects that lie hid in the remotest depths of time.
Ve suffer misery and enjoy happiness, before they
re in being; we can set the sun and stars forward,
lose sight of them by wandering into those retired

parts of eternity, when the heavens and earth shal be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the existence of a creature is to be circumscribed by time, whose thoughts are not? But I shall, in this paper, confine myself to that particular passion which goes by the name of hope.

Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient, that man would be a very miserable being, were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those good things that may possibly come into his possession. 'We should hope for every thing that is good,' says the old poet Linus, 'because there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the gods are able to give us.' Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good humour. It is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easy, and labour pleasant.

Beside these several advantages which rise from hope, there is another which is none of the least, and that is, its great efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a value on present enjoyments. The saying of Cæsar is very well known. When he had given away all his estate in gratuities amongst his friends, one of them asked what he had left for himself; to which that great man replied, 'Hope.' His natural magnanimity hindered him from prizing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his thoughts upon something more valuable that he had in view. I question not but every reader will draw a moral from this story, and apply it to himself without my direction.

The old story of Pandora's box (which many of the learned believe was formed among the heathens

upon the tradition of the fall of man) shows us how deplorable a state they thought the present life, without hope. To set forth the utmost condition of misery, they tell us, that our forefather, according to the pagan theology, had a great vessel presented him by Pandora. Upon his lifting up the lid of it, says the fable, there flew out all the calamities and distempers incident to men, from which, till that time, they had been altogether exempt. Hope, who had been inclosed in the cup with so much bad company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the lid of it, that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two reflexions upon what I have hitherto said. First, that no kind of life is so happy as that which is full of hope, especially when the hope is well grounded, and when the object of it of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make the person happy who enjoys it. This proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present enjoyments of the most happy man, and how insufficient to give him an entire satisfaction and acquiescence in them.

My next observation is this, that a religious life is that which most abounds in a well-grounded hope, and such an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This hope in a religious man is much more sure and certain than the hope of any temporal blessing, as it is strengthened not only by reason, but by faith. It has at the same time its eye perpetually fixed on that state, which implies in the very notion of it the most full and complete happiness.

I have before shown how the influence of hope in general sweetens life, and makes our present condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a religious hope has still greater advantages. It does

not only bear up the mind under her sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her hope.

Religious hope has likewise this advantage above any other kind of hope, that it is able to revive the dying man, and to fill his mind not only with secret comfort and refreshment, but sometimes with rapture and transport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilst the soul springs forward with delight to the great object which she has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being reunited to her in a glorious and joyful resurrection.

I shall conclude this essay with those emphatical expressions of a lively hope, which the psalmist made use of in the midst of those dangers and adversities which surrounded him; for the following passage had its present and personal, as well as its future and prophetic sense. 'I have set the Lord always before me. Because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth. My flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption. Thou wilt show me the path of life. In thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.' C.

№ 472. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1712.

———*Voluptas*
Solamenque mali———

VIRG. Æn. iii. 660.

This only solace his hard fortune sends.

DRYDEN.

I RECEIVED some time ago a proposal, which had a preface to it, wherein the author discoursed at large of the innumerable objects of charity in a nation, and admonished the rich, who were afflicted with any distemper of body, particularly to regard the poor in the same species of affliction, and confine their tenderness to them, since it is impossible to assist all who are presented to them. The proposer had been relieved from a malady in his eyes by an operation performed by Sir William Read, and, being a man of condition, had taken a resolution to maintain three poor blind men during their lives, in gratitude for that great blessing. This misfortune is so very great and unfrequent, that one would think an establishment for all the poor under it might be easily accomplished, with the addition of a very few others to those wealthy who are in the same calamity. However, the thought of the proposer arose from a very good motive; and the parcelling of ourselves out, as called to particular acts of beneficence, would be a pretty cement of society and virtue. It is the ordinary foundation for men's holding a commerce with each other, and becoming familiar, that they agree in the same sort of pleasure; and sure it may also be some reason for amity, that they are under one common

distress. If all the rich who are lame in the gout, from a life of ease, pleasure, and luxury, would help those few who have it without a previous life of pleasure, and add a few of such laborious men, who are become lame from unhappy blows, falls, or other accidents of age or sickness; I say, would such gouty persons administer to the necessities of men disabled like themselves, the consciousness of such a behaviour would be the best julep, cordial, and anodyne, in the feverish, faint, and tormenting vicissitudes of that miserable distemper. The same may be said of all other, both bodily and intellectual evils. These classes of charity would certainly bring down blessings upon an age and people; if men were not petrified with the love of the world, against all sense of the commerce which ought to be among them, it would not be an unreasonable bill for a poor man in the agony of pain, aggravated by want and poverty, to draw upon a sick alderman after this form:

'MR. BASIL PLENTY,

'SIR,

'You have the gout and stone, with sixty thousand pounds sterling; I have the gout and stone, not worth one farthing; I shall pray for you, and desire you would pay the bearer twenty shillings for value received from,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

Cripplegate, Aug. 29, 1712.

LAZARUS HOPEFUL.'

The reader's own imagination will suggest to him the reasonableness of such correspondences, and diversify them into a thousand forms; but I

shall close this, as I began, upon the subject of blindness*. The following letter seems to be written by a man of learning, who is returned to his study after a suspense of ability to do so. The benefit he reports himself to have received, may well claim the handsomest encomium he can give the operator.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'RUMINATING lately on your admirable discourses on the Pleasures of the Imagination, I began to consider to which of our senses we are obliged for the greatest and most important share of those pleasures; and I soon concluded that it was to the sight. That is the sovereign of the senses, and mother of all the arts and sciences, that have refined the rudeness of the uncultivated mind to a politeness that distinguishes the fine spirits from the barbarous *goût* of the great vulgar and the small. The sight is the obliging benefactress that bestows on us the most transporting sensations that we have from the various and wonderful products of nature. To the sight we owe the amazing discoveries of the height, magnitude, and motion of the planets; their several revolutions about their common centre of light, heat and motion, the sun. The sight travels yet farther to the fixed stars, and furnishes the understanding with solid reasons to prove, that each of them is a sun, moving on its own axis, in the centre of its own vortex or turbillion, and performing the same offices to its dependent planets that our glorious sun does to this. But the inquiries of the sight will not be stopped here, but make their progress through the immense expanse to the

* A benevolent institution in favour of blind people, and Swift's hospital, seem to have originated from this paper, certainly from the principles of humanity stated in it.

Milky Way, and there divide the blended fires of the galaxy into infinite and different worlds, made up of distinct suns, and their peculiar equipages of planets, till, unable to pursue this track any further, it deputes the imagination to go on to new discoveries, till it fill the unbounded space with endless worlds.

'The sight informs the statuary's chisel with power to give breath to lifeless brass and marble, and the painter's pencil to swell the flat canvass with moving figures actuated by imaginary souls. Music indeed may plead another original*, since Jubal, by the different falls of his hammer on the anvil, discovered by the ear the first rude music that pleased the antediluvian fathers; but then the sight has not only reduced those wilder sounds into artful order and harmony, but conveys that harmony to the most distant parts of the world without the help of sound. To the sight we owe not only all the discoveries of philosophy, but all the divine imagery of poetry that transports the intelligent reader of Homer, Milton, and Virgil.

'As the sight has polished the world, so does it supply us with the most grateful and lasting pleasure. Let love, let friendship, paternal affection, filial piety, and conjugal duty, declare the joys the sight bestows on a meeting after absence. But it would be endless to enumerate all the pleasures and advantages of sight; every one that has it, every hour he makes use of it, finds them, feels them, enjoys them.

'Thus, as our greatest pleasures and knowledge are derived from the sight, so has Providence been more curious in the formation of its seat, the eye, than of the organs of the other senses. That stu-

* Mr. Weaver ascribes the discovery to Pythagoras.

pendous machine is composed, in a wonderful manner, of muscles, membranes, and humours. Its motions are admirably directed by the muscles; the perspicuity of the humours transmits the rays of light; the rays are regularly refracted by their figure; the black lining of the sclerotes effectually prevents their being confounded by reflexion. It is wonderful indeed to consider how many objects the eye it fitted to take in at once, and successively in an instant, and at the same time, to make a judgment of their position, figure, or colour. It watches against our dangers, guides our steps, and lets in all the visible objects, whose beauty and variety instruct and delight.

'The pleasures and advantages of sight being so great, the loss must be very grievous; of which Milton, from experience, gives the most sensible idea, both in the third book of his Paradise Lost, and in his Samson Agonistes.

'To light, in the former.

"——————Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, but find no dawn."

'And a little after.

"Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark,
Surround me: from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

' Again in Samson Agonistes.

" ————But chief of all,
O loss of sight! of thee I most complain:
Blind among enemies! O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decripit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd————
" ————Still as a fool,
In pow'r of others, never in my own,
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half:
O dark! dark! dark! amid the blaze of noon:
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hopes of day."

' The enjoyment of sight then being s blessing, and the loss of it so terrible an e excellent and valuable is the skill of th which can restore the former, and red latter! My frequent perusal of the adver in the public newspapers (generally the mo able entertainment they afford) has prese with many and various benefits of this kinc my countrymen by that skilful artist Dr. G majesty's occulist extraordinary, whose ha has brought and restored to sight several in less than four years. Many have recei by his means who came blind from their womb, as in the famous instance of Jones ington*. I myself have been cured by l weakness in my eyes next to blindness, ready to believe any thing that is report ability this way; and know that many, w

* This ostentatious oculist was, it seems, original or tinker, afterwards a preacher in a congregation William Jones was not born blind, and was but very all, benefited by Grant's operation, who appears to guilty of great fraud and downright forgery in his a advertisements of this pretended cure.

t purchase his assistance with money, have en-
ved it from his charity. But a list of particulars
ould swell my letter beyond its bounds: what I
said being sufficient to comfort those who are
like distress, since they may conceive hopes
D longer miserable in this kind, while
re so able an occulist as Dr. Grant.

I am the Spectator's
humble servant,

T. PHILANTHROPUS.

No 473. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1712.

Quid? si quis vultu torvo ferus et pede nudo,
Exiguæque togæ simulet textore Catonem;
Virtutemne repræsentet, moresque Catonis?
HOR. 1 Ep. xix. 12.

Suppose a man the coarsest gown should wear,
No shoes, his forehead rough, his look severe,
And ape great Cato in his form and dress;
Must he his virtues and his mind express?
CREECH.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

' SIR,

' I AM now in the country, and employ
it of my time in reading, or thinking upon what
nave read. Your paper comes constantly down
: , and it affects me so much, that I find my
ights run into your way: and I recommend to
ou a subject upon which you have not yet touched,
that is, the satisfaction some men seem to take
1 1 imperfections: I think one may call it glo-

rying in their insufficiency. A certain great auth is of opinion it is the contrary to envy, though haps it may proceed from it. Nothing is so c mon as to hear men of this sort, speaking of ther selves, add to their own merit (as they think) l impairing it, in praising themselves for their defec freely allowing they commit some few frivolous e rors, in order to be esteemed persons of uncomm talents and great qualifications. They are general professing an injudicious neglect of dancing, fe cing, and riding, as also an unjust contempt f travelling, and the modern languages; as for the part, they say, they never valued or troubled t heads about them. This panegyrical satire themselves certainly is worthy of your animadve sion. I have known one of these gentlemen thu himself obliged to forget the day of an appoin ment, and sometimes even that you spoke to hin and when you see 'em, they hope you'll pard 'em, for they have the worst memory in the worl One of 'em started up t'other day in some confusi and said, "Now I think on't, I am to meet Mortmain, the attorney, about some busin D whether it is to-day or to-morrow, 'faith I car tell." Now, to my certain knowledge, he k his time to a moment, and was there according These forgetful persons have, to heighten the crime, generally the best memories of any peopl as I have found out by their remembering som times through inadvertency. Two or three of 'e that I know can say most of our modern tragedi by heart. I asked a gentleman the other day th is famous for a good carver (at which acquisition I is out of countenance, imagining it may detra from some of his more essential qualifications) help me to something that was near him; but I excused himself, and blushing told me, "Of

things he could never carve in his life;" though it can be proved upon him that he cuts up, disjoints, and uncases with incomparable dexterity. I would not be understood as if I thought it laudable for a man of quality and fortune to rival the acquisitions of artificers, and endeavour to excel in little handy qualities; no, I argue only against being ashamed of what is really praise-worthy. As these pretences to ingenuity show themselves several ways, you will often see a man of this temper ashamed to be clean, and setting up for wit, only from negligence in his habit. Now I am upon this head, I cannot help observing also upon a very different folly proceeding from the same cause. As these above mentioned arise from effecting an equality with men of greater talents, from having the same faults, there are others that would come at a parallel with those above them, by possessing little advantages which they want. I heard a young man not long ago, who has sense, comfort himself in his ignorance of Greek, Hebrew, and the Orientals: at the same time that he published his aversion to those languages, he said that the knowledge of them was rather a diminution than an advancement of a man's character: though at the same time I know he languishes and repines he is not master of them himself. Whenever I take any of these fine persons thus detracting from what they do not understand, I tell them I will complain to you; and say I am sure you will not allow it an exception against a thing, that he who contemns it is an ignorant in it.

I am, Sir,
Your most humble servant,
S. T.'

' MR. SPECTATOR,

' I AM a man of a very good
am honourably in love. I hope you will

the ultimate purpose is honest, there may be, without trespass against innocence, some toying by the way. People of condition are perhaps too distant and formal on those occasions; but however that is, I am to confess to you that I have writ some verses to atone for my offence. You professed authors are a little severe upon us, who write like gentlemen: but if you are a friend to love, you will insert my poem. You cannot imagine how much service it would do me with my fair one, as well as reputation with all my friends, to have something of mine in the Spectator. My crime was, that I snatched a kiss, and my poetical excuse as follows:

I.

" Belinda, see from yonder flowers
The bee flies loaded to its cell:
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are they impair'd in show or smell?

II.

" So, though I robb'd you of a kiss,
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew:
Why are you angry at my bliss?
Has it at all impoverish'd you?

III.

" 'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In spite of your unkind reserve,
To keep my famish'd love alive
Which you inhumanely would starve."

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY STANZA.'

'SIR, Aug. 23, 1712.

'HAVING a little time upon my hands, I could not think of bestowing it better, than in writing an epistle to the Spectator, which I now do, and am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

BOB SHORT.

'P. S. If you approve of my style, I am likely enough to become your correspondent. I desire your opinion of it. I design it for that way of writing called by the judicious "the familiar."'

T.'

N° 474. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3, 1712.

Asperitas, agrestis, et inconcinna.

HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 6.

Rude, rustic, and inelegant.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'BEING of the number of those that have lately retired from the centre of business and pleasure, my uneasiness in the country where I am arises rather from the society than the solitude of it. To be obliged to receive and return visits from and to a circle of neighbours, who, through diversity of age or inclinations, can neither be entertaining nor serviceable to us, is a vile loss of time, and a slavery from which a man should deliver himself, if possible: for why must I lose the remaining part of my life because they have thrown away the former parts of theirs?

It is to me an insupportable affliction, to be tormented with the narrations of a set of people, who are warm in their expressions of the quick relish of that pleasure which their dogs and horses have a more delicate taste of. I do also in my heart detest and abhor that damnable doctrine and position of the necessity of a bumper, though to one's own toast; for though it be pretended that these deep potations are used only to inspire gaiety, they certainly drown that cheerfulness which would survive a moderate circulation. If at these meetings it were left to every stranger either to fill his glass according to his own inclination, or to make his retreat when he finds he has been sufficiently obedient to that of others, these entertainments would be governed with more good sense, and consequently with more good breeding, than at present they are. Indeed, where any of the guests are known to measure their fame or pleasure by their glass, proper exhortations might be used to these to push their fortunes in this sort of reputation; but, where it is unseasonably insisted on to a modest stranger, this drench may be said to be swallowed with the same necessity as if it had been tendered in the horn for that purpose *, with this aggravating circumstance, that it distresses the entertainer's guest in the same degree as it relieves his horses.

'To attend without impatience an account of five-barred gates, double ditches, and precipices, and to survey the orator with desiring eyes, is to me extremely difficult, but absolutely necessary, to be upon tolerable terms with him; but then the occasional bursting out into laughter is of all other accomplishments the most requisite. I confess at present I have not that command of these convulsions as is neces-

* A horn is used to administer potions to horses.

sary to be good company; therefore I beg you would publish this letter, and let me be known all at once for a queer fellow, and avoided. It is monstrous to me, that we who are given to reading and calm conversation should ever be visited by these roarers; but they think they themselves, as neighbours, may come into our rooms with the same right that they and their dogs hunt in our grounds.

'Your institution of clubs I have always admired, in which you constantly endeavoured the union of the metaphorically defunct, that is, such as are neither serviceable to the busy and enterprising part of mankind, nor entertaining to the retired and speculative. There should certainly therefore in each county be established a club of the persons whose conversations I have described, who for their own private, as also the public emolument, should exclude, and be excluded, all other society. Their attire should be the same with their huntsmen's, and none should be admitted into this green conversation-piece, except he had broke his collar-bone thrice. A broken rib or two might also admit a man without the least opposition. The president must necessarily have broken his neck, and have been taken up dead once or twice: for the more maims this brotherhood shall have met with, the easier will their conversation flow and keep up; and when any one of these vigorous invalids had finished his narration of the collar-bone, this naturally would introduce the history of the ribs. Besides, the different circumstances of their falls and fractures would help to prolong and diversify their relations. There should also be another club of such men, who had not succeeded so well in maiming themselves, but are however in the constant pursuit of these accomplishments. I would by no means be suspected, by what I have said, to traduce in general the body of

fox-hunters; for whilst I look upon a reasonable creature full speed after a pack of dogs by way of pleasure, and not of business, I shall always make honourable mention of it.

'But the most irksome conversation of all others I have met with in the neighbourhood, has been among two or three of your travellers who have overlooked men and manners, and have passed through France and Italy with the same observation that the carriers and stage coachmen do through Great Britain; that is, their stops and stages have been regulated according to the liquor they have met with in their passage. They indeed remember the names of abundance of places, with the particular fineries of certain churches; but their distinguishing mark is certain prettiness of foreign languages, the meaning of which they could have better expressed in their own. The entertainment of these fine observers Shakspeare has described to consist

> "In talking of the Alps and Apennines,
> The Pyrenean, and the River Po:"

and then concludes with a sigh,

> "Now this is worshipful society!"

'I would not be thought in all this to hate such honest creatures as dogs; I am only unhappy that I cannot partake in their diversions. But I love them so well, as dogs, that I often go with my pockets stuffed with bread to dispense my favours, or make my way through them at neighbours' houses. There is in particular a young hound of great expectation, vivacity, and enterprise, that attends my flights wherever he spies me. This creature observes my countenance, and behaves himself accordingly. His mirth, his frolic, and joy, upon the sight of me has been observed, and I have been gravely desired not

to encourage him so much, for it spoils his parts; but I think he shows them sufficiently in the several boundings, friskings, and scourings, when he makes his court to me: but I foresee in a little time he and I must keep company with one another only, for we are fit for no other in these parts. Having informed you how I do pass my time in the country where I am, I must proceed to tell you how I would pass it, had I such a fortune as would put me above the observance of ceremony and custom.

'My scheme of a country life then should be as follows. As I am happy in three or four very agreeable friends, these I would constantly have with me; and the freedom we took with one another at school and the university, we would maintain and exert upon all occasions with great courage. There should be certain hours of the day to be employed in reading, during which time it should be impossible for any one of us to enter the other's chamber, unless by storm. After this we would communicate the trash or treasure we had met with, with our own reflexions upon the matter; the justness of which we would controvert with good-humoured warmth, and never spare one another out of that complaisant spirit of conversation, which makes others affirm and deny the same matter in a quarter of an hour. If any of the neighbouring gentlemen, not of our turn, should take it in their heads to visit me, I should look upon these persons in the same degree enemies to my particular state of happiness, as ever the French were to that of the public, and I would be at an annual expence in spies to observe their motions. Whenever I should be surprised with a visit, as I hate drinking, I would be brisk in swilling bumpers, upon this maxim, that it is better to trouble others with my impertinence, than to be troubled myself with theirs. The necessity of an infirmary makes

me resolve to fall to that project; and as we should be but five, the terrors of an involuntary separation, which our number cannot so well admit of, would make us exert ourselves in opposition to all the particulars mentioned in your institution of that equitable confinement. This my way of life I know would subject me to the imputation of a morose, covetous, and singular fellow. These and all other hard words, with all manner of insipid jests, and all other reproach, would be matter of mirth to me and my friends: besides, I would destroy the application of the epithets morose and covetous, by a yearly relief of my undeservedly necessitous neighbours, and by treating my friends and domestics with a humanity that should express the obligation to lie rather on my side; and as for the word singular, I was always of opinion every man must be so, to be what one would desire him.

Your very humble servant,

J. R.*

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'ABOUT two years ago I was called upon by the younger part of a country family, by my mother's side related to me, to visit Mr. Campbell†,

* This letter was probably written by Steele's fellow collegian and friend, the Rev. Mr. Richard Parker. This accomplished scholar was for many years vicar of Embleton, in Northumberland, a living in the gift of Merton college, where he and Steele lived in the most cordial familiarity. Not relishing the rural sports of Bamboroughshire, he declined the interchange of visits with most of the hospitable gentlemen in his neighbourhood: who, invigorated by their diversions, indulged in copious meals, and were apt to be vociferous in their mirth, and over importunate with their guests, to join in their conviviality.

† Duncan Campbell announced himself to the public as a Scotch highlander, gifted with the second sight. He was, or

the dumb man; for they told me that that was chiefly what brought them to town, having heard wonders of him in Essex. I, who always wanted faith in matters of that kind, was not easily prevailed on to go; but, lest they should take it ill, I went with them; when, to my surprise, Mr. Campbell related all their past life; in short, had he not been prevented, such a discovery would have come out as would have ruined the next design of their coming to town, *viz.* buying wedding clothes. Our names ——though he never heard of us before——and we endeavoured to conceal——were as familiar to him as to ourselves. To be sure, Mr. Spectator, he is a very learned and wise man. Being impatient to know my fortune, having paid my respects in a family Jacobus, he told me (after his manner) among several other things, that in a year and nine months I should fall ill of a new fever, be given over by my physicians, but should with much difficulty recover: that, the first time I took the air afterwards, I should be addresed to by a young gentleman of a plentiful fortune, good sense, and a generous spirit. Mr. Spectator, he is the purest man in the world, for all he said is come to pass, and I am the happiest she in Kent. I have been in quest of Mr. Campbell these three months, and cannot find him out. Now, hearing you are a dumb man too, I thought you might correspond, and be able to tell me something; for I think myself highly obliged to make his fortune, as he has mine. It is very possible your worship, who has spies all over the town, can inform me how

pretended to be, deaf and dumb, and succeeded in making a fortune to himself, by practising for some years on the credulity of the vulgar in the ignominious character of a fortune-teller.

to send to him. If you can, I beseech you be speedy as possible, and you will highly oblige

Your constant reader and admirer,

DULCIBELLA THANKLEY.

Ordered, That the inspector I employ about wonders inquire at the Golden-Lion, opposite to th Half-Moon tavern in Drury-lane, into the merits o this silent sage, and report accordingly.

T.

N° 475. THURSDAY, SEPT. 4, 1712.

——Quæ res in se neque consilium, neque modum
Habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes.

TER. Eun. Act. i. Sc. 1.

The thing that in itself has neither measure nor consideration counsel cannot rule.

It is an old observation, which has been made o politicians who would rather ingratiate themselve with their sovereign, than promote his real service that they accommodate their counsels to his inclina tions, and advise him to such actions only as hi heart is naturally set upon. The privy counsello of one in love must observe the same conduct, un less he would forfeit the friendship of the pers who desires his advice. I have known several c cases of this nature. Hipparchus was going t marry a common woman, but being resolved to d nothing without the advice of his friend Philander he consulted him upon the occasion. Philander tol him his mind freely, and represented his mistress t him in such strong colours, that the next morning

he received a challenge for his pains, and before twelve o'clock was run through the body by the man who had asked his advice. Celia was more prudent on the like occasion. She desired Leonilla to give her opinion freely upon the young fellow who made his addresses to her. Leonilla, to oblige her, told her with great frankness, that she looked upon him as one of the most worthless——Celia, forseeing what a character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding clothes. When she has made her own choice, for form's sake she sends a *congé d'élire* to her friends.

If we look into the secret springs and motives that set people at work on these occasions, and put them upon asking advice which they never intend to take; I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a secret which is so very pleasing to them. A girl longs to tell her confidante, that she hopes to be married in a little time; and, in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells so much in her thoughts, asks her very gravely, what she would advise her to do in a case of so much difficulty. Why else should Melissa, who had not a thousand pounds in the world, go into every quarter of the town to ask her acquaintance, whether they would advise her to take Tom Townly, that made his addresses to her with an estate of five thousand a-year? It is very pleasant, on this occasion, to hear the lady propose her doubts, and to see the pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a practice which is in use among the vainer part of our sex, who will often ask a friend's advice in relation to a fortune whom they

are never like to come at. Will Honeycomb, who is now on the verge of threescore, took me aside no long since, and asked me in his most serious look whether I would advise him to marry my lady Betty Single, who, by the way, is one of the greatest fortunes about town. I stared him full in the face upon so strange a question; upon which he immediately gave me an inventory of her jewels and estate, adding that he was resolved to do nothing in a matter of such consequence without my approbation. Finding he would have an answer, I told him if he could get the lady's consent, he had mine. This is about the tenth match which, to my knowledge, Will has consulted his friends upon, without ever opening his mind to the party herself.

I have been engaged in this subject by the following letter, which comes to me from some notable young female scribe, who, by the contents of it, seems to have carried matters so far, that she is ripe for asking advice: but as I would not lose her good will, nor forfeit the reputation which I have with her for wisdom, I shall only communicate the letter to the public, without returning any answer to it.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Now, sir, the thing is this; Mr. Shapely is the prettiest gentleman about town. He is very tall, but not too tall neither. He dances like an angel. His mouth is made I do not know how, but it is the prettiest that I ever saw in my life. He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of wit. If you did but see how he rolls his stockings! He has a thousand pretty fancies, and I am sure, if you saw him, you would like him. He is a very good scholar, and can talk Latin as fast as English. I wish you could but see him dance. Now you must under-

stand poor Mr. Shapely has no estate; but how can he help that, you know? And yet my friends are so unreasonable as to be always teasing me about him, because he has no estate; but I am sure he has that that is better than an estate; for he is a good-natured, ingenious, modest, civil, tall, well-bred, handsome man; and I am obliged to him for his civilities ever since I saw him. I forgot to tell you that he has black eyes, and looks upon me now and then as if he had tears in them. And yet my friends are so unreasonable, that they would have me be uncivil to him. I have a good portion which they cannot hinder me of, and I shall be fourteen on the 29th day of August next, and am therefore willing to settle in the world as soon as I can, and so is Mr. Shapely. But every body I advise with here is poor Mr. Shapely's enemy. I desire therefore you will give me your advice, for I know you are a wise man; and if you advise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance; and am,

Sir,
Your most humble servant,
B. D.

'He loves your Spectators mightily.'
C.

N° 476. FRIDAY, SEPT. 5, 1712.

——*Lucidus ordo.*
HOR. Art. Poet. 41.
Method gives light.

AMONG my daily papers which I bestow o public, there are some which are written with larity and method, and others that run out int wildness of those compositions which go b name of essays. As for the first, I have the scheme of the discourse in my mind before I se to paper. In the other kind of writing, it is cient that I have several thoughts on a subject, out troubling myself to range them in such that they may seem to grow out of one another be disposed under the proper heads. Senec Montaigne are patterns for writing in this last as Tully and Aristotle excel in the other. W read an author of genius who writes without thod, I fancy myself in a wood that abounds a great many noble objects, rising one a another in the greatest confusion and When I read a methodical discourse, I am regular plantation, and can place myself in its ral centres, so as to take a view of all the line walks that are struck from them. You may ra in the one a whole day together, and every mo discover something or other that is new to but when you have done, you will have but a fused imperfect notion of the place: in the your eye commands the whole prospect, and you such an idea of it as is not easily worn c the memory.

Irregularity and want of method are only supportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of stringing them.

Method is of advantage to a work, both in respect to the writer and the reader. In regard to the first, it is a great help to his invention. When a man has planned his discourse, he finds a great many thoughts rising out of every head, that do not offer themselves upon the general survey of a subject. His thoughts are at the same time more intelligible, and better discover their drift and meaning, when they are placed in their proper lights, and follow one another in a regular series, than when they are thrown together without order and connexion. There is always an obscurity in confusion; and the same sentence that would have enlightened the reader in one part of a discourse, perplexes him in another. For the same reason, likewise, every thought in a methodical discourse, shows itself in its greatest beauty, as the several figures in a piece of painting receive new grace from their disposition in the picture. The advantages of a reader from a methodical discourse are correspondent with those of the writer. He comprehends every thing easily, takes it in with pleasure, and retains it long.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary conversation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himself understood. I, who hear a thousand coffee-house debates every day, am very sensible of this want of method in the thoughts of my honest countrymen. There is not one dispute in ten which is managed in those schools of politics, where, after the three first sentences, the question

is not entirely lost. Our disputants put me in n of the scuttle-fish, that when he is unable to c cate himself blackens all the water about him u he becomes invisible. The man who does n know how to methodise his thoughts, has always, borrow a phrase from the Dispensary, 'a barr superfluity of words;' the fruit is lost amidst t exuberance of leaves.

Tom Puzzle is one of the most eminent immetl dical disputants of any that has fallen under my c servation. Tom has read enough to make him ve impertinent: his knowledge is sufficient to ra doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he l so much learning, or that he has not a great d more. With these qualifications Tom sets up fo free-thinker, finds a great many things to blame the constitution of his country, and gives shrewd timations, that he does not believe another wor In short, Puzzle is an atheist as much as his pa will give him leave. He has got about half a doz common-place topics, into which he never fails turn the conversation, whatever was the occasion it. Though the matter in debate be about Dou or Denain, it is ten to one but half his discourse ru upon the unreasonableness of bigotry and priestcra This makes Mr. Puzzle the admiration of all th who have less sense than himself, and the contem of all those who have more. There is none in to whom Tom dreads so much as my friend Will Di Will, who is acquainted with Tom's logic, when finds him running off the question, cuts him sh with a 'What then? We allow all this to be tru but what is it to our present purpose?' I ha known Tom eloquent half an hour together, and t umphing, as he thought, in the superiority of the a gument, when he has been nonplussed on a sudd by Mr. Dry's desiring him to tell the company wh

it was that he endeavoured to prove. In short, Dry is a man of a clear methodical head, but few words, and gains the same advantage over Puzzle that a small body of regular troops would gain over a numberless undisciplined militia.

C.

N° 477. SATURDAY, SEPT. 6, 1712.

———An me ludit amabilis
Insania? audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.

HOR. 3 Od. iv. 5.

———Does airy fancy cheat
My mind well pleas'd with the deceit?
I seem to hear, I seem to move,
And wander through the happy grove,
Where smooth springs flow, and murm'ring breeze
Wantons through the waving trees.

CREECH.

'SIR,

'HAVING lately read your essay on The Pleasures of the Imagination, I was so taken with your thoughts upon some of our English gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a letter upon that subject. I am one, you must know, who am looked upon as a humorist in gardening. I have several acres about my house, which I call my garden, and which a skilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower garden, which lie so

mixt and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner, who had seen nothing of our country, should be conveyed into my garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderness, and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My flowers grow up in several parts of the garden in the greatest luxuriancy and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a stranger walks with me, he is surprized to see several large spots of ground covered with ten thousand different colours, and has often singled out flowers that he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or in a meadow, as some of the greatest beauties of the place. The only method I observe in this particular, is to range in the same quarter the products of the same season, that they may make their appearance together, and compose a picture of the greatest variety. There is the same irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wildness as their nature will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the soil; and am pleased, when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next tree I shall meet with is an apple or an oak, an elm or a pear-tree. My kitchen has likewise its particular quarters assigned it; for, besides the wholesome luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a kitchen-garden a more pleasant sight than the finest orangery or artificial green-house. I love to see every thing in its perfection; and am more pleased to survey my rows of colworts and cabbages, with a thousand nameless pot-herbs, springing up in their full fragrancy and verdure, than to see the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or

withering in an air and soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit, that there is a fountain rising in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and administers to the pleasure as well as the plenty of the place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my plantations; and have taken particular care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an open field, so that it generally passes through banks of violets and primroses, plats of willow, or other plants, that seem to be of its own producing. There is another circumstance in which I am very particular, or, as my neighbours call me, very whimsical: as my garden invites into it all the birds of the country, by offering them the conveniency of springs and shades, solitude and shelter, I do not suffer any one to destroy their nests in the spring, or drive them from their usual haunts in fruit-time; I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs. By this means I have always the music of the season in its perfection, and am highly delighted to see the jay or the thrush hopping about my walks, and shooting before my eyes across the several little glades and alleys that I pass through. I think there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower-gardens are epigrammatists and sonneteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades, are romance writers. Wise and London are our heroic poets; and if, as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an

unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for, as on one side of the walk you see this hollow bason, with its several little plantations, lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees rising one higher than another, in proportion as they approach the centre. A spectator, who has not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one, who has walked in this garden, who was not struck with that part of it which I have here mentioned. As for myself, you will find, by the account which I have already given you, that my compositions in gardening are altogether after the Pindaric manner, and run into the beautiful wildness of nature, without affecting the nicer elegancies of art. What I am now going to mention will, perhaps, deserve your attention more than any thing I have yet said. I find that, in the discourse which I spoke of at the beginning of my letter, you are against filling an English garden with evergreens; and indeed I am so far of your opinion, that I can by no means think the verdure of an evergreen comparable to that which shoots out annually, and clothes our trees in the summer season. But I have often wondered that those who are like myself, and love to live in gardens, have never thought of contriving a winter garden, which would consist of such trees only as never cast their leaves. We have very often little snatches of sunshine and fair weather in the most

uncomfortable parts of the year, and have frequently several days in November and January that are as agreeable as any in the finest months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleasure than to walk in such a winter garden as I have proposed. In the summer season the whole country blooms, and is a kind of garden; for which reason we are not so sensible of those beauties that at this time may be every where met with; but when nature is in her desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren prospects, there is something unspeakably cheerful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees that smile amidst all the rigour of winter, and give us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy. I have so far indulged myself in this thought, that I have set apart a whole acre of ground for the executing of it. The walls are covered with ivy instead of vines. The laurel, the horn-beam, and the holly, with many other trees and plants of the same nature, grow so thick in it, that you cannot imagine a more lively scene. The glowing redness of the berries, with which they are hung at this time, vies with the verdure of their leaves, and is apt to inspire the heart of the beholder with that vernal delight which you have somewhere taken notice of in your former papers. It is very pleasant, at the same time, to see the several kinds of birds retiring into his little green spot, and enjoying themselves among the branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I have before mentioned to you, does not afford a single leaf for their shelter.

'You must know, sir, that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is

naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tr quility, and to lay all its turbulent passions at It gives us a great insight into the contrivance wisdom of Providence, and suggests innume subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the complacency and satisfaction which a man take these works of nature to be a laudable, if not a tuous, habit of mind. For all which reasons I h you will pardon the length of my present letter.

C. I am,
Sir, &c.'

N° 478. MONDAY, SEPT. 8, 1712.

——*Usus*
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma——
HOR. Ars Poet. v.

Fashion, sole arbitress of dress.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IT happened lately that a friend of mi who had many things to buy for his family, wou oblige me to walk with him to the shops. He w very nice in his way, and fond of having every thi shown; which at first made me very uneasy; but, his humour still continued, the things which I h been staring at along with him began to fill n head, and led me into a set of amusing thoug concerning them.

'I fancied it must be very surprising to any o who enters into a detail of fashions to consider h far the vanity of mankind has laid itself out in dr what a prodigious number of people it maintai

nd what a circulation of money it occasions. Providence in this case makes use of the folly which we will not give up, and it becomes instrumental to the support of those who are willing to labour. Hence is that fringe-makers, mercers, tire-women, and number of other trades, which would be useless in simple state of nature, owe their subsistence; ough it is seldom seen that such as these are extremely rich, because their original fault of being ounded upon vanity keeps them poor by the light nconstancy of its nature. The variableness of ashion turns the stream of business, which flows om it, now into one channel, and anon into another; so that the different sets of people sink or ourish in their turns by it.

'From the shops we retired to the tavern, where found my friend express so much satisfaction for he bargains he had made, that my moral reflections if I had told them) might have passed for a reproof; o I chose rather to fall in with him, and let the discourse run upon the use of fashions.

'Here we remembered how much man is governed by his senses, how lively he is struck by he objects which appear to him in an agreeable manner, how much clothes contribute to make us greeable objects, and how much we owe it to ourelves that we should appear so.

'We considered man as belonging to societies; ocieties as formed of different ranks distinguished y habits, that all proper duty or respect might attend their appearance.

'We took notice of several advantages which are met with in the occurrences of conversation; how he bashful man has been sometimes so raised, as to xpress himself with an air of freedom when he magines that his habit introduces him to company vith a becoming manner; and again, how a fool

in fine clothes shall be suddenly heard with attention, till he has betrayed himself; whereas a man of sense, appearing with a dress of negligence, shall be but coldly received till he be proved by time, and established in a character. Such things as these we could recollect to have happened to our own knowledge so very often, that we concluded the author had his reasons, who advises his son to go in dress rather above his fortune than under it.

'At last the subject seemed so considerable, that it was proposed to have a repository built for fashions, as there are chambers for medals and other rarities. The building may be shaped as that which stands among the pyramids, in the form of a woman's head. This may be raised upon pillars, whose ornaments shall bear a just relation to the design. Thus there may be an imitation of fringe carved in the base, a sort of appearance of lace in the frieze, and a representation of curling locks, with bows of ribbon sloping over them, may fill up the work of the cornice. The inside may be divided into two apartments appropriated to each sex. The apartments may be filled with shelves, on which boxes are to stand as regularly as books in a library. These are to have folding doors, which, being opened, you are to behold a baby dressed out in some fashion which has flourished, and standing upon a pedestal, where the time of its reign is marked down. For its further regulation, let it be ordered that every one who invents a fashion shall bring in his box, whose front he may at pleasure have either worked or painted with some amorous or gay device, that, like books with gilded leaves and covers, it may the sooner draw the eyes of the beholders. And to the end that these may be preserved with all due care, let there be a keeper appointed, who shall be a gentleman qualified with a competent know-

ledge in clothes; so that by this means the place will be a comfortable support for some beau who has spent his estate in dressing.

'The reasons offered, by which we expected to gain the approbation of the public, were as follow:—

'First, That every one who is considerable enough to be a mode, and has any imperfection of nature or chance, which it is possible to hide by the advantage of clothes, may, by coming to this repository, be furnished herself, and furnish all, who are under the same misfortune, with the most agreeable manner of concealing it; and that, on the other side, every one, who has any beauty in face or shape, may also be furnished with the most agreeable manner of showing it.

'Secondly, That whereas some of our young gentlemen who travel, give us great reason to suspect that they only go abroad to improve a fancy for dress, a project of this nature may be a means to keep them at home; which is in effect the keeping of so much money in the kingdom. And perhaps the balance of fashion in Europe, which now leans upon the side of France, may be so altered for the future, that it may become as common with Frenchmen to come to England for their finishing stroke of breeding, as it has been for Englishmen to go to France for it.

'Thirdly, Whereas several great scholars, who might have been otherwise useful to the world, have spent their time in studying to describe the dresses of the ancients from dark hints, which they are fain to interpret and support with much learning; it will from henceforth happen that they shall be freed from the trouble, and the world from useless volumes. This project will be a registry, to which posterity may have recourse, for the clearing such obscure

passages as tend that way in authors; and therefore we shall not for the future submit ourselves to the learning of etymology, which might persuade the age to come that the farthingale was worn for cheapness, or the furbelow for warmth.

'Fourthly, Whereas they, who are old themselves, have often a way of railing at the extravagance of youth, and the whole age in which their children live; it is hoped that this ill-humour will be much suppressed, when we can have recourse to the fashions of their times, produce them in our vindication, and be able to show, that it might have been as expensive in queen Elizabeth's time only to wash and quill a ruff, as it is now to buy cravats or neck handkerchiefs.

'We desire also have it taken notice of, that because we would show a particular respect to foreigners, which may induce them to perfect their breeding here in a knowledge which is very proper for pretty gentlemen, we have conceived the motto for the house in the learned language. There is to be a picture over the door, with a looking glass and a dressing chair in the middle of it; then on one side are to be seen, above one another, patch boxes, pincushions, and little bottles; on the other, powder-bags, puffs, combs, and brushes; beyond these, swords with fine knots, whose points are hidden, and fans almost closed, with the handles downward, are to stand out interchangeably from the sides, until they meet at the top, and form a semicircle over the rest of the figures; beneath all, the writing is to run in this pretty sounding manner:

"*Adeste, O quotquot sunt, Veneres, Gratiæ, Cupidines,*
En vobis adsunt in promptu
Faces, vincula, spicula;
Hinc eligite, sumite, regite."

" All ye Venuses, Graces, and Cupids attend!
See, prepared to your hands
Darts, torches, and bands:
Your weapons here choose, and your empire extend."

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

A. B.'

The proposal of my correspondent I cannot but look upon as an ingenious method of placing persons (whose parts make them ambitious to exert themselves in frivolous things) in a rank by themselves. In order to this, I would propose that there be a board of directors of the fashionable society; and, because it is a matter of too much weight for a private man to determine alone, I should be highly obliged to my correspondents if they could give in lists of persons qualified for this trust. If the chief coffee-houses, the conversations of which places are carried on by persons, each of whom has his little number of followers and admirers, would name from among themselves two or three to be inserted, they should be put up with great faithfulness. Old beaux are to be represented in the first place; but as that sect, with relation to dress, is almost extinct, it will, I fear, be absolutely necessary to take in all time-servers, properly so deemed; that is, such as, without any conviction of conscience, or view of interest, change with the world, and that merely from a terror of being out of fashion. Such also, who from facility of temper and too much obsequiousness, are vicious against their will, and follow leaders whom they do not approve, for want of courage to go their own way, are capable persons for this superintendency. Those who are loth to grow old, or would do any thing contrary to the course

and order of things, out of fondness to be in fashion, are proper candidates. To conclude, those who are in fashion without apparent merit, must be supposed to have latent qualities, which would appear in a post of direction; and therefore are to be regarded in forming these lists. Any, who shall be pleased according to those, or what further qualifications may occur to himself, to send a list, is desired to do it within fourteen days after this date.

N. B. The place of the physician to this society, according to the last-mentioned qualification, already engaged. T.

N° 479. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1712.

——*Dare jura maritis.*
HOR. Ars Poet. 89.
To regulate the matrimonial life.

MANY are the epistles I every day receive fr husbands who complain of vanity, pride, but, abo all, ill-nature in their wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I see in all their letters that the ca of their uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married conditi unhappy, but for want of judgment or temper in the man. The truth is, we generally make love in a style and with sentiments very unfit for ordinary life: they are half theatrical and half romantic. By this means we raise our imaginations to what i not to be expected in human life; and, because w did not beforehand think of the creature we a enamoured of, as subject to dishonour, age, sick-

ness, impatience, or sullenness, but altogether considered her as the object of joy; human nature itself is often imputed to her as her particular imperfection, or defect.

I take it to be a rule, proper to be observed in all occurrences of life, but more especially in the domestic, or matrimonial part of it, to preserve always a disposition to be pleased. This cannot be supported but by considering things in their right light, and as Nature has formed them, and not as our own fancies or appetites would have them. He then who took a young lady to his bed, with no other consideration than the expectation of scenes of dalliance, and thought of her (as I said before) only as she was to administer to the gratification of desire; as that desire flags, will, without her fault, think her charms and her merit abated: from hence must follow indifference, dislike, peevishness, and rage. But the man who brings his reason to support his passion, and beholds what he loves, as liable to all the calamities of human life both in body and mind, and even at the best what must bring upon him new cares, and new relations; such a lover, I say, will form himself accordingly, and adapt his mind to the nature of his circumstances. This latter person will be prepared to be a father, a friend, an advocate, a steward for people yet unborn, and has proper affections ready for every incident in the marriage state. Such a man can hear the cries of children with pity instead of anger; and, when they run over his head, he is not disturbed at their noise, but is glad of their mirth and health. Tom Trusty has told me, that he thinks it doubles his attention to the most intricate affair he is about, to hear his children, for whom all his cares are applied, make a noise in the next room: on the other side, Will Sparkish cannot put on his perriwig, or

adjust his cravat at the glass, for the noise of those damned nurses and squalling brats; and then ends with a gallant reflexion upon the comforts of matrimony, runs out of the hearing, and drives to the chocolate-house.

According as the husband is disposed in himself, every circumstance of his life is to give him torment or pleasure. When the affection is well placed, and supported by the considerations of duty, honour, and friendship, which are in the highest degree engaged in this alliance, there can nothing rise in the common course of life, or from the blows or favours of fortune, in which a man will not find matters of some delight unknown to a single condition.

He who sincerely loves his wife and family, and studies to improve that affection in himself, conceives pleasure from the most indifferent things; while the married man, who has not bid adieu to the fashions and false gallantries of the town, is perplexed with every thing around him. In both these cases men cannot, indeed, make a sillier figure, than in repeating such pleasures and pains to the rest of the world; but I speak of them only, as they sit upon those who are involved in them. As I visit all sorts of people, I cannot indeed but smile, when the good lady tells her husband what extraordinary things the child spoke since he went out. No longer than yesterday I was prevailed with to go home with a fond husband; and his wife told him, that his son, of his own head, when the clock in the parlour struck two, said papa would come home to dinner presently. While the father has him in a rapture in his arms, and is drowning him with kisses, the wife tells me he is but just four years old. Then they both struggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his observation of two o'clock. I

was called upon, by looks upon the child, and then at me, to say something; and I told the father that this remark of the infant of his coming home, and joining the time with it, was a certain indication that he would be a great historian and chronologer. They are neither of them fools, yet received my compliment with great acknowledgment of my prescience. I fared very well at dinner, and heard many other notable sayings of their heir, which would have given very little entertainment to one less turned to reflexion than I was: but it was a pleasing speculation to remark on the happiness of a life, in which things of no moment give occasion of hope, self-satisfaction, and triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-natured coxcomb, who has hardly improved in any thing but bulk, for want of this disposition, silence the whole family as a set of silly women and children, for recounting things which were really above his own capacity.

When I say all this, I cannot deny but there are perverse jades that fall to men's lots, with whom it requires more than common proficiency in philosophy to be able to live. When these are joined to men of warm spirits, without temper or learning, they are frequently corrected with stripes; but one of our famous lawyers* is of opinion, that this ought to be used sparingly; as I remember, those are his very words: but as it is proper to draw some spiritual use out of all afflictions, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with women of spirit, to form themselves for the world by patience at home. Socrates, who is by all accounts the undoubted head of the sect of the hen-pecked, owned and acknowledged that he owed great part of his virtue to the exercise which his useful wife constantly

* Bracton.

gave it. There are several good instructions may be drawn from his wise answers to the people of l fortitude than himself on her subject. A fri with indignation, asked how so good a man c live with so violent a creature? He observed to him, that they who learn to keep a good seat on horse-back, mount the least manageable they can get; and, when they have mastered them, they are sure never to be discomposed on the backs of steeds less restive. At several times, to different persons, on the same subject he has said, 'My dear friend, you are beholden to Xantippe, that I bear so well your flying out in a dispute.' To another, 'My hen clacks very much, but she brings me chickens. They that live in a trading street are not disturbed at the passage of carts.' I would have, if possible, a wise man be contented with his lot, even with a shrew; for though he cannot make her better, he may, you see make himself better by her means.

But, instead of pursuing my design of displaying conjugal love in its natural beauties and attractions I am got into tales to the disadvantage of that state of life. I must say, therefore, that I am verily persuaded, that whatever is delightful in human life is to be enjoyed in greater perfection in the married than in the single condition. He that has this passion in perfection, in occasions of joy, can say to himself, besides his own satisfaction, 'How happy will this make my wife and children!' Upon occurrences of distress, or danger, can comfort himself 'But all this while my wife and children are safe.' There is something in it, that doubles satisfaction because others participate them; and dispels afflictions, because others are exempt from them. Those who are married without this relish of their circumstance are in either a tasteless indolence and negligence which is hardly to be attained, or else live in

the hourly repetition of sharp answers, eager upbraidings, and distracting reproaches. In a word, the married state, with and without the affection suitable to it, is the completest image of heaven and hell we are capable of receiving in this life.

T.

N° 480. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 10, 1712.

Reponsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
Fortis, et in seipso totus teres, atque rotundus.
HOR. 2 Sat. vii. 85.

He, sir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
And, greater still, he's master of himself:
Not to and fro by fears and factions hurl'd,
But loose to all the interests of the world;
And while the world turns round, entire and whole,
He keeps the sacred tenour of his soul.
PITT.

The other day, looking over those old manuscripts of which I have formerly given some account, and which relate to the character of the mighty Pharamond of France, and the close friendship between him and his friend Eucrate, I found among the letters which had been in the custody of the latter an epistle from a country gentleman to Pharamond, wherein he excuses himself from coming to court. The gentleman, it seems, was contented with his condition, had formerly been in the king's service; but at the writing the following letter had, from leisure and reflexion, quite another sense of things than that which he had in the more active part of his life.

Monsieur Chezluy to Pharamond.

DREAD SIR,

I HAVE from your own hand (inclosed under the cover of Mr. Eucrate, of your majesty's bed-chamber) a letter which invites me to court. I understand this great honour to be done me more out of respect and inclination to me, rather than regard to your own service; for which reason I beg leave to lay before your majesty my reasons for declining to depart from home; and will not doubt but, as your motive in desiring my attendance was to make me an happier man, when you think that will not be effected by my remove, you will permit me to stay where I am. Those who have an ambition to appear in courts, have either an opinion that their persons or their talents are particularly formed for the service or ornament of that place; or else are hurried by downright desire of gain, or what they call honour, to take upon themselves whatever the generosity of their master can give them opportunities to grasp at. But your goodness shall not be thus imposed upon by me: I will therefore confess to you, that frequent solitude, and long conversation with such who know no arts which polish life, have made me the plainest creature in your dominions. Those less capacities of moving with a good grace, bearing a ready affability to all around me, and acting with ease before many, have quite left me. I am come to that, with regard to my person, that I consider it only as a machine I am obliged to take care of, in order to enjoy my soul in its faculties with alacrity; well remembering that th habitation of clay will in a few years be a meaner piece of earth than any utensil about my house. When this is, as it really is, the most frequent reflexion I have, you will easily imagine how well I

should become a drawing-room: add to this, what shall a man without desires do about the generous Pharamond? Monsieur Eucrate has hinted to me, that you have thoughts of distinguishing me with titles. As for myself, in the temper of my present mind, appellations of honour would but embarrass discourse, and new behaviour towards me perplex me in every habitude of life. I am also to acknowledge to you, that my children, of whom your majesty condescended to inquire, are all of them mean, both in their persons and genius. The estate my eldest son is heir to, is more than he can enjoy with a good grace. My self-love will not carry me so far as to impose upon mankind the advancement of persons (merely for their being related to me) into high distinctions, who ought for their own sakes, as well as that of the public, to affect obscurity. I wish, my generous prince, as it is in your power to give honours and offices, it were also to give talents suitable to them: were it so, the noble Pharamond would reward the zeal of my youth with abilities to do him service in my age.

'Those who accept of favour without merit, support themselves in it at the expence of your majesty. Give me leave to tell you, sir, this is the reason that we in the country hear so often repeated the word prerogative. That part of your law which is reserved in yourself, for the readier service and good of the public, slight men are eternally buzzing in our ears, to cover their own follies and miscarriages. It would be an addition to the high favour you have done me, if you would let Eucrate send me word how often, and in what cases, you allow a constable to insist upon the prerogative. From the highest to the lowest officer in your dominions, something of their own carriage they would exempt from examination, under the shelter of the word

prerogative. I would fain, most noble Pharamond, see one of your officers assert your prerogative by good and gracious actions. When is it used to help the afflicted, to rescue the innocent, to comfort the stranger? Uncommon methods, apparently undertaken to attain worthy ends, would never make power invidious. You see, sir, I talk to you with the freedom your noble nature approves in all whom you admit to your conversation.

'But, to return to your majesty's letter, I humbly conceive that all distinctions are useful to men, only as they are to act in public; and it would be a romantic madness for a man to be lord in his closet. Nothing can be honourable to a man apart from the world, but reflexion upon worthy actions; and he that places honour in a consciousness of well-doing will have but little relish for any outward hom that is paid him, since what gives him distinctior himself, cannot come within the observation of beholders. Thus all the words of lordship, hon and grace, are only repetitions to a man that king has ordered him to be called so; but no evidences that there is any thing in himself, that would give the man, who applies to him, those ideas, without the creation of his master.

'I have, most noble Pharamond, all honours and all titles in your approbation: I triumph in them as they are your gift, I refuse them as they are to give me the observation of others. Indulge me, my noble master, in this chastity of renown; let me know myself in the favour of Pharamond; and look down upon the applause of the people. I am,

In all duty and loyalty,
Your majesty's most obedient
subject and servant,
JEAN CHEZLUY.

'SIR,

'I NEED not tell with what disadvantages men of low fortunes and great modesty come into the world; what wrong measures their diffidence of themselves, and fear of offending, often oblige them to take; and what a pity it is that their greatest virtues and qualities, that should soonest recommend them, are the main obstacles in the way of their preferment.

'This, sir, is my case; I was bred at a country-school, where I learned Latin and Greek. The fortunes of my family forced me up to town, where a profession of the politer sort has protected me against infamy and want. I am now clerk to a lawyer, and, in times of vacancy and recess from business, have made myself master of Italian and French; and though the progress I have made in my business has gained me reputation enough for one of my standing, yet my mind suggests to me every day, that it is not upon that foundation I am to build my fortune.

'The person I have my present dependence upon has in his nature, as well as in his power, to advance me, by recommending me to a gentleman that is going beyond sea in a public employment. I know the printing this letter would point me out to those I want confidence to speak to, and I hope it is not in your power to refuse making any body happy.

September 9, 1712. Your's, &c.

T. M. D.

N° 481. THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1712.

——————Uti non
Compositus melius cum Bitho Bacchius; in jus
Acres procurrunt——————

HOR. Sat. 1. vii. 9.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt like you and me?

POPE.

It is sometimes pleasant enough to consider different notions which different persons have of the same thing. If men of low condition very often set a value on things which are not prized by those who are in a higher station of life, there are many things these esteem which are in no value among persons of an inferior rank. Common people are, in particular, very much astonished when they hear of those solemn contests and debates, which are made among the great upon the punctilios of a public ceremony; and wonder to hear that any business of consequence should be retarded by those little circumstances, which they represent to themselves as trifling and insignificant. I am mightily pleased with a porter's decision in one of Mr. Southern's plays, which is founded upon that fine distress of a virtuous woman's marrying a second husband, while her first was yet living. The husband, who was supposed to have been dead, returning to his house, after a long absence, raises a noble perplexity for the tragic part of the play. In the mean while the nurse and the porter conferring upon the difficulties that would ensue in such a case, honest Samson thinks the matter may be easily decided, and solves it very judiciously by the old proverb, that, if his first master be still living, 'the man

nust have his mare again.' There is nothing in my ime which has so much surprised and confounded he greatest part of my honest countrymen, as the resent controversy between Count Rechteren and Monsieur Mesnager, which employs the wise heads of so many nations, and holds all the affairs of Europe in suspence.

Upon my going into a coffee-house yesterday, and ending an ear to the next table, which was encompassed with a circle of inferior politicians, one of hem, after having read over the news very attenively, broke out into the following remarks: 'I m afraid,' says he, 'this unhappy rupture between he footmen at Utrecht will retard the peace of Chrisendom. I wish the pope may not be at the bottom of it. His holiness has a very good hand in fomenting a division, as the poor Swiss cantons have lately experienced to their cost. If Monsieur What-d'ye-call-him's domestics will not come to an accommodation, I do not know how the quarrel can be ended but by a religious war.'

'Why, truly,' says a wiseacre that sat by him, 'were I as the king of France, I would scorn to take part with the footmen of either side: here's all the business of Europe stand still, because Monsieur Mesnager's man has had his head broke. If Count Rectrum* had given them a pot of ale after it, all would have been well, without any of this bustle; but they say he's a warm man, and does not care to be made mouths at.'

Upon this, one that had held his tongue hitherto began to exert himself; declaring, that he was very well pleased the plenipotentiaries of our Christian princes took this matter into their serious considera-

* Count Rechteren.

tion; for that lackeys were never so saucy and pragmatical as they are now a-days, and that he should be glad to see them taken down in the treaty of peace, if it might be done without prejudice to the public affairs.'

One who sat at the other end of the table, and seemed to be in the interests of the French king, told them, that they did not take the matter right, for that his most Christian majesty did not resent this matter because it was an injury done to Monsieur Mesnager's footman; 'for,' says he, 'what are Monsieur Mesnager's footmen to him? but because it was done to his subjects. Now,' says he, 'let me tell you, it would look very odd for a subject of France to have a bloody nose, and his sovereign not to take notice of it. He is obliged in honour to defend his people against hostilities; and if the Dutch will be so insolent to a crowned head, as in any wise to cuff or kick those who are under his protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an account for it.'

This distinction set the controversy upon a new foot, and seemed to be very well approved by that heard it, until a little warm fellow, who had declared himself a friend to the house of Austria, fell most unmercifully upon his Gallic majesty, as encouraging his subjects to make mouths at the betters, and afterwards screening them from the punishment that was due to their insolence. To which he added, that the French nation was so addicted to grimace, that, if there was not a stop put to it at the general congress, there would be no walking the streets for them in a time of peace, especially if they continued masters of the West Indies. The little man proceeded with a great deal of warmth, declaring that, if the allies were of

his mind, he would oblige the French king to burn his galleys, and tolerate the protestant religion in his dominions, before he would sheath his sword. He concluded with calling Monsieur Mesnager an insignificant prig.

The dispute was now growing very warm, and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young man of about one-and-twenty, who seems to have been brought up with an eye to the law, taken the debate into his hand, and given it as his opinion, that neither Count Rechteren nor Monsieur Mesnager had behaved themselves right in this affair. 'Count Rechteren,' says he, 'should have made affidavit that his servant had been affronted, and then Monsieur Mesnager would have done him justice, by taking away their liveries from them, or some other way that he might have thought the most proper; for, let me tell you, if a man makes a mouth at me, I am not to knock the teeth out of it for his pains. Then again, as for Monsieur Mesnager, upon his servants being beaten, why, he might have had his action of assault and battery. But as the case now stands, if you will have my opinion, I think they ought to bring it to referees.'

I heard a great deal more of this conference, but I must confess with little edification; for all I could learn at last from these honest gentlemen was, that the matter in debate was of too high a nature for such heads as theirs, or mine, to comprehend.

O.

N° 482. FRIDAY, SEPT. 12, 1712.

Floriferis ut in apes saltibus omnia libant.
LUCR. iii. 11.

As from the sweetest flower the lab'ring bee
Extracts her precious sweets.
CREECH.

When I have published any single paper that falls in with the popular taste, and pleases more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of letters. My Tuesday's discourse, wherein I gave several admonitions to the fraternity of the hen-pecked, has already produced me very many correspondents; the reason I cannot guess, unless it be, that such a discourse is of general use, and every married man's money. An honest tradesman, who dates his letter from Cheapside, sends me thanks in the name of a club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their wives will give them leave, and stay together till they are sent for home. He informs me, that my paper has administered great consolation to their whole club, and desires me to give some further account of Socrates, and to acquaint them in whose reign he lived, whether he was a citizen or a courtier, whether he buried Xantippe, with many other particulars: for that, by his sayings, he appears to have been a very wise man, and a good Christian. Another, who writes himself Benjamin Bamboo, tells me that, being coupled with a shrew, he had endeavoured to tame her by such lawful means as those which I mentioned in my last Tuesday's paper, and that in his wrath he had often gone further than Bracton always allows in those cases; but that for the future he was resolved to bear it like

a man of temper and learning, and consider her only as one who lives in his house to teach him philosophy. Tom Dapperwit says, that he agrees with me in that whole discourse, excepting only the last sentence, where I affirm the married state to be either a heaven or a hell. Tom has been at the charge of a penny upon this occasion to tell me, that by his experience it is neither one nor the other, but rather that middle kind of state, commonly known by the name of purgatory.

The fair sex have likewise obliged me with their reflexions upon the same discourse. A lady, who calls herself Euterpe, and seems a woman of letters, asks me whether I am for establishing the Salic law in every family, and why it is not fit that a woman who has discretion and learning should sit at the helm, when the husband is weak and illiterate? Another, of a quite contrary character, subscribes herself Xantippe, and tells me that she follows the example of her namesake; for being married to a bookish man, who has no knowledge of the world, she is forced to take their affairs into her own hands, and to spirit him up now and then, that he may not grow musty, and unfit for conversation.

After this abridgment of some letters which are come to my hands upon this occasion, I shall publish one of them at large.

' MR. SPECTATOR,

' You have given us a lively picture of that kind of husband who comes under the denomination of the hen-pecked; but I do not remember that you have ever touched upon one that is quite of the different character, and who, in several places of England, goes by the name of " a cot-queen." I have the misfortune to be joined for life with one of this character, who in reality is more a

woman than I am. He was bred up under the tuition of a tender mother, till she had made him as good a housewife as herself. He could preserve apricots, and make jellies, before he had been two years out of the nursery. He was never suffered to go abroad, for fear of catching cold; when he should have been hunting down a buck, he was by his mother's side learning how to season it, or put it in crust; and was making paper boats with his sisters, at an age when other young gentlemen are crossing the seas, or travelling into foreign countries. He has the whitest hand you ever saw in your life, and raises paste better than any woman in England. These qualifications make him a sad husband. He is perpetually in the kitchen, and has a thousand squabbles with the cook-maid. He is better acquainted with the milk-score than his steward's accounts. I fret to death when I hear him find fault with a dish that is not dressed to his liking, and instructing his friends that dine with him in the best pickle for a walnut, or sauce for an haunch of venison. With all this he is a very good-natured husband, and never fell out with me in his life but once, upon the over-roasting of a dish of wild fowl. At the same time I must own, I would rather he was a man of a rough temper, and would treat me harshly sometimes, than of such an effeminate busy nature, in a province that does not belong to him. Since you have given us the character of a wife who wears the breeches, pray say somewhat of a husband that wears the petticoat. Why should not a female character be as ridiculous in a man, as a male character in one of our sex?

O. I am, &c.'

N° 483. SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1712.

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit————

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 191.

Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god.

ROSCOMMON.

'E cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharibleness than to interpret the afflictions which be-ll our neighbours as punishments and judgments. aggravates the evil to him who suffers, when he oks upon himself as the mark of divine vengeance, id abates the compassion of those towards him 10 regard him in so dreadful a light. This hu-our, of turning every misfortune into a judgment, oceeds from wrong notions of religion, which in ; own nature produces good-will towards men, id puts the mildest construction upon every acci-nt that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is ot religion that sours a man's temper, but it is his mper that sours his religion. People of gloomy icheerful imaginations, or of envious malignant mpers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, ll discover their natural tincture of mind in all eir thoughts, words, and actions. As the finest nes have often the taste of the soil, so even the ost religious thoughts often draw something that particular, from the constitution of the mind in hich they arise. When folly or superstition strike with this natural depravity of temper, it is not in e power, even of religion itself, to preserve the

character of the person who is possessed with it from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

An old maiden gentlewoman, whom I shall conceal under the name of Nemesis, is the greatest discoverer of judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what sin it was that set such a man's house on fire, or blew down his barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young lady that lost her beauty by the small-pox, she fetches a deep sigh, and tells you, that when she had a fine face she was always looking on it in her glass. Tell her of a piece of good fortune that has befallen one of her acquaintance, and she wishes it may prosper with her, but her mother used one of her nieces very barbarously. Her usual remarks turn upon people who had great estates, but never enjoyed them by reason of some flaw in their own or their father's behaviour. She can give you the reason why such an one died childless; why such an one was cut off in the flower of her youth; why such an one was unhappy in her marriage; why one broke his leg on such a particular spot of ground; and why another was killed with a back-sword, rather than with any other kind of weapon. She has a crime for every misfortune that can befall any of her acquaintance; and when she hears of a robbery that has been made, or a murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the suffering person, than on that of the thief, or assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian, that whatever happens to herself is a trial, and whatever happens to her neighbours is a judgment.

The very description of this folly, in ordinary life, is sufficient to expose it; but, when it appears in a pomp and dignity of style, it is very apt to amuse and terrify the mind of the reader. Herodotus and Plutarch very often apply their judgments as imper-

ieutly as the old woman I have before mentioned, ough their manner of relating them makes the folly elf appear venerable. Indeed most historians, as ill Christian as pagan, have fallen into this idle su- rstition, and spoken of ill success, unforeseen dis- ters, and terrible events, as if they had been let to the secrets of Providence, and made acquainted that private conduct by which the world is verned. One would think several of our own storians in particular had many revelations of this nd made to them. Our old English monks seldom t any of their kings depart in peace, who had en- avoured to diminish the power or wealth of which e ecclesiastics were in those times possessed. 'illiam the Conqueror's race generally found their dgments in the New Forest, where their father nd pulled down churches and monasteries. In nort, read one of the chronicles written by an author this frame of mind, and you would think you ere reading an history of the kings of Israel and udah, where the historians were actually inspired, l where, by a particular scheme of Providence, kings were distinguished by judgments, or bles- ngs, according as they promoted idolatry, or the orship of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this manner of judging pon misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable regard to the person on whom they fall, but very resumptuous in regard to him who is supposed to flict them. It is a strong argument for a state of tribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous per- ons are very often unfortunate, and vicious persons perous; which is wholly repugnant to the nature r a Being who appears infinitely wise and good in ll his works, unless we may suppose that such a romiscuous and undistinguishing distribution of ood and evil, which was necessary for carrying on

the designs of Providence in this life, will be rectified, and made amends for, in another. We are not therefore to expect that fire should fall from heaven in the ordinary course of Providence; nor, when we see triumphant guilt or depressed virtue in particular persons, that Omnipotence will make bare his holy arm in the defence of one, or punishment of the other. It is sufficient that there is a day set apart for the hearing and requiting of both, according to their respective merits.

The folly of ascribing temporal judgments to any particular crimes, may appear from several considerations. I shall only mention two. First, that, generally speaking, there is no calamity or affliction, which is supposed to have happened as a judgment to a vicious man, which does not sometimes happen to men of approved religion and virtue. When Diagoras the atheist was on board one of the Athenian ships, there arose a very violent tempest: upon which, the mariners told him, that it was a just judgment upon them for having taken so impious a man on board. Diagoras begged them to look upon the rest of the ships that were in the same distress, and asked them whether or no Diagoras was on board every vessel in the fleet. We are all involved in the same calamities, and subject to the same accidents: and, when we see any one of the species under any particular oppression, we should look upon it as arising from the common lot of human nature, rather than from the guilt of the person who suffers.

Another consideration, that may check our presumption in putting such a construction upon a misfortune, is this, that it is impossible for us to know what are calamities and what are blessings. How many accidents have passed for misfortunes, which have turned to the welfare and prosperity of the per-

sons to whose lot they have fallen! How many disappointments have, in their consequences, saved a man from ruin! If we could look into the effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon blessings and judgments; but for a man to give his opinion of what he sees but in part, and in its beginnings, is an unjustifiable piece of rashness and folly. The story of Biton and Clitobus, which was in great reputation among the heathens (for we see it quoted by all the ancient authors, both Greek and Latin, who have written upon the immortality of the soul), may teach us a caution in this matter. These two brothers, being the sons of a lady who was priestess to Juno, drew their mother's chariot to the temple at the time of a great solemnity, the persons being absent who, by their office, were to have drawn her chariot on that occasion. The mother was so transported with this instance of filial duty, that she petitioned her goddess to bestow upon them the greatest gift that could be given to men; upon which they were both cast into a deep sleep, and the next morning found dead in the temple. This was such an event as would have been construed into a judgment, had it happened to the two brothers after an act of disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any ancient historian who had given us an account of it. O.

N° 484. MONDAY, SEPT. 15, 1712.

Neque cuiquam tam statim claram ingenium est, ut possit emergere; nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam, commendatorque contingat.

PLIN. Epist.

Nor has any one so bright a genius as to become illustrious instantaneously, unless it fortunately meets with occasion and employment, with patronage too, and commendation.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'OF all the young fellows who are in their progress through any profession, none seem to have so good a title to the protection of the men of eminence in it, as the modest man; not so much because his modesty is a certain indication of his merit, as because it is a certain obstacle to the producing of it. Now, as of all professions this virtue is thought to be more particularly unnecessary in that of the law than in any other, I shall only apply myself to the relief of such who follow this profession with this disadvantage. What aggravates the matter is, that those persons who, the better to prepare themselves for this study, have made some progress in others, have, by addicting themselves to letters, increased their natural modesty, and consequently heightened the obstruction to this sort of preferment; so that every one of these may emphatically be said to be such a one as "labooreth and taketh pains, and is still the more behind." It may be a matter worth discussing, then, why that, which made a youth so amiable to the ancients, should make him appear so ridiculous to the moderns? and why, in our days, there should be neglect, and even oppres-

on of young beginners, instead of that protection hich was the pride of theirs? In the profession oken of it is obvious, to every one whose attend-ice is required at Westminster-hall, with what fficulty a youth of any modesty has been permitted make an observation, that could in no wise detract om the merit of his elders, and is absolutely neces-y for the advancing his own. I have often seen of these not only molested in his utterance of mething very pertinent, but even plundered of his uestion, and by a strong sergeant shouldered out of is rank, which he has recovered with much diffi-ulty and confusion. Now, as great part of the bu-ness of this profession might be dispatched by one at perhaps

"——*Abest virtute diserti*
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Causellius Aulus,"
HOR. Ars Poet. 370.

"——wants Messala's powerful eloquence,
And is less read than deep Causellius,"
ROSCOMMON.

I cannot conceive the injustice done to the pub-, if the men of reputation in this calling would in-oduce such of the young ones into business, whose pplication to this study will let them into the se-rets of it, as much as their modesty will hinder em from the practice: I say, it would be laying n everlasting obligation upon a young man, to be troduced at first only as a mute, till by this counte-ce, and a resolution to support the good opinion onceived of him in his betters, his complexion shall e so well settled, that the litigious of this island may e secure of his obstreperous aid. If I might be in-ulged to speak in the style of a lawyer, I would say, hat any one about thirty years of age might make a n motion to the court with as much elegance

and propriety as the most aged advocates in the hall.

'I cannot advance the merit of modesty by an argument of my own so powerfully as by inquiring into the sentiments the greatest among the ancients of different ages entertained upon this virtue. If we go back to the days of Solomon, we shall find favour a necessary consequence to a shame-faced man. Pliny, the greatest lawyer and most elegant writer of the age he lived in, in several of his epistles is very solicitous in recommending to the public some young men of his own profession, and very often undertakes to become an advocate, upon condition that some one of these his favourites might be joined with him, in order to produce the merit of such, whose modesty otherwise would have suppressed it. It may seem very marvellous to a saucy modern, that *multum sanguinis, multum verecundiæ, multum sollicitudinis in ore;* to have the "face fi full of blood, then the countenance dashed with mo desty, and then the whole aspect as of one dyin with fear, when a man begins to speak;" should l esteemed by Pliny the necessary qualifications of fine speaker Shakspeare also has expressed hims in the same favourable strain of modesty, when says,

> "——In the modesty of fearful duty
> I read as much as from the rattling tongue
> Of saucy and audacious eloquence——"

'Now, since these authors have professed th selves for the modest man, even in the utmost fusions of speech and countenance, why shou intrepid utterance and a resolute vociferation th so successfully in our courts of justice? And should that confidence of speech and beha which seems to acknowledge no superior, s

defy all contradiction, prevail over that deference and resignation with which the modest man implores that favourable opinion which the other seems to command?

'As the case at present stands, the best consolation that I can administer, to those who cannot get into that stroke of business (as the phrase is) which they deserve, is to reckon every particular acquisition of knowledge in this study as a real increase of their fortune; and fully to believe, that one day this imaginary gain will certainly be made out, by one more substantial. I wish you would talk to us a little on this head; you will oblige,

Sir,

Your humble servant.'

The author of this letter is certainly a man of good sense; but I am perhaps particular in my opinion on this occasion: for I have observed that, under the notion of modesty, men have indulged themselves in a spiritless sheepishness, and been for ever lost to themselves, their families, their friends, and their country. When a man has taken care to pretend to nothing but what he may justly aim at, and can execute as well as any other, without injustice to any other; it is ever want of breeding, or courage, to be browbeaten, or elbowed out of his honest ambition. I have said often, modesty must be an act of the will, and yet it always implies self-denial: for, if a man has an ardent desire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and from an unmanly bashfulness shrinks away, and lets his merit languish in silence, he ought not to be angry at the world that a more unskilful actor succeeds in his part, because he has not confidence to come upon the stage himself. The generosity my correspondent mentions of Pliny cannot be enough applauded. To cherish the dawn of

merit, and hasten its maturity, was a work worthy a noble Roman, and a liberal scholar. That concern which is described in the letter, is to all the world the greatest charm imaginable: but then the modest man must proceed, and show a latent resolution in himself; for the admiration of modesty arises from the manifestation of his merit. I must confess we live in an age wherein a few empty blusterers carry away the praise of speaking, while a crowd of fellows overstocked with knowledge are run down by them: I say overstocked, because they certainly are so, as to their service of mankind, if from their very store they raise to themselves ideas of respect, and greatness of the occasion, and I know not what, to disable themselves from explaining their thoughts. I must confess, when I have seen Charles Frankair rise up with a commanding mien, and torrent of handsome words, talk a mile off the purpose, and drive down twenty bashful boobies of ten times his sense, who at the same time were envying his impudence, and despising his understanding, it has been matter of great mirth to me; but it soon ended in a secret lamentation, that the fountains of every thing praise-worthy in these realms, the universities, should be so muddled with a false sense of this virtue, as to produce men capable of being so abused. I will be bold to say, that it is a ridiculous education which does not qualify a man to make his best appearance before the greatest man, and the finest woman, to whom he can address himself. Were this judiciously corrected in the nurseries of learning, pert coxcombs would know their distance: but we must bear with this false modesty in our young nobility and gentry, till they cease at Oxford and Cambridge to grow dumb in the study of eloquence.

T.

N° 485. TUESDAY, SEPT. 16, 1712.

Nihil tam firmum est, cui periculum non sit etiam ab invalido.
QUIN. CURT. l. vii. c. 8.

The strongest things are not so well established as to be out of danger from the weakest.

' MR. SPECTATOR,

' My Lord Clarendon has observed, that few men have done more harm than those who have been thought to be able to do least; and there cannot be a greater error, than to believe a man, whom we see qualified with too mean parts to do good, to be therefore incapable of doing hurt. There is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly, in the weakest, when he sets his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in mischief. What may seem to the reader the greatest paradox in the reflexion of the historian is, I suppose, that folly, which is generally thought incapable of contriving or executing any design, should be so formidable to those whom it exerts itself to molest. But this will appear very plain, if we remember that Solomon says, " It is a sport to a fool to do mischief;" and that he might the more emphatically express the calamitous circumstances of him who falls under the displeasure of this wanton person, the same author adds further, that " A stone is heavy, and the sand weighty, but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both." It is impossible to suppress my own illustration upon this matter, which is, that as the man of sagacity bestirs himself to distress his enemy by methods probable and reducible to reason, so the same reason will fortify

his enemy to elude these his regular efforts; but your fool projects, acts, and concludes, with such notable inconsistency, that no regular course of thought can evade or counterplot his prodigious machinations. My frontispiece, I believe, may be extended to imply, that several of our misfortunes arise from things, as well as persons, that seem of very little consequence. Into what tragical extravagancies does *Shakspeare* hurry Othello, upon loss of an handkerchief only! And what barbarity does Desdemona suffer, from a slight inadvertency in regard to this fatal trifle! If the schemes of all enterprising spirits were to be carefully examined, some intervening accident, not considerable enough to occasion any debate upon, or give them any apprehension of ill consequence from it, will be found to be the occasion of their ill success, rather than any error in points of moment and difficulty, which naturally engaged their maturest deliberations. If you go to the levee of any great man, you will observe him exceeding gracious to several very insignificant fellows; and upon this maxim, that the neglect of any person must arise from the mean opinion you have of his capacity to do you any service or prejudice; and that this calling his sufficiency in question must give him inclination, and where this is there never wants strength, or opportunity, to annoy you. There is nobody so weak of invention, that cannot aggravate, or make some little stories to villify his enemy; there are very few but have good inclinations to hear them; and it is infinite pleasure to the majority of mankind to level a person superior to his neighbours. Besides, in all matter of controversy, that party which has the greatest abilities labours under this prejudice, that he will certainly be supposed, upon account of his abilities, to have done an injury, when perhaps he

has received one. It would be tedious to enumerate the strokes that nations and particular friends have suffered, from persons very contemptible.

'I think Henry IV. of France, so formidable to his neighbours, could no more be secured against the resolute villainy of Ravillac, than Villiers duke of Buckingham could be against that of Felton. And there is no incensed person so destitute, but can provide himself with a knife or a pistol, if he finds stoch to apply them. That things and persons of no ment should give such powerful revolutions to the progress of those of the greatest, seems a providential disposition to baffle and abate the pride of human sufficiency; as also to engage the humanity and benevolence of superiors to all below them, by letting them into this secret, that the stronger depends upon the weaker.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant.'

'DEAR SIR, Temple, Paper-buildings.

'I RECEIVED a letter from you some time ago, which I should have answered sooner, had you informed me in yours to what part of this island I might have directed my impertinence; but, having been let into the knowledge of that matter, this handsome excuse is no longer serviceable. My neighbour Prettyman shall be the subject of this letter; who, falling in with the Spectator's doctrine concerning the month of May, began from that season to dedicate himself to the service of the fair, in the following manner. I observed at the beginning of the month he bought him a new night-gown, either side to be worn outwards, both equally gorgeous and attractive; but till the end of the month I did not enter so fully into the knowledge of his contrivance, as the use of that garment has since

suggested to me. Now you must know, that all new clothes raise and warm the wearer's imagination into a conceit of his being a much finer gentleman than he was before, banishing all sobriety and reflexion, and giving him up to gallantry and amour. Inflamed therefore with this way of thinking, and full of the spirit of the month of May, did this merciless youth resolve upon the business of captivating. At first he confined himself to his room, only now and then appearing at his window, in his night-gown, and practising that easy posture which expresses the very top and dignity of languishment. It was pleasant to see him diversify his loveliness, sometimes obliging the passengers only with a side-face, with a book in his hand; sometimes being so generous as to expose the whole in the fulness of its beauty; at other times, by a judicious throwing back his periwig, he would throw in his ears. You know he is that sort of person which the mob call a handsome jolly man; which appearance cannot miss of captives in this part of the town. Being emboldened by daily success, he leaves his room with a resolution to extend his conquests; and I have apprehended him in his night-gown smiting in all parts of this neighbourhood.

'This I, being of an amorous complexion, saw with indignation, and had thoughts of purchasing a wig in these parts; into which, being at a greater distance from the earth, I might have thrown a very liberal mixture of white horse-hair, which would make a fairer, and consequently a handsomer appearance, while my situation would secure me against any discoveries. But the passion of the handsome gentleman seems to be so fixed to that part of the building, that it must be extremely difficult to divert it to mine; so that I am resolved to stand boldly to the complexion of my own eyebrow,

and prepare me an immense black wig of the same sort of structure with that of my rival. Now, though by this I shall not, perhaps, lessen the number of the admirers of his complexion, I shall have a fair chance to divide the passengers by the irresible force of mine.

I expect sudden dispatches from you, with advice of the family you are in now, how to deport myself upon this so delicate a conjuncture; with some comfortable resolutions in favour of the handme black man against the handsome fair one.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.'

C.

N. B. He who writ this is a black man, two pair of stairs; the gentleman of whom he writes is fair, and one pair of stairs.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I ONLY say, that it is impossible for me to say how much I am

Yours,

ROBIN SHORTER.

'P. S. I shall think it is a little hard, if you do not take as much notice of this epistle, as you have of the ingenious Mr. Short's. I am not afraid of letting the world see which is the deeper man of the two.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

London, September 15.

WHEREAS a young woman on horseback, in an equestrian habit, on the 13th instant in the evening, met the Spectator within a mile and a half

of this town, and, flying in the face of justice, pulled off her hat, in which there was a feather, with the mien and air of a young officer, saying the same time, 'Your servant, Mr. Spec,' or wo to that purpose; this is to give notice, that if any person can discover the name and place of abode of the said offender, so as she can be brought to justice, the informant shall have all fitting encouragement.

T.

N° 486. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17, 1712.

Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte
Qui mœchis non vultis———

HOR. 1 Sat. ii. 30.

IMITATED.

All you who think the city ne'er can thrive
Till ev'ry cuckold maker's flead alive,
Attend———

POPE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are very many of my acqua ance followers of Socrates, with more partic regard to that part of his philosophy which w among ourselves call his domestics; under whic denomination, or title, we include all the conjug joys, and sufferings. We have indeed with ver great pleasure observed the honour you do th whole fraternity of the hen-pecked in placing t illustrious man at our head, and it does in a ver great measure baffle the raillery of pert rogues, wh have no advantage above us, but in that they

single. But, when you look about into the crowd of mankind, you will find the fair sex reigns with greater tyranny over lovers than husbands. You shall hardly meet one in a thousand who is wholly exempt from their dominion, and those that are so are capable of no taste of life, and breathe and walk about the earth as insignificants. But I am going to desire your further favour of our harmless brotherhood, and hope you will show in a true light the unmarried hen-pecked, as well as you have done justice to us, who submit to the conduct of our wives. I am very particularly acquainted with one who is under entire submission to a kind girl, as he calls her; and though he knows I have been witness both to the ill usage he has received from her, and his inability to resist her tyranny, he still pretends to make a jest of me for a little more than ordinary obsequiousness to my spouse. No longer than Tuesday last he took me with him to visit his mistress; and having, it seems, been a little in disgrace before, thought by bringing me with him she would constrain herself, and insensibly fall into general discourse with him; and so he might break the ice, and save himself all the ordinary compunctions and mortifications she used to make him suffer before she would be reconciled, after any act of rebellion on his part. When we came into the room, we were received with the utmost coldness; and when he presented me as Mr. Such-a-one, his very good friend, she just had patience to suffer my salutation; but when he himself, with a very gay air, offered to follow me, she gave him a thundering box on the ear, called him a pitiful poor-spirited wretch—how durst he see her face? His wig and hat fell on different parts of the floor. She seized the wig too soon for him to recover it, and, kicking it down stairs, threw herself into an oppo-

site room, pulling the door after her by force, that you would have thought the hinges would have given way. We went down, you must think, with no very good countenances; and, as we were driving home together, he confessed to me, that her anger was thus highly raised, because he did not think fit to fight a gentleman who had said she was what she was: "but," says he, "a kind letter or two, or fifty pieces, will put her in humour again." I asked him why he did not part with her: he answered, he loved her with all the tenderness imaginable, and she had too many charms to be abandoned for a little quickness of spirit. Thus does this illegitimate hen-pecker overlook the hussy's having no regard to his very life and fame, in putting him upon an infamous dispute about her reputation: yet has he the confidence to laugh at me, because I obey my poor dear in keeping out of harm's way, and not staying too late from my own family, to pass through the hazards of a town full of ranters and debauchees. You that are a philosopher, should urge in our behalf, that, when we bear with a froward woman, our patience is preserved, in consideration that a breach with her might be a dishonour to children who are descended from us, and whose concern makes us tolerate a thousand frailties, for fear they should redound dishonour upon the innocent. This and the like circumstances, which carry with them the most valuable regards of human life, may be mentioned for our long suffering; but in the case of gallants, they swallow ill usage from one to whom they have no obligation, but from a base passion, which it is mean to indulge, and which it would be glorious to overcome.

'These sort of fellows are very numerous, and some have been conspicuously such, without shame;

, they have carried on the jest in the very article of death, and, to the diminution of the wealth and happiness of their families, in bar of those honourably near to them, have left immense wealth to their paramours. What is this but being a cully in the grave! Sure this is being hen-pecked with a vengeance! But, without dwelling upon these less frequent instances of eminent cullyism, what is there so common as to hear a fellow curse his fate that he cannot get rid of a passion to a jilt, and quote a half line out of a miscellany poem to prove his weakness is natural? If they will go on thus, I have nothing to say to it; but then let them not pretend to be free all this while, and laugh at us poor married patients.

'I have known one wench in this town carry a haughty dominion over her lovers so well, that she has at the same time been kept by a sea-captain in the Straits, a merchant in the city, a country gentleman in Hampshire, and had all her correspondences managed by one whom she kept for her own uses. This happy man (as the phrase is) used to write very punctually, every post, letters for the mistress to transcribe. He would sit in his night-gown and slippers, and be as grave giving an account, only changing names, that there was nothing in those idle reports they had heard of such a scoundrel as one of the other lovers was; and how could he think she could condescend so low, after such a fine gentleman as each of them? For the same epistle said the same thing to, and of, every one of them. And so Mr. Secretary and his lady went to bed with great order.

'To be short, Mr. Spectator, we husbands shall never make the figure we ought in the imaginations of young men growing up in the world, except you can bring it about that a man of the town shall be

as infamous a character as a woman of the town. But, of all that I have met with in my time, commend me to Betty Duall: she is the wife of a sailor, and the kept mistress of a man of quality; she dwells with the latter during the seafaring of the former. The husband asks no questions, sees his apartments furnished with riches not his, when he comes into port, and the lover is as joyful as a man arrived at his haven, when the other puts to sea. Betty is the most eminently victorious of any of her sex, and ought to stand recorded the only woman of the age in which she lives, who has possessed at the same time two abused, and two contented———'

T.

N° 487. THURSDAY, SEPT. 18, 1712.

——Cùm prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies, et mens sine pondere ludit.

PETR.

While sleep oppresses the tir'd limbs, the mind
Plays without weight, and wantons unconfin'd.

THOUGH there are many authors who have written on dreams, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the world, or as presages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I shall consider this subject in another light, as dreams may give us some idea of the great excellency of a human soul, and some intimations of its independency on matter.

In the first place, our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul,

and which is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears to be tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in action until her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul, when she is disencumbered of her machine, her sports, and recreations, when she has laid her charge asleep.

In the second place, dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations, when she acts in conjunction with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its motion. But in dreams it is wonderful to observe with what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. The flow of speech make unpremeditated harangues, or converse readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind than invention; yet in dreams it works with that ease and activity that we are not sensible of, when the faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which case the invention prompts so readily, that the mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

I shall, under this head, quote a passage out of

the Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. 'We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius: I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that that has passed. Thus it is observed that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.'

We may likewise observe, in the third place, that the passions affect the mind with greater strength when we are asleep than when we are awake. Joy and sorrow give us more vigorous sensations of pain or pleasure at this time than any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent author above mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened

* By Sir T. Brown, M. D.

and inflamed, when it rises in the soul at a time that the body is thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable that this may happen differently in different constitutions. I shall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I shall leave to the solution of my reader. Supposing a man always happy in his dreams, and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them; whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a man a king in his dreams, and a beggar awake, and dreamt as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken schemes, as he thinks when awake; whether would he be in reality a king or beggar; or, rather, whether he would not be both?

There is another circumstance, which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul, in regard to what passes in dreams: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. Were that active and watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would our hours of sleep be! Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such a solitude.

'——————*Semperque relinqui*
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam——————'

VIRG. Æn. iv. 466.

'——————She seems alone
To wander in her sleep through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark,'

DRYDEN.

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful power

in the soul, of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actor, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, that all men whilst they are awake are in one common world; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own. The waking man is conversant in the world of nature: when he sleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian, namely its power of divining in dreams. That several such divinations have been made, none can question, who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and prophane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night, proceed from any latent power in the soul, during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, incontestible, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have been never suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose that the soul in these instances is entirely loose and untethered from the body: it is sufficient if she is not so far sunk and immersed in

matter, nor entangled and perplexed in her operations with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is slackened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broke and weakened, when she operates more in concert with the body.

The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they are at least strong intimations, not only of the excellency of a human soul, but of its independence on the body; and, if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great points, which are established by many other reasons that are altogether unanswerable.

O.

N° 488. FRIDAY, SEPT. 19, 1712.

Quanti emptæ? parvo. Quanti ergo? octo assibus. Eheu!
HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 156.

What doth it cost? Not much upon my word.
How much pray? Why, Two-pence. Two-pence! O Lord!
CREECH.

I FIND by several letters which I receive daily, that several of my readers would be better pleased to pay three half-pence for my paper than two-pence. The ingenious T. W.* tells me that I have deprived him of the best part of his breakfast; for that, since the

* Dr. Thomas Walker, head master of the Charter-house school, whose scholars Addison and Steele had been. The doctor was head master 49 years, and died June 12, 1728, in the 81st year of his age.

rise of my paper, he is forced every morning to his dish of coffee by itself, without the addition of Spectator, that used to be better than lace* to Eugenius informs me, very obligingly, that he thought he should have disliked any passage paper, but that of late there have been two wo every one of them which he could heartily wish out, *viz.* 'Price Two-pence.' I have a letter fr sope-boiler, who condoles with me very affectionately upon the necessity we both lie under of setting high price on our commodities since the late has been laid upon them, and desiring me, when I write next on that subject, to speak a word or two upon the present duties on Castile sope. But t is none of these my correspondents, who writes w a greater turn of good sense, and elegance of expression, than the generous Philomedes, who advises me to value every Spectator at six-pence, a promises that he himself will engage for above a hundred of his acquaintance, who shall take it in at that price.

Letters from the female world are likewise co to me, in great quantities, upon the same occasion; and, as I naturally bear a great deference to part of our species, I am very glad to find that th who approve my conduct in this particular are m more numerous than those who condemn it. A larg family of daughters have drawn me up a very hand some remonstrance, in which they set forth that th father having refused to take in the Spectator, sin the additional price was set upon it, they offer him unanimously to bate him the article of bread a butter in the tea-table account, provided the Spe tator might be served up to them every morning usual. Upon this the old gentleman, being plea

* A little brandy or rum.

it seems, with their desire of improving themselves, has granted them the continuance both of the Spectator and their bread and butter, having given particular orders that the tea-table shall be set forth every morning with its customary bill of fare, and without any manner of defalcation. I thought myself obliged to mention this particular, as it does honour to this worthy gentleman; and if the young lady Lætitia, who sent me this account, will acquaint me with his name, I will insert it at length in one of my papers, if he desires it.

I should be very glad to find out any expedient that might alleviate the expence which this my paper brings to any of my readers; and, in order to it, must propose two points to their consideration. First, that if they retrench any the smallest particular in their ordinary expence, it will easily make up the half-penny a day which we have now under consideration. Let a lady sacrifice but a single ribbon to her morning studies, and it will be sufficient: let a family burn but a candle a night less than their usual number, and they may take in the Spectator without detriment to their private affairs.

In the next place, if my readers will not go to the price of buying my papers by retail, let them have patience, and they may buy them in the lump, without the burthen of a tax upon them. My speculations when they are sold single, like cherries upon the stick, are delights for the rich and wealthy: after some time they come to market in greater quantities, and are every ordinary man's money. The truth of it is, they have a certain flavour at their first appearance, from several accidental circumstances of time, place, and person, which they may lose if they are not taken early; but, in this case, every reader is to consider, whether it is not better for him to be half a year behindhand with the fashionable and polite

part of the world, than to strain himself beyond his circumstances. My bookseller has now about ten thousand of the third and fourth volumes, which he is ready to publish, having already disposed of as large an edition both of the first and second volume. As he is a person whose head is very well turned to his business, he thinks they would be a very proper present to be made to persons at christenings, marriages, visiting days, and the like joyful solemnities, as several other books are frequently given at funerals. He has printed them in such a little portable volume, that many of them may be ranged together upon a single plate; and is of opinion, that a salver of Spectators would be as acceptable an entertainment to the ladies as a salver of sweetmeats.

I shall conclude this paper with an epigram lately sent to the writer of the Spectator, after having returned my thanks to the ingenious author of it.

'SIR,

'HAVING heard the following epigram very much commended, I wonder that it has not yet had a place in any of your papers; I think the suffrage of our poet laureat should not be overlooked, which shows the opinion he entertains of your paper, whether the notion he proceeds upon be true or false. I make bold to convey it to you, not knowing if it has yet come to your hands.'

ON THE SPECTATOR.

BY MR. TATE.

——*Aliusque et idem*
Nasceris—
HOR. Carm. Sæc. 10.

You rise another and the same.

When first the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
Till the Spectator rose and blaz'd as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
And sigh'd till circling day his joys renew'd.
Yet, doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a bright successor, or the same,
So we: but now from this suspense are freed,
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.

Q.

N° 489. SATURDAY, SEPT. 20, 1712.

—Βαθυῤῥείταο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο.
HOM.

The mighty force of ocean's troubled flood.

'SIR,

'UPON reading your essay concerning the pleasures of the imagination, I find, among the three sources of those pleasures which you have discovered, that greatness is one. This has suggested to me the reason why, of all objects that I have ever seen, there is none which affects my imaginaion so much

as the sea, or ocean. I cannot see the heavings of this prodigious bulk of waters, even in a calm, without a very pleasing astonishment; but when it is worked up in a tempest, so that the horizon on every side is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable horror that rises from such a prospect. A troubled ocean, to a man who sails upon it, is, I think, the biggest object that he can see in motion, and consequently gives his imagination one of the highest kinds of pleasure that can arise from greatness. I must confess it is impossible for me to survey this world of fluid matter without thinking on the hand that first poured it out, and made a proper channel for its reception. Such an object naturally raises in my thoughts the idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his existence as much as a metaphysical demonstration. The imagination prompts the understanding, and, by the greatness of the sensible object, produces in it the idea of a being who is neither circumscribed by time nor space.

'As I have made several voyages upon the sea, I have often been tossed in storms, and on that occasion have frequently reflected on the descriptions of them in ancient poets. I remember Longinus highly recommends one in Homer, because the poet has not amused himself with little fancies upon the occasion, as authors of an inferior genius, whom he mentions, had done, but because he has gathered together those circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a tempest. It is for the same reason that I prefer the following description of a ship in a storm, which the psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in

the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waters thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths, their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad, because they be quiet, so he bringeth them unto their desired haven*."

'By the way; how much more comfortable, as well as rational, is this system of the psalmist, than the pagan scheme in Virgil and other poets, where one deity is represented as raising a storm, and another as laying it! Were we only to consider the sublime in this piece of poetry, what can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raising a tumult among the elements, and recovering them out of their confusion; thus troubling and becalming nature?

'Great painters do not only give us landscapes of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ their pencils upon sea-pieces. I could wish you would follow their example. If this small sketch may deserve a place among your works, I shall accompany it with a divine ode made by a gentleman upon the conclusion of his travels.

I.

"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

* Ps. cvii. 23, *et seqq.*

II.

" In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

" Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made ev'ry region please:
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

" Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

V.

" Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

" Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

" For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

" The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

" In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore.
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

" My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee."

O.

N° 490. MONDAY, SEPT. 22, 1712.

Domus et placens uxor.
HOR. 2 Od. xiv. 21.

Thy house and pleasing wife.
CREECH.

I HAVE very long entertained an ambition to make the word wife the most agreeable and delightful name in nature. If it be not so in itself, all the wiser part of mankind, from the beginning of the world to this day, has consented in an error. But our unhappiness in England has been, that a few loose men, of genius for pleasure, have turned it all to the gratification of ungoverned desires, in despite of good sense, form, and order; when, in truth, any satisfaction beyond the boundaries of reason is but a step towards madness and folly. But is the sense of joy and accomplishment of desire no way to be indulged or attained? And have we appetites given us not to be at all gratified? Yes, certainly. Marriage

is an institution calculated for a constant scene of delight, as much as our being is capable of. Two persons, who have chosen each other out of all the species, with design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humoured, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their lives. The wiser of the two (and it always happens one of them is such) will, for her or his own sake, keep things from outrage with the utmost sanctity. When this union is thus preserved (as I have often said), the most indifferent circumstance administers delight. Their condition is an endless source of new gratifications. The married man can say, 'If I am unacceptable to all the world beside, there is one whom I entirely love, and will receive me with joy and transport, and think herself obliged to double her kindness and caresses of me from the gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the sorrow of my heart to be agreeable there; that very sorrow quickens her affection.'

This passion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very constitution, and the kindness flows as easily and silently as the blood in the veins. When this affection is enjoyed in the sublime degree, unskilful eyes see nothing of it; but when it is subject to be changed, and has an allay in it that may make it end in distaste, it is apt to break into rage, or overflow into fondness, before the rest of the world.

Uxander and Viramira are amorous and young, have been married these two years; yet do they so much distinguish each other in company, that in your conversation with the dear things you are still put to a sort of cross-purposes. Whenever you address yourself in ordinary discourse to Viramira, she

turns her head another way, and the answer is made to the dear Uxander. If you tell a merry tale, the application is still directed to her dear; and when she should commend you, she says to him, as if he had spoke it, 'That is, my dear, so pretty.'—This puts me in mind of what I have somewhere read in the admired memoirs of the famous Cervantes; where, while honest Sancho Pança is putting some necessary humble question concerning Rosinante, his supper, or his lodging, the knight of the sorrowful countenance is ever improving the harmless lowly hints of his 'squire to the poetical conceit, rapture, and flight, in contemplation of the dear dulcinea of his affections.

On the other side, Dictamnus and Moria are ever squabbling; and you may observe them, all the time they are in company, in a state of impatience. As Uxander and Viramira wish you all gone, that they may be at freedom for dalliance; Dictamnus and Moria wait your absence, that they may speak their harsh interpretations on each other's words and actions, during the time you were with them.

It is certain that the greater part of the evils, attending this condition of life, arises from fashion. Prejudice in this case is turned the wrong way; and, instead of expecting more happiness than we shall meet with in it, we are laughed into a prepossession, that we shall be disappointed if we hope for lasting satisfactions.

With all persons who have made good sense the rule of action, marriage is described as the state capable of the highest human felicity. Tully has epistles full of affectionate pleasure, when he writes to his wife, or speaks of his children. But, above all the hints of this kind I have met with in writers of ancient date, I am pleased with an epigram of Martial, in honour of the beauty of his wife Cleo-

patra. Commentators say it was written the day after his wedding-night. When his spouse was retired to the bathing-room in the heat of the day, he, it seems, came in upon her when she was just going into the water. To her beauty and carriage on this occasion we owe the following epigram, which I showed my friend Will Honeycomb in French, who has translated it as follows without understanding the original. I expect it will please the English better than the Latin reader.

'When my bright consort, now nor wife nor maid,
Asham'd and wanton, of embrace afraid,
Fled to the streams, the streams my fair betray'd;
To my fond eyes she all transparent stood;
She blush'd; I smil'd at the slight covering flood.
Thus through the glass the lovely lily glows;
Thus through the ambient gem shines forth the rose.
I saw new charms, and plung'd to seize my store,
Kisses I snatch'd—the waves prevented more.'

My friend would not allow that this luscious account could be given of a wife, and therefore used the word consort; which, he learnedly said, would serve for a mistress as well, and give a more gentlemanly turn to the epigram. But, under favour of him and all other such fine gentlemen, I cannot be persuaded but that the passion a bridegroom has for a virtuous young woman, will, by little and little grow into friendship, and then it is ascended to a higher pleasure than it was in its first fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate man who has entered into the state, and left the habitudes of life he might have enjoyed with a faithful friend. But when the wife proves capable of filling serious as well as joyous hours, she brings happiness unknown to friendship itself. Spenser speaks of each kind of love with great justice, and attributes the highest praise to

iendship; and indeed there is no disputing that oint, but by making that friendship take its place etween two married persons.

' Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And do dispart the heart with power extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance down; to wit,
The dear affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeal of friends combin'd by virtues meet:
But of them all, the band of virtues mind
Me thinks the gentle heart should most assured bind.

' For natural affection soon doth cease,
And quenched is with Cupid's greater flame;
But faithful friendship doth them both suppress,
And them with mastering discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspiring to eternal fame.
For as the soul doth rule the earthly mass,
And all the service of the body frame;
So love of soul doth love of body pass,
No less than perfect gold surmounts the meanest brass.'

T.

N° 491. TUESDAY, SEPT. 23, 1712.

——Digna satis fortuna revisit.
VIRG. Æn. iii. 318.

A just reverse of fortune on him waits.

r is common with me to run from book to book) exercise my mind with many objects, and qualify ıyself for my daily labours. After an hour spent ı this loitering way of reading, something will re- ıain to be food to the imagination. The writings ıat please me most on such occasions are stories, ır the truth of which there is good authority. The

mind of man is naturally a lover of justice; a when we read a story wherein a criminal is ov taken, in whom there is no quality which is the o ject of pity, the soul enjoys a certain revenge for t offence done to its nature, in the wicked actio committed in the preceding part of the hist This will be better understood by the reader fr the following narration itself, than from any th which I can say to introduce it.

When Charles duke of Burgundy, sur The Bold, reigned over spacious dominions n swallowed up by the power of France, he heap many favours and honours upon Claudius Rhynsau a German, who had served him in his wars agai the insults of his neighbours. A great part Zealand was at that time in subjection to that duk dom. The prince himself was a person of sin humanity and justice. Rhynsault, with no oth real quality than courage, had dissimulation enou to pass upon his generous and unsuspicious mas for a person of blunt honesty and fidelity, with any vice that could bias him from the execution justice. His highness prepossessed to his adv tage, upon the decease of the governor of his ch town of Zealand, gave Rhynsault that command. H was not long seated in that government, before cast his eyes upon Sapphira, a woman of exqu beauty, the wife of Paul Danvelt, a wealthy m chant of the city under his protection and gover ment. Rhynsault was a man of a warm consti tion, and violent inclination to women, and unskilled in the soft arts which win their fav He knew what it was to enjoy the sat which are reaped from the possession of beauty, was an utter stranger to the decencies, honours, delicacies, that attend the passion towards them elegant minds. However, he had so much of t

, that he had a great share of the language
usually prevails upon the weaker part of that
and he could with his tongue utter a passion
which his heart was wholly untouched. He
me of those brutal minds which can be grati-
with the violation of innocence and beauty,
ut the least pity, passion, or love, to that with
they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a
inseparable to a lustful man; and the posses-
of a woman by him, who has no thought but
ng a passion painful to himself, is necessarily
ed by distaste and aversion. Rhynsault, being
ed to accomplish his will on the wife of Dan-
left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at
ouse; but she knew his character and disposi-
o well, not to shun all occasions that might
e her into his conversation. The governor,
iring of success by ordinary means, appre-
d and imprisoned her husband, under pretence
information, that he was guilty of a corre-
ence with the enemies of the duke to betray
n into their possession. This design had its
d effect; and the wife of the unfortunate
lt, the day before that which was appointed
s execution, presented herself in the hall of the
or's house; and, as he passed through the
nent, threw herself at his feet, and, holding his
, beseeched his mercy. Rhynsault beheld her
a dissembled satisfaction; and, assuming an
thought and authority, he bid her arise, and
er she must follow him to his closet; and,
her whether she knew the hand of the letter
lled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving
dmonition aloud: 'If you will save your hus-
you must give me an account of all you know
ut prevarication; for every body is satisfied he
o fond of you to be able to hide from you the

names of the rest of the conspirators, or any other particulars whatsoever.' He went to his closet, and soon after the lady was sent for to an audience. The servant knew his distance when matters of state were to be debated; and the governor, laying aside the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the supplicant, to rally an affliction, which it was in her power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from his imprisonment. She easily perceived his attention; and bathed in tears, began to deprecate so wicked a design. Lust, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into its service and subjection. Her becoming tears, her honest anguish, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her posture and figure in the vehemence of speaking, were but so many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and further incentives of his desire. All humanity was lost in that one appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain terms, that he was unhappy till he had possessed her, and nothing less should be the price of her husband's life: and she must before the following noon pronounce the death, or enlargement, of Danvelt. After this notification, when he saw Saphira enough again distracted, to make the subject of their discourse to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called servants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with insupportable affli n, she immediately repairs to her husband; and, havi signified to his gaolers that she had a prop to make to her husband from the governor, she v left alone with him, revealed to him all that hau passed, and represented the endless conflict she was in between love to his person, and fidelity to his bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp affliction this honest pair was in upon such an incident, in lives not used to any but ordinary occurrences.

The man was bridled by shame from speaking what his fear prompted, upon so near an approach of death; but let fall words that signified to her, he ould not think her polluted, though she had not yet confessed to him that the governor had violated her person, since he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permission to save a life he had not resolution enough to resign for the safety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy Sapphira attended the governor, and being led into a remote apartment, submitted to his desires. Rhynsault commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had passed between them, and with an air of gaiety, in the language of a gallant, bid her return, and take her husband out of prison: 'but,' continued he, 'my fair one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an interruption to our future assignations.' These last words foreboded what she found when she came to the gaol—her husband executed by the order of Rhynsault!

It was remarkable that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole course of her affliction, uttered neither sigh nor complaint, but stood fixed with grief at this consummation of her misfortunes. She betook herself to her abode; and, after having in solitude paid her devotions to him who is the avenger of innocence, she repaired privately to court. Her person, and a certain grandeur of sorrow, negligent of forms, gained her passage into the presence of the duke her sovereign. As soon as she came into the prese e, she broke forth into the following words: 'Behold, O mighty Charles, a wretch weary of life, though it has always been spent with innocence and virtue. It is not in your power to redress my injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if the protection of the

task worthy a prince, I bring the duke of Burgundy ample matter for doing honour to his own great name, and wiping infamy off of mine.'

When she had spoke this, she delivered the duke a paper reciting her story. He read it with all the emotions that indignation and pity could raise in a prince jealous of his honour in the behaviour of his officers, and prosperity of his subjects.

Upon an appointed day, Rhynsault was sent for to court, and, in the presence of a few of the council, confronted by Sapphira. The prince asking, 'Do you know that lady?' Rhynsault, as soon as he could recover his surprise, told the duke he would marry her, if his highness would please to think that a reparation. The duke seemed contented with this answer, and stood by during the immediate solemnization of the ceremony. At the conclusion of it he told Rhynsault, 'Thus far you have done as constrained by my authority: I shall not be satisfied of your kind usage of her, without you sign a [illegible] of your whole estate to her after your de[illegible]. To the performance of this also the duke was a witness. When these two acts were executed, the duke turned to the lady, and told her, 'It now remains for me to put you in quiet possession of what your husband has so bountifully bestowed you;' and ordered the immediate execution of Rhynsault.

T.

N° 492. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1712.

Quicquid est boni moris levitate extinguitur.
SENECA.

Levity of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

'DEAR MR. SPECTATOR, Tunbridge, Sept. 18.

'I AM a young woman of eighteen years of age, and I do assure you a maid of unspotted reputation, founded upon a very careful carriage in all my looks, words, and actions. At the same time I must own to you, that it is with much constraint to flesh and blood that my behaviour is so strictly irreproachable; for I am naturally addicted to mirth, to gaiety, to a free air, to motion, and gadding. Now, what gives me a great deal of anxiety, and is some discouragement in the pursuit of virtue, is, that the young women who run into greater freedoms with the men are more taken notice of than I am. The men are such unthinking sots, that they do not prefer her who restrains all her passions and affections, and keeps much within the bounds of what is lawful, to her who goes to the utmost verge of innocence, and parleys at the very brink of vice, whether she shall be a wife or a mistress. But I must appeal to your spectatorial wisdom, who, I find, have passed very much of your time in the study of woman, whether this is not a most unreasonable proceeding. I have read somewhere that Hobbes of Malmesbury asserts, that continent persons have more of what they contain than those who give a loose to their desires. According to this rule, let there be equal age, equal wit, and equal good-

humour, in the woman of prudence, and her of liberty; what stores has he to expect who takes the former? What refuse must he be contented with who chooses the latter? Well, but I sat down to write to you to vent my indignation against several pert creatures who are addressed to and courted in this place, while poor I, and two or three like me, are wholly unregarded.

'Every one of these affect gaining the hearts of your sex. This is generally attempted by a particular manner of carrying themselves with familiarity. Glycera has a dancing walk, and keeps time in her ordinary gait. Chloe, her sister, who is unwilling to interrupt her conquests, comes into the room before her with a familiar run. Dulcissa takes advantage of the approach of the winter, and has introduced a very pretty shiver; closing up her shoulders, and shrinking as she moves. All that are in this mode carry their fans between both hands before them. Dulcissa, herself, who is author of this air, adds the pretty run to it; and has also, when she is in very good humour, a taking familiarity in throwing herself into the lowest seat in the room, and letting her hooped petticoats fall with a lucky decency about her. I know she practises this way of sitting down in her chamber; and indeed she does it as well as you may have seen an actress fall down dead in a tragedy. Not the least indecency in her posture. If you have observed what pretty carcases are carried off at the end of a verse at the theatre, it will give you a notion how Dulcissa plumps into a chair. Here is a little country girl that is very cunning, that makes her use of being young and unbred, and outdoes the ensnarers, who are almost twice her age. The air that she takes is to come into company after a walk, and is very successfully out of breath upon occasion. Her

mother is in the secret, and calls her romp, and then looks round to see what young men stare at her.

'It would take up more than can come into one of your papers, to enumerate all the particular airs of the younger company in this place. But I cannot omit Dulceorella, whose manner is the most indolent imaginable, but still as watchful of conquest as the busiest virgin among us. She has a peculiar art of staring at a young fellow, till she sees she has got him, and inflamed him by so much observation. When she sees she has him, and he begins to toss his head upon it, she is immediately short-sighted, and labours to observe what he is at a distance, with her eyes half shut. Thus the captive that thought her first struck, is to make very near approaches, or be wholly disregarded. This artifice has done more execution than all the ogling of the rest of the women here, with the utmost variety of half glances, attentive heedlessnesses, childish inadvertencies, haughty contempts, or artificial oversights. After I have said thus much of ladies among us who fight thus regularly, I am to complain to you of a set of familiar romps, who have broken through all common rules, and have thought of a very effectual way of showing more charms than all of us. These, Mr. Spectator, are the swingers. You are to know these careless pretty creatures are very innocents again; and it is to be no matter what they do, for it is all harmless freedom. They get on ropes, as you must have seen the children, and are swung by their men visitants. The jest is, that Mr. Such-a-one can name the colour of Mrs. Such-a-one's stockings; and she tells him he is a lying thief, so he is, and full of roguery; and she will lay a wager, and her sister shall tell the truth if he says right, and he cannot tell what colour her garters are of. In this

diversion there are very many pretty shrieks, not so much for fear of falling, as that their petticoats should untie; for there is a great care had to avoid improprieties: and the lover who swings the lady is to tie her clothes very close together with his hatband, before she admits him to throw up her heels.

'Now, Mr. Spectator, except you can note these wantonnesses in their beginnings, and bring us sober girls into observation, there is no help for it; we must swim with the tide; the coquettes are too powerful a party for us. To look into the merit of a regular and well-behaved woman is a slow thing. A loose trivial song gains the affections, when a wise homily is not attended to. There is no other way but to make war upon them, or we must go over to them. As for my part, I will show all the world it is not for want of charms that I stand so long unasked; and if you do not take measures for the immediate redress of us rigids, as the fellows call us, I can move with a speaking mien, can look significantly, can lisp, can trip, can loll, can start, can blush, can rage, can weep, if I must do it, and can be frighted as agreeably as any she in England. All which is humbly submitted to your spectatorial consideration, with all humility, by

Your most humble servant,

T. MATILDA MOHAIR.'

N° 493. THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1712.

Qualem commendes etiam atque etiam adspice, ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.
HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 76.

Commend not, till a man is throughly known:
A rascal prais'd, you make his faults your own.
ANON.

is no unpleasant matter of speculation to con-
er the recommendatory epistles that pass round
s town from hand to hand, and the abuse people
t upon one another in that kind. It is indeed
ne to that pass, that, instead of being the testi-
ny of merit in the person recommended, the true
ding of a letter of this sort is, 'The bearer hereof
o uneasy to me, that it will be an act of charity
you to take him off my hands; whether you pre-
him or not, it is all one; for I have no manner
kindness for him, or obligation to him or his;
l do what you please as to that.' As negligent
men are in this respect, a point of honour is con-
ned in it; and there is nothing a man should be
re ashamed of, than passing a worthless creature
) the service or interests of a man who has never
ired you. The women indeed are a little too
:n in their resentments to trespass often this way:
; you shall sometimes know, that the mistress and
maid shall quarrel, and give each other very free
guage, and at last the lady shall be pacified to
n her out of doors, and give her a very good
rd to any body else. Hence it is that you see,
a year and half's time, the same face a domestic
all parts of the town. Good-breeding and good-

nature lead people in a great measure to this injustice: when suitors of no consideration will have confidence enough to press upon their superiors, those in power are tender of speaking the exceptions they have against them, and are mortgaged into promises out of their impatience of importunity. In this latter case, it would be a very useful inquiry to know the history of recommendations. There are, you must know, certain abettors of this way of torment, who make it a profession to manage the affairs of candidates. These gentlemen let out their impudence to their clients, and supply any defective recommendation, by informing how such and such a man is to be attacked, They will tell you, get the least scrap from Mr. Such-a-one, and leave the rest to them. When one of these undertakers has your business in hand, you may be sick, absent in town or country, and the patron shall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been shown a gentleman some years ago, who punished a whole people for their facility in giving their credentials. This person had belonged to a regiment which did duty in the West Indies, and, by the mortality of the place, happened to be commanding officer in the colony. He oppressed his subjects with great frankness, till he became sensible that he was heartily hated by every man under his command. When he had carried his point to be thus detestable, in a pretended fit of dishumour, and feigned uneasiness of living where he found he was so universally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief inhabitants a design he had to return for England, provided they would give him ample testimonials of their approbation. The planters came into it to a man, and, in proportion to his deserving the quite contrary, the words justice, generosity, and courage, were inserted in his commission, not omitting the

general good-liking of people of all conditions in the colony. The gentleman returns for England, and within a few months after came back to them their governor, on the strength of their own testimonials.

Such a rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to easy recommenders, in the ordinary course of things from one hand to another; but how would a man bear to have it said to him, 'The person I took into confidence on the credit you gave him, has proved false, unjust, and has not answered any way the character you gave me of him?'

I cannot but conceive very good hopes of that rake Jack Toper of the Temple, for an honest scrupulousness in this point. A friend of his meeting with a servant that had formerly lived with Jack, and having a mind to take him, sent to him to know what faults the fellow had, since he could not please such a careless fellow as he was. His answer was as follows:

'SIR,

'THOMAS that lived with me was turned away because he was too good for me. You know I live in taverns; he is an orderly sober rascal, and thinks much to sleep in an entry until two in the morning. He told me one day, when he was dressing me, that he wondered I was not dead before now, since I went to dinner in the evening, and went to supper at two in the morning. We were coming down Essex-street one night a little flustered, and I was giving him the word to alarm the watch; he had the impudence to tell me it was against the law. You that are married, and live one day after another the same way, and so on the whole week, I dare say will like him, and he will be glad to have

a religious man, and would have behaved himself very properly, had he lived when Christianity was under a general persecution.

I would by no means presume to tax such characters with hypocrisy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but He who knows the secrets of men's hearts should pretend to discover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent persons who are weighed down by this habitual sorrow of heart, they rather deserve our compassion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider whether such a behaviour does not deter men from a religious life, by representing it as an unsociable state, that extinguishes all joy and gladness, darkens the face of nature, and destroys the relish of being itself.

I have, in former papers, shown how great a tendency there is to cheerfulness in religion, and how such a frame of mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous person. In short, those who represent religion in so unamiable a light, are like the spies sent by Moses to make a discovery of the Land of Promise, when by their reports they discouraged the people from entering upon it. Those who show us the joy, the cheerfulness, the good humour, that naturally spring up in this happy state, are like the spies bringing along with them the clusters of grapes, and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleasant country which produced them*.

An eminent pagan writer† has made a discourse to show that the atheist, who denies a God, does

* Numb. ch. xiii.

† Plut. Περὶ Δεισιδαιμονίας. Plut. Opera, tom. i. p. 206, M. Steph. 1572, 12mo.

him less dishonour than the man who owns his being; but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to human nature. 'For my own part,' says he, 'I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such man as Plutarch, than that Plutarch was ill-natured, capricious, or inhuman.'

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the divine Being, and the exercise of virtue, are, in their own nature, so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetually sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion cheers, as well as composes, the soul; it banishes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth; but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.

O.

N° 495. SATURDAY, SEPT. 27, 1712.

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus,
Nigræ feraci frondis in algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

HOR. 4 Od. iv. 57.

——Like an oak on some cold mountain brow,
At ev'ry wound they sprout and grow:
The axe and sword new vigour give,
And by their ruins they revive.

ANON.

As I am one who, by my profession, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I consider with so much pleasure, as those who have any thing new or extraordinary in their characters, or ways of living. For this reason I have often amused myself with speculations on the race of people called Jews, many of whom I have met with in most of the considerable towns which I have passed through in the course of my travels. They are, indeed, so disseminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the instruments by which the most distant nations converse with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correspondence. They are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten tracks of observation, I shall consider this people in three views. First, with regard to their number; secondly, their dispersion; and thirdly, their adherence to their religion: and afterwards endeavour to show,

first, what natural reasons, and, secondly, what providential reasons, may be assigned for these three remarkable particulars.

The Jews are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present, as they were formerly in the land of Canaan.

This is wonderful, considering the dreadful slaughter made of them under some of the Roman emperors, which historians describe by the death of many hundred thousands in a war; and the innumerable massacres and persecutions they have undergone in Turkey, as well as in all Christian nations of the world. The rabbins, to express the great havoc which has been sometimes made of them, tell us, after their usual manner of hyperbole, that there were such torrents of holy blood shed, as carried rocks of an hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the sea.

Their dispersion is the second remarkable particular in this people. They swarm over all the East, and are settled in the remotest parts of China. They are spread through most of the nations in Europe and Africa, and many families of them are established in the West Indies: not to mention whole nations bordering on Prester-John's country, and some discovered in the inner parts of America, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm adherence to their religion is no less remarkable than their numbers and dispersion, especially considering it as persecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we consider the frequent apostacies of this people, when they lived under their kings in the land of promise, and within sight of the temple.

If in the next place we examine what may be the natural reasons of these three particulars which we

find in the Jews, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the first place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their constant employment, their abstinence, their exemption from wars, and, above all, their frequent marriages; for they look on celibacy as an accursed state, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the Messiah may descend from them.

The dispersion of the Jews into all the nations of the earth, is the second remarkable particular of that people, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and holy city in view, for which reason they have often been driven out of their old habitations in the land of promise. They have as often been banished out of most other places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a people, and oblige them to seek a livelihood where they can find it. Besides, the whole people is now a race of such merchants as are wanderers by profession, and, at the same time, are in most, if not all places, incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

This dispersion would probably have lost their religion, had it not been secured by the strength of its constitution: for they are to live all in a body, and generally within the same enclosure; to marry among themselves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This shuts them out from all table conversation, and the most agreeable intercourses of life; and, by consequence, excludes them from the most probable means of conversion.

If, in the last place, we consider what providential reasons may be assigned for these three particulars, we shall find that their numbers, dispersion, and ad-

ce to their religion, have furnished every age, very nation of the world, with the strongest nents for the Christian faith, not only as these particulars are foretold of them, but as they elves are the depositaries of these, and all her prophecies, which tend to their own con-. Their number furnishes us with a sufficient of witnesses that attest the truth of the old

Their dispersion spreads these witnesses gh all parts of the world. The adherence to religion makes their testimony unquestionable. he whole body of the Jews been converted to ianity, we should certainly have thought all ophecies of the Old Testament, that relate to ming and history of our blessed Saviour, forged ristians, and have looked upon them, with the ecies of the Sibyls, as made many years after ents they pretended to foretell.

O.

N° 496. MONDAY, SEPT. 29, 1712.

Gnatum pariter uti his decuit aut etiam amplius,
Quod illa ætas magis ad hæc utenda idonea est.
TERENT. Heaut. Act I. Sc. I.

Your son ought to have shared in these things, because youth is best suited to the enjoyment of them.

' MR. SPECTATOR,

' THOSE ancients who were the most accurate in their remarks on the genius and temper of mankind, by considering the various bent and scope of our actions throughout the progress of life, have with great exactness allotted inclinations and objects of desire particular to every stage, according to the different circumstances of our conversation and fortune, through the several periods of it. Hence they were disposed easily to excuse those excesses which might possibly arise from a too eager pursuit of the affections more immediately proper to each st They indulged the levity of childhood with ten ness, overlooked the gaiety of youth with good ture, tempered the forward ambition and impat of ripened manhood with discretion, and kindly puted the tenacious avarice of old men to their v of relish for any other enjoyment. Such allowances as these were no less advantageous to common society than obliging to particular persons; for, by maintaining a decency and regularity in the course of life, they supported the dignity of human nature, which then suffers the greatest violence when order of things is inverted; and in nothing is it remarkably vilified and ridiculous, than when rec-

bleness preposterously attempts to adorn itself with that outward pomp and lustre, which serve only to set off the bloom of youth with better advantage. I was insensibly carried into reflexions of this nature, by just now meeting Paulino (who is in his climacteric) bedecked with the utmost splendor of dress and equipage, and giving an unbounded loose to all manner of pleasure, whilst his only son is debarred all innocent diversion, and may be seen frequently solacing himself in the Mall with no other attendance than one antiquated servant of his father's for a companion and director.

'It is a monstrous want of reflexion, that a man cannot consider, that when he cannot resign the pleasures of life in his decay of appetite and inclination to them, his son must have a much uneasier task to resist the impetuosity of growing desires. The skill therefore should methinks be, to let a son want no lawful diversion, in proportion to his future fortune, and the figure he is to make in the world. The first step towards virtue that I have observed, in young men of condition that have run in excesses, has been, that they had a regard to their quality and reputation in the management of their vices. Narrowness in their circumstances has made many youths, to supply themselves as debauchees, commence cheats and rascals. The father who allows his son to the utmost ability avoids this latter evil, which as to the world is much greater than the former. But the contrary practice has prevailed so much among some men, that I have known them deny them what was merely necessary for education suitable to their quality. Poor young Antonio is a lamentable instance of ill conduct in this kind. The young man did not want natural talents; but the father of him was a coxcomb, who affected being a fine gentleman so unmercifully, that he could not endure in his sight,

or the frequent mention of one, who was his son, growing into manhood, and thrusting him out of the gay world. I have often thought the father took a secret pleasure in reflecting that, when that fine house and seat came into the next hands, it would revive his memory, as a person who knew how to enjoy them, from observation of the rusticity and ignorance of his successor. Certain it is, that a man may, if he will, let his heart close to the having no regard to any thing but his dear self, even with exclusion of his very children. I recommend this subject to your consideration, and am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. B.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, London, Sept. 26, 1712.

'I AM just come from Tunbridge, and have since my return read Mrs. Matilda Mohair's letter to you. She pretends to make a mighty story about the diversion of swinging in that place. What was done, was only among relations; and no man swung any woman who was not second cousin at furthest. She is pleased to say, care was taken that the gallants tied the ladies' legs before they were wafted into the air. Since she is so spiteful, I will tell you the plain truth.—There was no such nicety observed, since we were all, as I just now told you, near relations; but Mrs. Mohair herself has been swung there, and she invents all this malice, because it was observed she had crooked legs, of which I was an eye witness.

Your humble servant,

RACHEL SHOESTRING.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

'WE have just now read your paper, containing Mrs. Mohair's letter. It is an invention of

her own from one end to the other; and I desire you would print the inclosed letter by itself, and shorten it so as to come within the compass of your half sheet. She is the most malicious minx in the world, for all she looks so innocent. Do not leave out that part about her being in love with her father's butler, which makes her shun men; for that is the truest of it all.

Your humble servant,

SARAH TRICE.

'P. S. She has crooked legs.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

'ALL that Mrs. Mohair is so vexed at against the good company of this place is, that we all know she has crooked legs. This is certainly true. I do not care for putting my name, because one would not be in the power of the creature.

Your humble servant, unknown.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

'THAT insufferable prude, Mrs. Mohair, who has told such stories of the company here, is with child, for all her nice airs and her crooked legs. Pray be sure to put her in for both those two things, and you will oblige every body here, especially

Your humble servant,

ALICE BLUEGARTER.'

N° 497. TUESDAY, SEPT. 30, 1712.

Οὗτος ἐστὶ γαλεώτης γέρων.
MENANDER.

A cunning old fox this!

A favour well bestowed is almost as great an honour to him who confers it as to him who receives it. What indeed makes for the superior reputation of the patron in this case is, that he is always surrounded with specious pretences of unworthy candidates, and often alone in the kind inclination he has towards well deserving. Justice is the first quality in those who is in a post of direction; and I remember to have heard an old gentleman talk of the civil wars, and in his relation give an account of a general officer, who with this one quality, without any shining endowments, became so popularly beloved and honoured that all decisions between man and man were left before him by the parties concerned, in a private way; and they would lay by their animosities implicitly, if he bid them be friends, or submit themselves in the wrong without reluctance, if he said it without waiting the judgment of courts-martial. His manner was to keep the dates of all commissions in his closet, and wholly dismiss from the service such who were deficient in their duty; and after that took care to prefer according to the order of battle. His familiars were his entire friends, and could have no interested views in courting his acquaintance for his affection was no step to the preferments though it was to their reputation. By this means a kind aspect, a salutation, a smile, and giving out of hand, had the weight of what is esteemed by vulgar

minds more substantial. His business was very short, and he who had nothing to do but justice was never affronted with a request of a familiar daily visitant for what was due to a brave man at a distance. Extraordinary merit he used to recommend to the king for some distinction at home; till the order of battle made way for his rising in the troops. Add to this, that he had an excellent way of getting rid of such who he observed were good at a halt, as his phrase was. Under this description he comprehended all those who were contented to live without reproach, and had no promptitude in their minds towards glory. These fellows were also recommended to the king, and taken off of the general's hands into posts wherein diligence and common honesty were all that were necessary. This general had no weak part in his line, but every man had as much care upon him, and as much honour to lose as himself. Every officer could answer for what passed where he was; and the general's presence was never necessary any where, but where he had placed himself at the first disposition, except that accident happened from extraordinary efforts of the enemy which he could not foresee; but it was remarkable that it never fell out from failure in his own troops. It must be confessed the world is just so much out of order, as an unworthy person possesses what should be in the direction of him who has better pretensions to it.

Instead of such a conduct as this old fellow used to describe in his general, all the evils which have ever happened among mankind have arose from the wanton disposition of the favours of the powerful. It is generally all that men of modesty and virtue can do, to fall in with some whimsical turn in a great man, to make way for things of real and absolute service. In the time of Don Sebastian of Portugal, or

some time since, the first minister would let nothing come near him but what bore the most profound face of wisdom and gravity. They carried it so far, that, for the greater show of their profound knowledge, a pair of spectacles tied on their noses, with a black ribbon round their heads, was what completed the dress of those who made their court at his levee, and none with naked noses were admitted to his presence. A blunt honest fellow, who had a command in the train of artillery, had attempted to make an impression upon the porter, day after day in vain, until at length he made his appearance in a very thoughtful dark suit of clothes, and two pair of spectacles on at once. He was conducted from room to room, with great deference, to the minister; and, carrying on the farce of the place, he told his excellency that he had pretended in this manner to be wiser than he really was, but with no ill intention; but he was honest Such-a-one of the train, and he came to tell him that they wanted wheelbarrows and pick-axes. The thing happened not to displease, the great man was seen to smile, and the successful officer was re-conducted with the same profound ceremony out of the house.

When Leo X. reigned pope of Rome, his holiness, though a man of sense, and of an excellent taste of letters, of all things affected fools, buffoons, humourists, and coxcombs. Whether it were from vanity, and that he enjoyed no talents in other men but what were inferior to him, or whatever it was, he carried it so far, that his whole delight was in finding out new fools, and, as our phrase is, playing them off, and making them show themselves to advantage. A priest of his former acquaintance, suffered a great many disappointments in attempting to find access to him in a regular character, until at last in despair he retired from Rome, and returned

in an equipage so very fantastical, both as to the dress of himself and servants, that the whole court were in an emulation who should first introduce him to his holiness. What added to the expectation his holiness had of the pleasure he should have in his follies, was, that this fellow, in a dress the most exquisitely ridiculous, desired he might speak to him alone, for he had matters of the highest importance, upon which he wanted a conference. Nothing could be denied to a coxcomb of so great hope; but when they were apart, the impostor revealed himself, and spoke as follows:

'Do not be surprised, most holy father, at seeing, instead of a coxcomb to laugh at, your old friend, who has taken this way of access to admonish you of your own folly. Can any thing show your holiness how unworthy you treat mankind, more than my being put upon this difficulty to speak with you? It is a degree of folly to delight to see it in others, and it is the greatest insolence imaginable to rejoice in the disgrace of human nature. It is a criminal humility in a person of your holiness's understanding, to believe you cannot excel but in the conversation of half-wits, humourists, coxcombs, and buffoons. If your holiness has a mind to be diverted like a rational man, you have a great opportunity for it, in disrobing all the impertinents you have favoured, of all their riches and trappings at once, and bestowing them on the humble, the virtuous, and the meek. If your holiness is not concerned for the sake of virtue and religion, be pleased to reflect, that for the sake of your own safety it is not proper to be so very much in jest. When the pope is thus merry, the people will in time begin to think many things, which they have hitherto beheld with great veneration, are in themselves objects of scorn and derision.

If they once get a trick of knowing how to laugh; your holiness's saying this sentence in one night-cap, and the other with the other, the change of your slippers, bringing you your staff in the midst of a prayer, then stripping you of one vest, and clapping on a second during divine service, will be found out to have nothing in it. Consider, sir, that at this rate a head will be reckoned never the wiser for being bald, and the ignorant will be apt to say, that going bare-foot does not at all help on the way to heaven. The red cap and the cowl will fall under the same contempt; and the vulgar will tell us to our faces, that we shall have no authority over them but from the force of our arguments and the sanctity of our lives.' T.

N° 498. WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1, 1712.

——Frustra retinacula tendens,
Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.
VIRG. Georg. i. 514.

Nor reins, nor curbs, nor cries the horses fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.
DRYDEN.

TO THE SPECTATOR-GENERAL OF GREAT BRITAIN.

From the further end of the Widow's Coffee-house in Devereux-court, Monday evening, twenty-eight minutes and a half past six.

'DEAR DUMB,

'In short, to use no further preface, if I should tell you that I have seen a hackney-coach-

man, when he has come to set down his fare, which has consisted of two or three very fine ladies, hand them out, and salute every one of them with an air of familiarity, without giving the least offence, you would perhaps think me guilty of a gasconade. But to clear myself from that imputation, and to explain this matter to you, I assure you that there are many illustrious youths within this city, who frequently recreate themselves by driving of a hackney-coach: but those whom, above all others, I would recommend to you, are the young gentlemen belonging to the inns of court. We have, I think, about a dozen coachmen, who have chambers here in the Temple; and, as it is reasonable to believe others will follow their example, we may perhaps in time (if it shall be thought convenient) be drove to Westminster by our own fraternity, allowing every fifth person to apply his meditations this way, which is but a modest computation, as the humour is now likely to take. It is to be hoped, likewise, that there are in the other nurseries of the law to be found a proportionable number of these hopeful plants, springing up to the everlasting renown of their native country. Of how long standing this humour has been, I know not. The first time I had any particular reason to take notice of it was about this time twelve-month, when, being upon Hampstead-heath with some of these studious young men, who went thither purely for the sake of contemplation, nothing would serve them but I must go through a course of this philosophy too; and, being ever willing to embellish myself with any commendable qualification, is was not long ere they persuaded me into the coach-box; nor indeed much longer, before I underwent the fate of my brother Phaëton; for, having drove about fifty paces with prëtty good success, through my own natural sagacity, together

with the good instructions of my tutors, who, t
them their due, were on all hands encouragir
assisting me in this laudable undertaking: I sa
having drove above fifty paces with pretty goo
cess, I must needs be exercising the lash; whi
horses resented so ill from my hands, that they
a sudden start, and thereby pitched me directly
my head, as I very well remembered about h
hour afterwards; which not only deprived me
the knowledge I had gained for fifty yards l
but had like to have broke my neck into th
gain. After such a severe reprimand, you ma
gine I was not very easily prevailed with to
a second attempt; and indeed, upon mature c
ration, the whole science seemed, at least to
be surrounded with so many difficulties, that
withstanding the unknown advantages which
have accrued to me thereby, I gave over all
of attaining it; and I believe had never thoug
more, but that my memory has been lately ref
by seeing some of these ingenious gentlemen
the open streets, one of which I saw receive s
able a reward to his labours, that though I
you are no friend of story-telling, yet I mu
leave to trouble you with this at large.

'About a fortnight since, as I was div
myself with a pennyworth of walnuts at the T
gate, a lively young fellow in a fustian jack
by me, beckoned a coach, and told the coac
he wanted to go as far as Chelsea. They
upon the price, and this young gentleman
the coach-box: the fellow, staring at him, c
to know if he should not drive until they were
town. No, no, replied he. He was then
to climb up to him, but received another check
was then ordered to get into the coach, or beh
for that he wanted no instructors; "but be

you dog you," says he, "do not you bilk me." The fellow thereupon surrendered his whip, scratched his head, and crept into the coach. Having myself occasion to go into the Strand about the same time, we started both together; but the street being very full of coaches, and he not so able a coachman as perhaps he imagined himself, I had soon got a little way before him; often, however, having the curiosity to cast my eye back upon him, to observe how he behaved himself in this high station; which he did with great composure, until he came to the pass, which is a military term the brothers of the whip have given to the strait at St. Clement's church. When he was arrived near this place, where are always coaches in waiting, the coachmen began to suck up the muscles of their cheeks, and to tip the wink upon each other, as if they had some roguery in their heads, which I was immediately convinced of; for he no sooner came within reach, but the first of them with his whip took the exact dimension of his shoulders, which he very ingeniously called endorsing: and indeed, I must say, that every one of them took due care to endorse him as he came through their hands. He seemed at first a little uneasy under the operation, and was going in all haste to take the numbers of their coaches; but at length, by the mediation of the worthy gentleman in the coach, his wrath was assuaged, and he prevailed upon to pursue his journey; though indeed I thought they had clapped such a spoke in his wheel, as had disabled him from being a coachman for that day at least: for I am only mistaken, Mr. Spec, if some of these endorsements were not wrote with so strong a hand that they are still legible. Upon my inquiring the reason of this unusual salutation, they told me, that it was a custom among them, whenever they saw a brother tottering or unstable

in his post, to lend him a hand, in order to settle him again therein. For my part, I thought their allegations but reasonable, and so marched off. Besides our coachmen, we abound in divers other sorts of ingenious robust youth, who, I hope, will not take it ill if I defer giving you an account of their several recreations to another opportunity. In the mean time, if you would but bestow a little of your wholesome advice upon our coachmen, it might perhaps be a reprieve to some of their necks. As I understand you have several inspectors under you, if you would but send one amongst us here in the Temple, I am persuaded he would not want employment. But I leave this to your own consideration, and am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

MOSES GREENBAG.

'P. S. I have heard our critics in the coffee-house hereabout talk mightily of the unity of time and place. According to my notion of the matter, I have endeavoured at something like it in the beginning of my epistle. I desire to be informed a little as to that particular. In my next I design to give you some account of excellent watermen, who are bred to the law, and far outdo the land students above mentioned.'

T.

N° 499. THURSDAY, OCT. 2, 1712.

——————Nimis uncis
Naribus indulges——
PERS. Sat. i. 40.

——You drive the jest too far.
DRYDEN.

My friend Will Honeycomb has told me, for about this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a Spectator, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my works. This morning I received the following letter, which, after having rectified some little orthographical mistakes, I shall make a present of to the public.

'DEAR SPEC,

'I was about two nights ago in company with very agreeable young people of both sexes, where, talking of some of your papers which are written on conjugal love, there arose a dispute among us, whether there were not more bad husbands in the world than bad wives. A gentleman, who was advocate for the ladies, took this occasion to tell us the story of a famous siege in Germany, which I have since found related in my historical dictionary, after the following manner. When the emperor Conrade the Third had besieged Guelphus, duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensberg, the women, finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the emperor that they might depart out of it, with so much as each of them could carry. The emperor, knowing they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition: when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place

with every one her husband upon her back. The emperor was so moved at the sight, that he burst into tears; and, after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives, and received the duke into his favour.

'The ladies did not a little triumph at this story, asking us at the same time, whether in our consciences we believed that the men in any town in Great Britain would, upon the same offer, and at the same conjuncture, have loaden themselves with their wives; or rather, whether they would not have been glad of such an opportunity to get rid of them? To this my very good friend, Tom Dapperwit, who took upon him to be the mouth of sex, replied, that they would be very much to b if they would not do the same good office for women, considering that their strength would greater, and their burdens lighter. As we amusing ourselves with discourses of this nature, order to pass away the evening, which now b to grow tedious, we fell into that laudable and mitive diversion of questions and commands. was no sooner vested with the regal authority, I enjoined all the ladies, under pain of my displ sure, to tell the company ingenuously, in case t had been in the siege above mentioned, and had same offers made them as the good women of t place, what every one of them would have br off with her, and have thought most worth saving? There were several merry answers n to my question, which entertained us until bed-t This filled my mind with such a huddle of i that, upon my going to sleep, I fell into the lowing dream:

'I saw a town of this island, which shall be n less, invested on every side, and the inhabit

so strained as to cry for quarter. The general used any other terms than those granted to the ove-mentioned town of Hensberg, namely, that married women might come out with what they uld bring along with them. Immediately the city es flew open, and a female procession appeared, ltitudes of the sex following one another in a row, l staggering under their respective burdens. I k my stand upon an eminence in the enemy's np, which was appointed for the general rendez- us of these female carriers, being very desirous to k into their several ladings. The first of them l a huge sack upon her shoulders, which she set wn with great care. Upon the opening of it, en I expected to have seen her husband shot out it, I found it was filled with china-ware. The xt appeared in a more decent figure, carrying a ndsome young fellow upon her back: I could not bear commending the young woman for her con- gal affection, when, to my great surprise, I found it she had left the good man at home, and brought ay her gallant. I saw the third, at some distance, th a little withered face peeping over her shoulder, om I could not suspect for any but her spouse, til upon her setting him down I heard her call n dear pug, and found him to be her favourite nkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of cards ng with her; and the fifth a Bolonia lap-dog; her husband, it seems, being a very burly man, thought it would be less trouble for her to bring ay little Cupid. The next was the wife of a usurer, laden with a bag of gold; she told us t her spouse was very old, and by the course of ture could not expect to live long; and that to ow her tender regards for him, she had saved that ich the poor man loved better than his life. The xt came towards us with her son upon her back,

who, we were told, was the greatest rake in the place, but so much the mother's darling, that she left her husband behind with a large family of hopeful sons and daughters, for the sake of this graceless youth.

'It would be endless to mention the several persons, with their several loads, that appeared to me in this strange vision. All the place about me was covered with packs of ribbons, brocades, embroidery, and ten thousand other materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole street of toy-shops. One of the women, having a husband, who was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her shoulders, at the same time that she carried a great bundle of Flanders lace under her arm; but finding herself so overloaden, that she could not save both of them, she dropped the good man, and brought away the bundle. In short, I found but one husband among this great mountain of baggage, who was a lively cobler, that kicked and spurred all the while his wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, he had scarce passed a day in his life without giving her the discipline of the strap.

'I cannot conclude my letter, dear Spec, wi ut telling thee one very odd whim in this my d I saw, methought, a dozen women employed n bringing off one man; I could not guess who it should be, until upon his nearer approach I discovered thy short phiz. The women all declared that it v for the sake of thy works, and not thy person, t they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that thou shouldst continue the Spectator. If thou thinkest this dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy service, from,

Dear Spec,
Thine, sleeping and waking,
WILL HONEYCOMB.'

The ladies will see by this letter what I have often told them, that Will is one of those old-fashioned men of wit and pleasure of the town, that shows his parts by raillery on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without success. I cannot however dismiss this letter, without observing, that the true story on which it is built does honour to the sex, and that, in order to abuse them, the writer is obliged to have recourse to dream and fiction. O.

N° 500. FRIDAY, OCT. 3, 1712.

——————Huc natas adjice septem,
Et totidem juvenes; et mox generosque nurusque:
Quærite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam.
OVID. Met. vi. 188.

Seven are my daughters of a form divine,
With seven fair sons, an indefective line.
Go, fools, consider this, and ask the cause
From which my pride its strong presumption draws.
CROXAL.

'SIR,

'You, who are so well acquainted with the story of Socrates, must have read how, upon his making a discourse concerning love, he pressed his point with so much success, that all the bachelors in his audience took a resolution to marry by the first opportunity, and that all the married men immediately took horse and galloped home to their wives, I am apt to think your discourses, in which you have drawn so many agreeable pictures of marriage, have had a very good effect this way in England. We are obliged to you, at least, for having taken o f

that senseless ridicule, which for many years the witlings of the town have turned upon their fathers and mothers. For my own part, I was born in wedlock, and I do not care who knows it; for which reason, among many others, I should look upon myself as a most insufferable coxcomb, did I endeavour to maintain that cuckoldom was inseparable from marriage, or to make use of husband and wife as terms of reproach. Nay, sir, I will go one step further, and declare to you before the whole world, that I am a married man, and at the same time I have so much assurance as not to be ashamed of what I have done.

'Among the several pleasures that accompany this state of life, and which you have described in your former papers, there are two you have not taken notice of, and which are seldom cast into the account by those who write on this subject. You must have observed, in your speculations on human nature, that nothing is more gratifying to the mind of man than power or dominion; and this I think myself amply possessed of, as I am the father of a family. I am perpetually taken up in giving out orders, in prescribing duties, in hearing parties, in administering justice, and in distributing rewards and punishments. To speak in the language of the centurion, I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh: and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it. In short, sir, I look upon my family as a patriarchal sovereignty, in which I am myself both king and priest. All great governments are nothing else but clusters of these little private royalties, and therefore I consider the masters of families as small deputy-governors presiding over the several little parcels and divisions of their fellow-subjects. As I take great pleasure in the administration of my government in particular,

so I look upon myself not only as a more useful, but as a much greater and happier man than any bachelor in England of my rank and condition.

'There is another accidental advantage in marriage, which has likewise fallen to my share; I mean the having a multitude of children. These I cannot but regard as very great blessings. When I see my little troop before me, I rejoice in the additions which I have made to my species, to my country, and to my religion, in having produced such a number of reasonable creatures, citizens, and Christians. I am pleased to see myself thus perpetuated; and as there is no production comparable to that of a human creature, I am more proud of having been the occasion of ten such glorious productions, than if I had built a hundred pyramids at my own expence, or published as many volumes of the finest wit and learning. In what a beautiful light has the holy scripture represented Abdon, one of the judges of Israel, who had forty sons and thirty grandsons, that rode on threescore and ten ass-colts, according to the magnificence of the eastern countries! How must the heart of the old man rejoice, when he saw such a beautiful procession of his own descendants, such a numerous cavalcade of his own raising! For my own part, I can sit in my own parlour with great content when I take a review of half a dozen o my little boys mounting upon hobby-horses, and of as many little girls tutoring their babies, each of them endeavouring to excel the rest, and to do something that may gain my favour and approbation. I cannot question but he who has blessed me with so many children, will assist my endeavours in providing for them. There is one thing I am able to give each of them, which is a virtuous education. I think it is sir Francis Bacon's observation, that in a numerous family of

children, the eldest is often spoiled by the prospect of an estate, and the youngest by being the darling of the parents; but that some one or other in the middle, who has not perhaps been regarded, has made his way in the world, and over-topped the rest. It is my business to implant in every one of my children the same seeds of industry, and the same honest principles. By this means I think I have a fair chance, that one or other of them may grow considerable in some or other way of life, whether it be in the army, or in the fleet, in trade, or any of the three learned professions; for you must know, sir, that, from long experience and observation, I am persuaded of what seems a paradox to most of those with whom I converse, namely, that a man who has many children, and gives them a good education, is more likely to raise a family, than he who has but one, notwithstanding he leaves him his whole estate. For this reason I cannot forbear amusing myself with finding out a general, an admiral, or an alderman of London, a divine, a physician, or a lawyer, among my little people who are now perhaps in petticoats; and when I see the motherly airs of my little daughters when they are playing with their puppets, I cannot but flatter myself that their husbands and children will be happy in the possession of such wives and mothers.

'If you are a father, you will not perhaps think this letter impertinent; but if you are a single man, you will not know the meaning of it, and probably throw it into the fire. Whatever you determine of it, you may assure yourself that it comes from one who is

Your most humble servant,
and well-wisher,

O. PHILOGAMUS.'

N° 501. SATURDAY, OCT. 4, 1712.

Durum: sed lævius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.
HOR. 1 Od. xxiv. 19.

'Tis hard: but when we needs must bear,
Enduring patience makes the burden light.
CREECH.

As some of the finest compositions among the ancients are in allegory, I have endeavoured, in several of my papers, to revive that way of writing, and hope I have not been altogether unsuccessful in it; for I find there is always a great demand for those particular papers, and cannot but observe that several authors have endeavoured of late to excel in works of this nature. Among these, I do not know any one who has succeeded better than a very ingenious gentleman, to whom I am obliged for the following piece, and who was the author of the vision in the 460th paper.

How are we tortured with the absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us! What excursions does the soul make in imagination after it! and how does it turn into itself again, more foolishly fond and dejected at the disappointment! Our grief, instead of having recourse to reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further nourishment. It calls upon memory to relate the several passages and circumstances of satisfaction which we formerly enjoyed; the pleasures we purchased by those riches that are taken from us; or the power and splendor of our departed honours;

or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections of our friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence that the passion should often swell to such a size as to burst the heart which contains it, if time did not make these circumstances less strong and lively, so that reason should become a more equal match for the passion, or if another desire which becomes more present did not overpower them with a livelier representation. These are thoughts which I had when I fell into a kind of vision upon this subject, and may therefore stand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

I found myself upon a naked shore, with company whose afflicted countenances witnessed their conditions. Before us flowed a water, deep, silent, and called the River of Tears, which, issuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompassed an island that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overset by the impatience and haste of single passengers to arrive at the other side. This immediately was brought to us by Misfortune who steers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a woman of a mild and composed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the dangers which would attend our voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for Patience, and some of those too who until then cried the loudest, were persuaded by her, and returned back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose good-nature would not suffer her to forsake persons in trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she might at least administer some small comfort or advice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked but the boat was pushed off, the sheet was spread; and being filled with sighs, which are the winds of that country, we made a passage to the further bank,

through several difficulties of which the most of us seemed utterly regardless.

'When we landed, we perceived the island to be strangely overcast with fogs, which no brightness could pierce, so that a kind of gloomy horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it very shocking to easy tempers, insomuch that some others, whom Patience had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themselves round the verge of the island to find a ford by which she told them they might escape.

For my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the centre of the place; and joining ourselves to others whom we found upon the same journey, we marched solemnly as at a funeral, through bordering hedges of rosemary, and through a grove of yew-trees, which love to overshadow tombs and flourish in the church-yards. Here we heard on every side the wailings and complaints of several of the inhabitants, who had cast themselves disconsolately at the feet of trees; and as we chanced to approach any of these, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, or after some other manner visibly agitated with vexation. Our sorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard and saw, and one of our number was wrought up to such a pitch of wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a bough which shot temptingly across the path we travelled in; but he was restrained from it by the kind endeavours of our above-mentioned companion.

We had now gotten into the most dusky silent part of the island, and by the redoubled sounds of sighs, which made a doleful whistling in the branches, the thickness of air, which occasioned faintish respiration, and the violent throbbings of heart

which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the Grotto of Grief. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, sunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. These crept slow and half congealed amongst its windings, and mixed their heavy murmurs with the echo of groans that rolled through all the passages. In the most retired parts of it sat the doleful being herself; the path to her was strewed with goads, stings, and thorns; and her throne on which she sat was broken into a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy mist hung above her; her head oppressed with it reclined upon her arm. Thus did she reign over her disconsolate subjects, full of herself to stupidity, in eternal pensiveness, and the profoundest silence. On one side of her stood Dejection just dropping into a swoon, and Paleness wasting to a skeleton; on the other side were Care inwardly tormented with imaginations, and Anguish suffering outward troubles to suck the blood from her heart in the shape of vultures. The whole vault had a genuine dismalness in it, which a few scattered lamps, whose blueish flames arose and sunk in their urns, discovered to our eyes with increase. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the way, and were given over to those tormentors that stood on either hand of the presence; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where Patience, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the grotto, and ascended at the back of it, out of the mournful dale in whose bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath; and lifting our eyes, which until

then were fixed downwards, felt a sullen sort of satisfaction, in observing through the shades what numbers had entered the island. This satisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it, was excuseable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have respect to that of others; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn estate. It had also the ground-work of humanity and compassion in it, though the mind was then too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it: but as we proceeded onwards, it began to discover itself, and, from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another, when it was that we met, and what were the sad occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our stories, and compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and so by degrees became tolerable company.

A considerable part of the troublesome road was thus deceived; at length the openings among the trees grew larger, the air seemed thinner, it lay with less oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern tracks in it of a lighter greyness, like the breakings of day, short in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country gleams of amusement. Within a short while these gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance: the sighs that hitherto filled the air with so much dolefulness, altered to the sound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the island were abated.

When we had arrived at last at the ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who, being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the shore to find the place, where they waited

our coming; that by showing themselves to the world only at the time when we did; they might seem also to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters that rolled on the other side so deep and silent were much dried up, and it was an easier matter for us to wade over.

The river being crossed, we were received upon the further bank, by our friends and acquaintance, whom Comfort had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of these blamed us for staying so long away from them, others advised us against all temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by asking any particulars of the journey; and all concluded that, in a case of so much melancholy and affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter companion than Patience. Here Patience, appearing serene at her praises, delivered us over to Comfort. Comfort smiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the sky purpled on that side to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.

N° 502. MONDAY, OCT. 6, 1712.

Melius, pejus, prosit, obsit, nil vident nisi quod lubet.
TER. Heaut. Act iv. Sc. 1.

Better or worse, profitable or disadvantageous, they see nothing but what they list.

When men read, they taste the matter with which they are entertained, according as their own respective studies and inclinations have prepared them, and make their reflexions accordingly. Some, perusing Roman writers, would find in them, whatever the subject of the discourses were, parts which implied the grandeur of that people in their warfare, or their politics. As for my part, who am a mere Spectator, I drew this morning conclusions of their eminence in what I think great, to wit, in having worthy sentiments, from the reading a comedy of Terence. The play was the Self-Tormentor. It is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not observe in the whole one passage that could raise a laugh. How well-disposed must that people be, who could be entertained with satisfaction by so sober and polite mirth! In the first scene of the comedy, when one of the old men accuses the other of impertinence for interposing in his affairs, he answers, 'I am a man, and cannot help feeling any sorrow that can arrive at man*.' It is said this sentence was received with an univer-

* *Homo sum, et nihil humanum è me alienum puto.*

I am a man; and all calamities,
That touch humanity, come home to me.
COLMAN.

sal applause. There cannot be a greater a
of the general good understanding of a peo
a sudden consent to give their approbati
sentiment which has no emotion in it. If
spoken with ever so great skill in the ac
manner of uttering that sentence could have
in it which could strike but people of the
humanity, nay people elegant and skilful i
vations upon it. It is possible he might l
his hand on his breast, and, with a winnin
ation in his countenance, expressed to his n
that he was a man who made his case his o
I will engage a player in Covent-garden n
such an attitude a thousand times before l
have been regarded. I have heard that a
of state in the reign of queen Elizabeth
manner of books and ballads brought to
what kind soever, and took great notice h
they took with the people; upon which
and certainly might, very well judge of t
sent dispositions, and the most proper wa
plying them according to his own purposes.
passes on the stage, and the reception it m
from the audience, is a very useful instr
this kind. According to what you may ob
our stage, you see them often moved so
against all common sense and humanity,
would be apt to pronounce us a nation of
It cannot be called a mistake of what is
but the very contrary to it is what most
takes with them. The other night an ol
carried off with a pain in her side, with all
tortions and anguish of countenance which i
to one in that condition, was laughed and
off the stage. Terence's comedy, which I a
ing off, is indeed written as if he hoped
none but such as had as good a taste as hi

could not but reflect upon the natural description of the innocent young woman made by the servant to his master. 'When I came to the house,' said he, 'an old woman opened the door, and I followed her in, because I could, by entering upon them unawares, better observe what was your mistress's ordinary manner of spending her time, the only way of judging any one's inclinations and genius. I found her at her needle in a sort of second mourning, which she wore for an aunt she had lately lost. She had nothing on but what showed she dressed only for herself. Her hair hung negligently about her shoulders. She had none of the arts with which others use to set themselves off, but had that negligence of person which is remarkable in those who are careful of their minds. Then she had a maid who was at work near her that was a slattern, because her mistress was careless; which I take to be another argument of your security in her; for the go-betweens of women of intrigue are rewarded too well to be dirty. When you were named, and I told her you desired to see her, she threw down her work for joy, covered her face, and decently hid her tears.' He must be a very good actor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the author, that could gain it among us for this speech, though so full of nature and good sense.

The intolerable folly and confidence of players putting in words of their own, does in a great measure feed the absurd taste of the audience. But however that is, it is ordinary for a cluster of coxcombs to take up the house to themselves, and equally insult both the actors and the company. These savages, who want all manner of regard and deference to the rest of mankind, come only to show themselves

to us, without any other purpose than to let us know they despise us.

The gross of an audience is composed of two sorts of people, those who know no pleasure but of the body, and those who improve or command corporeal pleasures, by the addition of fine sentiments of the mind. At present the intelligent part of the company are wholly subdued by the insurrections of those who know no satisfactions but what they have in common with all other animals.

This is the reason that when a scene tending to procreation is acted, you see the whole pit in such a chuckle, and old letchers, with mouths open, stare at the loose gesticulations on the stage with shameful earnestness; when the justest pictures of human life in its calm dignity, and the properest sentiments for the conduct of it, pass by like mere narration, as conducing only to somewhat much better which is to come after. I have seen the whole house at some times in so proper a disposition, that indeed I have trembled for the boxes, and feared the entertainment would end in a representation of the rape of the Sabines.

I would not be understood in this talk to argue that nothing is tolerable on the stage but what has an immediate tendency to the promotion of virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is nothing against the interest of virtue, and is not offensive to good manners, that things of an indifferent nature may be represented. For this reason I have no exception to the well-drawn rusticities in the Country Wake; and there is something so miraculously pleasant in Dogget's acting the awkward triumph and comic sorrow of Hob in different circumstances, that I shall not be able to stay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the gallantry of taking the

cudgels for Gloucestershire, with the pride of heart in tucking himself up, and taking aim at his adversary, as well as the other's protestation in the humanity of low romance, that he could not promise the 'squire to break Hob's head, but he would, if he could, do it in love; then flourish and begin: I say what vexes me is, that such excellent touches as these, as well as the 'squire's being out of all patience at Hob's success, and venturing himself into the crowd, are circumstances hardly taken notice of, and the height of the jest is only in the very point that heads are broken. I am confident, were there a scene written, wherein Pinkethman should break his leg by wrestling with Bullock, and Dicky come in to set it, without one word said but what should be according to the exact rules of surgery in making this extension, and binding up his leg, the whole house should be in a roar of applause at the dissembled anguish of the patient, the help given by him who threw him down, and the handy address and arch looks of the surgeon. To enumerate the entrance of ghosts, the embattling of armies, the noise of heroes in love, with a thousand other enormities, would be to transgress the bounds of this paper, for which reason it is possible they may have hereafter distinct discourses; not forgetting any of the audience who shall set up for actors, and interrupt the play on the stage; and players who shall prefer the applause of fools, to that of the reasonable part of the company.

T.

POSTSCRIPT TO SPECTATOR, N° 502.

N. B. There are in the play of the Self-Tormentor of Terence, which is allowed a most excellent comedy, several incidents which would d r tears from any man of sense, and not would move his laughter.—Spect. in folio.

This speculation, N° 502, is controverted in the Guard. N° 59, by a writer under the fictitious name of John Lizard; perhaps Dr. Edw. Young.

N° 503. TUESDAY, OCT. 7, 1712.

Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres.
TER. Eun. Act ii. Sc. 3.

From henceforward I blot out of my thoughts all memory of womankind.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You have often mentioned with great vehemence and indignation the misbehaviour of people at church; but I am at present to talk to you on that subject, and complain to you of one, whom at the same time I know not what to accuse of, except it be looking too well there, and diverting the eyes of the congregation to that one object. However, I have this to say, that she might have staid at her own parish, and not come to perplex those who are otherwise intent upon their duty.

'Last Sunday was seven-night I went into a church not far from London-bridge; but I wish I had been contented to go to my own parish, I am sure it had been better for me; I say I went to church thither, and got into a pew very near the pulpit. I had hardly been acommodated with a seat, before there entered into the aisle a young lady in the very bloom of youth and beauty, and dressed in the most elegant manner imaginable. Her form was such that it engaged the eyes of the whole congregation in an instant, and mine among the rest. Though we were

all thus fixed upon her, she was not in the least out of countenance, or under the least disorder, though unattended by any one, and not seeming to know particularly where to place herself. However, she had not in the least a confident aspect, but moved on with the most graceful modesty, every one making way until she came to a seat just over against that in which I was placed. The deputy of the ward sat in that pew, and she stood opposite to him, and at a glance into the seat, though she did not appear the least acquainted with the gentleman, was let in, with a confusion that spoke much admiration at the novelty of the thing. The service immediately began, and she composed herself for it with an air of so much goodness and sweetness, that the confession which she uttered, so as to be heard where we sat, appeared an act of humiliation more than she had occasion for. The truth is, her beauty had something so innocent, and yet so sublime, that we all gazed upon her like a phantom. None of the pictures which we behold of the best Italian painters have any thing like the spirit which appeared in her countenance, at the different sentiments expressed in the several parts of divine service. That gratitude and joy at a thanksgiving, that lowliness and sorrow at the prayers for the sick and distressed, that triumph at the passages which gave instances of the divine mercy, which appeared respectively in her aspect, will be in my memory to my last hour. I protest to you, sir, she suspended the devotion of every one around her; and the ease she did every thing with soon dispersed the churlish dislike and hesitation in approving what is excellent, too frequent among us, to a general attention and entertainment in observing her behaviour. All the while that we were gazing at her, she took notice of no object about her, but had an art of seeming awkwardly attentive, whatever

else her eyes were accidentally thrown upon. One thing indeed was particular, she stood the whole service, and never kneeled or sat: I do not question but that it was to show herself with the greater advantage, and set forth to better grace her hands and arms, lifted up with the most ardent devotion; and her bosom, the fairest that was ever seen, bare to observation; while she, you must think, knew nothing of the concern she gave others, any other than as an example of devotion, that threw herself out, without regard to dress or garment, all contrition, and loose of all worldly regards, in ecstacy of devotion. Well; now the organ was to play a voluntary, and she was so skilful in music, and so touched with it, that she kept time not only with some motion of her head, but also with a different air in her countenance. When the music was strong and bold, she looked exalted, but serious; when lively and airy, she was smiling and gracious; when the notes were more soft and languishing, she was kind and full of pity. When she had now made it visible to the whole congregation, by her motion and ear, that she could dance, and she wanted now only to inform us that she could sing too; when the psalm was given out, her voice was distinguished above all the rest, or rather people did not exert their own, in order to hear her. Never was any heard so sweet and so strong. The organist observed it, and he thought fit to play to her only, and she swelled every note, when she found she had thrown us all out, and had the last verse to herself in such a manner as the whole congregation was intent upon her, in the same manner as we see in the cathedrals they are on the person who sings alone the anthem. Well; it came at last to the sermon, and our young lady would not lose her part in that neither: for she fixed her eye upon the preacher, and as he said any thing she ap-

proved, with one of Charles Mather's fine tablets she set down the sentence, at once showing her fine hand, the gold pen, her readiness in writing, and her judgment in choosing what to write. To sum up what I intend by this long and particular account, I appeal to you, whether it is reasonable that such a creature as this shall come from a janty part of the town, and give herself such violent airs, to the disturbance of an innocent and inoffensive congregation, with her sublimities. The fact, I assure you, was as I have related: but I had like to have forgot another very considerable particular. As soon as church was done, she immediately stepped out of her pew, and fell into the finest pitty-patty air, forsooth, wonderfully out of countenance, tossing her head up and down, as she swam along the body of the church. I, with several others of the inhabitants, followed her out, and saw her hold up her fan to a hackney-coach at a distance, who immediately came up to her, and she whipping into it with great nimbleness, pulled the door with a bowing mien, as if she had been used to a better glass. She said aloud, "You know where to go," and drove off. By this time the best of the congregation was at the church-door, and I could hear some say, "A very fine lady;" others, "I'll warrant you, she is no better than she should be:" and one very wise old lady said, she ought to have been taken up. Mr. Spectator, I think this matter lies wholly before you: for the offence does not come under any law, though it is apparent this creature came among us only to give herself airs, and enjoy her full swing in being admired. I desire you will print this, that she may be confined to her own parish; for I can assure you there is no attending any thing else in a place where she is a novelty. She has been talked of among us ever since under the name of "the phantom:" but I

would advise her to come no more; for there is so strong a party made by the women against her, that she must expect they will not be excelled a second time in so outrageous a manner, without doing her some insult. Young women, who assume after this rate, and affect exposing themselves to view in congregations at the other end of the town, are not so mischievous, because they are rivalled by more of the same ambition, who will not let the rest of the company be particular: but in the name of the whole congregation where I was, I desire you to keep these agreeable disturbances out of the city, where sobriety of manners is still preserved, and all glaring and ostentatious behaviour, even in things laudable, discountenanced. I wish you may never see the phantom, and am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. RALPH WONDER.'

N° 504. WEDNESDAY, OCT. 8, 1712.

Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quæris.
TER. Eun. Act iii. Sc. i.

You are a hare yourself, and want dainties, forsooth.

It is a great convenience to those who want wit to furnish out a conversation, that there is something or other in all companies where it is wanted substituted in its stead, which, according to their taste, does the business as well. Of this nature is the agreeable pastime in country-halls of cross purposes, questions and commands, and the like. A little superior to

these are those who can play at crambo, or cap verses. Then above them are such as can make verses, that is, rhyme; and among those who have the Latin tongue, such as use to make what they call golden verses. Commend me also to those who have not brains enough for any of these exercises, and yet do not give up their pretensions to mirth. These can slap you on the back unawares, laugh loud, ask you how you do with a twang on your shoulders, say you are dull to-day, and laugh a voluntary to put you in humour; not to mention the laborious way among the minor poets, of making things come into such and such a shape, as that of an egg, an hand, an axe, or any thing that nobody had ever thought on before for that purpose, or which would have cost them a great deal of pains to accomplish if they did. But all these methods, though they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the smallest capacity, do not serve an honest gentleman who wants wit for his ordinary occasions; therefore it is absolutely necessary that the poor in imagination should save something which may be serviceable to them at all hours upon all common occurrences. That which we call punning is therefore greatly affected by men of small intellects. These men need not be concerned with you for the whole sentence; but if they can say a quaint thing, or bring in a word which sounds like any one word you have spoken to them, they can turn the discourse, or distract you so that you cannot go on, and by consequence, if they can be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus, if you talk of a candle, he 'can deal' with you; and if you ask him to help you to some bread, a punster should think himself very 'ill-bred' if he did not; and if he is not as 'well-bred' as yourself, he hopes for 'grains' of allowance. If you do not understand

that last fancy, you must recollect that bread is of grain; and so they go on for ever, without possibility of being exhausted.

There are another kind of people of small facilities, who supply want of wit with want of breeding; and because women are both by nature and education more offended at any thing which is immodest than we men are, these are ever harping upon things they ought not to allude to, and deal mightily in double meanings. Every one's own observation will suggest instances enough of this kind, without my mentioning any; for your double meaners are dispersed up and down through all parts of the town or city where there are any to offend, in order to set off themselves. These men are mighty loud laughers, and held very pretty gentlemen with the sillier and unbred part of womankind. But above all already mentioned, or any who ever were, or ever can be in the world, the happiest and surest to be pleasant, are a sort of people whom we have now indeed lately heard much of, and those are your 'biters.'

A biter is one who tells you a thing you have no reason to disbelieve in itself, and perhaps has given you, before he bit you, no reason to disbelieve it but his saying it; and, if you give him credit, laughs in your face, and triumphs that he has deceived you. In a word, a biter is one who thinks you a fool, because you do not think him a knave. This description of him one may insist upon to be a just one; for what else but a degree of knavery is it, to delight upon deceit for what you gain of another, be it in point of wit, or interest, or any thing else?

This way of wit is called 'biting,' by a metaphor taken from beasts of prey, which devour unarmed and unarmed animals, and look upon them as their food wherever they meet them. The shark

about town very ingeniously understood themselves to be to the undesigning part of mankind what foxes are to lambs, and therefore used the word biting, to express any exploit wherein they had over-reached any innocent and inadvertent man of his purse. These rascals of late years have been the gallants of the town, and carried it with a fashionable haughty air, to the discouragement of modesty, and all honest arts. Shallow fops, who are governed by the eye, and admire every thing that struts in vogue, took up from the sharpers the phrase of biting, and used it upon all occasions, either to disown any nonsensical stuff they should talk themselves, or evade the force of what was reasonably said by others. Thus, when one of these cunning creatures was entered into a debate with you, whether it was practicable in the present state of affairs to accomplish such a proposition, and you thought he had let fall what destroyed his side of the question, as soon as you looked with an earnestness ready to lay hold of it, he immediately cried, 'Bite,' and you were immediately to acknowledge all that part was in jest. They carry this to all the extravagance imaginable; and if one of these witlings knows any particulars which may give authority to what he says, he is still the more ingenious if he imposes upon your credulity. I remember a remarkable instance of this kind. There came up a shrewd young fellow to a plain young man, his countryman, and taking him aside with a grave concerned countenance, goes on at this rate: 'I see you here, and have you heard nothing out of Yorkshire?—You look so surprised you could not have heard of it—and yet the particulars are such that it cannot be false: I am sorry I am got into it so far that I must tell you; but I know not but it may be for your service to know. On Tuesday last, just after dinner—you know his manner is to smoke—opening his box,

your father fell down dead in an apoplexy.' The youth showed the filial sorrow which he ought— Upon which the witty man cried, 'Bite, there was nothing in all this.'

To put an end to this silly, pernicious, frivolous way at once, I will give the reader one late instance of a bite, which no biter for the future will ever be able to equal, though I heartily wish him the same occasion. It is a superstition with some surgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the gaol, and bargain for the carcase with the criminal himself. A good honest fellow did so last sessions, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died. The surgeon communicated his business, and fell into discourse with a little fellow, who refused twelve shillings, and insisted upon fifteen for his body. The fellow, who killed the officer of Newgate, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, told him, 'Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been l starved all his life, and is now half dead with p cannot answer your purpose. I have ever live highly and freely, my veins are full, I have not pi in imprisonment; you see my crest swells to y knife; and after Jack Catch has done, upon my h nour you will find me as sound as ever a bullock any of the markets. Come, for twenty shillings I your man.' Says the surgeon, 'Done, there i guinea.' This witty rogue took the money, an soon as he had it in his fist, cries, 'Bite, I am t hung in chains.'

N° 505. THURSDAY, OCT. 9, 1712.

Non habeo denique nauci Marsum augurem,
Non vicanos aruspices, non de circo astrologos.
Non Isiacos conjectores, non interpretes somnium:
Non enim sunt ii, aut scientia, aut arte divini,
Sed superstitiosi vates, impudentesque harioli,
Aut inertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas imperat:
Qui sui questus causa fictas suscitant sententias,
Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam,
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt:
De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera.
ENNIUS.

Augurs and soothsayers, astrologers,
Diviners, and interpreters of dreams,
I ne'er consult, and heartily despise:
Vain their pretence to more than human skill:
For gain, imaginary schemes they draw;
Wand'rers themselves, they guide another's steps:
And for poor sixpence promise countless wealth:
Let them, if they expect to be believed,
Deduct the sixpence, and bestow the rest.

THOSE who have maintained that men would be more miserable than beasts, were their hopes confined to this life only, among other considerations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the anguish of the present evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the reflexion on what is passed, and the fear of what is to come. This fear of any future difficulties or misfortunes is so natural to the mind, that were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehension of such evils as never happened to him, than from those evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among those evils which befal

us, there are many which have been more painful to us in the prospect, than by their actual pressure.

This natural impatience to look into futurity, and to know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions. Some found their prescience on the lines of a man's hand, others on the features of his face: some on the signatures which nature has impressed on his body, and others on his own hand-writing: some read men's fortunes in the stars, as others have searched after them in the entrails of beasts, or the flight of birds. Men of the best sense have been touched more or less with these groundless horrors and presages of futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent works of nature. Can any thing be more surprising than to consider Cicero*, who made the greatest figure at the bar and in the senate of the Roman commonwealth, and at the same time outshined all the philosophers of antiquity in his library and in his retirements, as busying himself in the college of augurs, and observing with a religious attention after what manner the chickens pecked the several grains of corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithstanding these follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wise and learned in the present age, multitudes of weak and ignorant persons are still slaves to them. There are numberless arts of prediction among the vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite observation of days, numbers, voices, and figures, which are regarded by them as portents and prodigies. In short, every thing prophecies to the superstitious man; there is scarce a straw, or a rusty piece of iron, that lies in his way by accident.

It is not to be conceived how many wizards,

* This censure of Cicero seems to be unfounded; for it is said of him, that he wondered how one augur could meet another without laughing in his face.

gipsies, and cunning men, are dispersed through all the counties and market-towns of Great Britain, not to mention the fortune-tellers and astrologers, who live very comfortably upon the curiosity of several well-disposed persons in the cities of London and Westminster.

Among the many pretended arts of divination, there is none which so universally amuses as that by dreams. I have indeed observed in a late speculation, that there have been sometimes, upon very extraordinary occasions, supernatural revelations made to certain persons by this means; but as it is the chief business of this paper to root out popular errors, I must endeavour to expose the folly and superstition of those persons, who, in the common and ordinary course of life, lay any stress upon things of so uncertain, shadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectually than by the following letter, which is dated from a quarter of the town that has always been the habitation of some prophetic Philomath; it having been usual, time out of mind, for all such people as have lost their wits, to resort to that place either for their cure or for their instruction.

'MR. SPECTATOR, Moorfields, Oct. 4. 1712.

'HAVING long considered whether there be any trade wanted in this great city, after having surveyed very attentively all kinds of ranks and professions, I do not find in any quarter of the town an oneiro-critic, or, in plain English, an interpreter of dreams. For want of so useful a person, there are several good people who are very much puzzled in this particular, and dream a whole year together without being ever the wiser for it. I hope I am pretty well qualified for this office, having studied by candle-light all

the rules of art which have been laid down upon this subject. My great uncle by my wife's side was a Scotch highlander, and second-sighted. I have four fingers and two thumbs upon one hand, and was born on the longest night of the year. My Christian and sur-name begin and end with the same letters. I am lodged in Moorfields, in a house that for these fifty years has always been tenanted by a conjuror.

'If you had been in company, so much as myself, with ordinary women of the town, you must know that there are many of them who every day in their lives, upon seeing or hearing of any thing that is unexpected, cry, "My dream is out;" and cannot go to sleep in quiet the next night, until something or other has happened which has expounded the visions of the preceding one. There are others who are in very great pain for not being able to recover the circumstances of a dream, that made strong impressions upon them while it lasted. In short, sir, there are many whose waking thoughts are wholly employed on their sleeping ones. For the benefit therefore of this curious and inquisitive part of my fellow-subjects, I shall in the first place tell those persons what they dreamt of, who fancy they never dream at all. In the next place I shall make out any dream, upon hearing a single circumstance of it; and in the last place, I shall expound to them the good or bad fortune which such dreams portend. If they do not presage good luck, I shall desire nothing for my pains; not questioning at the same time, that those who consult me will be so reasonable as to afford me a moderate share out of any considerable estate, profit or emolument, which I shall discover to them. I interpret to the poor for nothing, on condition that their names may be inserted in public advertisements, to attest the truth of such my interpretations. As for people of quality, or others who are indis-

posed, and do not care to come in person, I can interpret their dreams by seeing their water. I set aside one day in the week for lovers; and interpret by the great for any gentlewoman who is turned of sixty, after the rate of a half a crown per week, with the usual allowances for good luck. I have several rooms and apartments fitted up at reasonable rates, for such as have not conveniences for dreaming at their own houses.

'TITUS TROPHONIUS.'

'N. B. I am not dumb.' O.

N° 506. FRIDAY, OCT. 10, 1712.

Candida perpetuo reside concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat illa senem quondam; sed et ipsa marito,
Tunc quoque cum fuerit non videatur anus.
MART. 4 Epig. xiii. 7.

Perpetual harmony their bed attend,
And Venus still the well-match'd pair befriend!
May she, when time has sunk him into years,
Love her old man, and cherish his white hairs;
Nor he perceive her charms thro' age decay,
But think each happy sun his bridal day!

THE following essay is written by the gentleman to whom the world is obliged for those several excellent discourses which have been marked with the letter X.

I HAVE somewhere met with a fable that made Wealth the father of Love. It is certain that a mind ought at least to be free from the apprehensions of want and poverty, before it can fully attend to all the

softnesses and endearments of this passion; notwithstanding, we see multitudes of married people, who are utter strangers to this delightful passion amidst all the affluence of the most plentiful fortunes.

It is not sufficient to make a marriage happy, that the humours of two people should be alike. I could instance an hundred pair, who have not the least sentiment of love remaining for one another, yet are so like in their humours, that, if they were not already married, the whole world would design them for man and wife.

The spirit of love has something so extremely fine in it, that it is very often disturbed and lost, by some little accidents, which the careless and unpolite never attend to, until it is gone past recovery.

Nothing has more contributed to banish it from a married state, than too great a familiarity, and laying aside the common rules of decency. Though I could give instances of this in several particulars, I shall only mention that of dress. The beaux and belles about town, who dress purely to catch one another, think there is no further occasion for the bait, when their first design has succeeded. But besides the too common fault in point of neatness, there are several others which I do not remember to have seen touched upon, but in one of our modern comedies *, where a French woman offering to undress and dress herself before the lover of the play, and assuring his mistress that it was very usual in France, the lady tells her that is a secret in dress she never knew before, and that she was so unpolished an English woman, as to resolve never to learn even to dress before her husband.

* The Funeral, or Grief Alamode, by Steele.

There is something so gross in the carriage of some wives, that they lose their husband's hearts for faults, which, if a man has either good-nature or good-breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the ladies are generally most faulty in this particular; who, at their first giving into love, find the way so smooth and pleasant, that they fancy it is scarce possible to be tired in it.

There is so much nicety and discretion required to keep love alive after marriage, and make conversation still new and agreeable after twenty or thirty years, that I know nothing which seems readily to promise it, but an earnest endeavour to please on both sides, and superior good sense on the part of the man.

By a man of sense I mean one acquainted with business and letters.

A woman very much settles her esteem for a man, according to the figure he makes in the world, and the character he bears among his own sex. As learning is the chief advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, as scandalous and inexcusable for a man of fortune to be illiterate, as for a woman not to know how to behave herself on the most ordinary occasions. It is this which sets the two sexes at the greatest distance; a woman is vexed and surprised, to find nothing more in the conversation of a man, than in the common tattle of her own sex.

Some small engagement at least in business not only sets a man's talents in the fairest light, and allots him a part to act in which a wife cannot well intermeddle, but gives frequent occasion for those little absences, which, whatever seeming uneasiness they may give, are some of the best preservatives of love and desire.

The fair sex are so conscious to themselves, that they have nothing in them which can deserve entirely

to engross the whole man, that they heartily despise one, who, to use their own expression, is always hanging at their apron-strings.

Lætitia is pretty, modest, tender, and has sense enough; she married Erastus, who is in a post of some business, and has a general taste in most parts of polite learning. Lætitia, wherever she visits, has the pleasure to hear of something which was handsomely said or done by Erastus. Erastus, since his marriage, was more gay in his dress than ever, and in all companies is as complaisant to Lætitia as to any other lady. I have seen him give her her fan when it has dropped, with all the gallantry of a lover. When they take the air together, Erastus is continually improving her thoughts, and, with a turn of wit and spirit which is peculiar to him, giving her an insight into things she had no notions of before. Lætitia is transported at having a new world thus opened to her, and hangs upon the man that gives her such agreeable informations. Erastus has carried this point still further, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more satisfied with herself. Erastus finds a justness or beauty in whatever she says or observes, that Lætitia herself was not aware of; and by his assistance she has discovered an hundred good qualities and accomplishments in herself, which she never before once dreamed of. Erastus, with the most artful complaisance in the world, by several remote hints, finds the means to make her say or propose almost whatever he has a mind to, which he always receives as her own discovery, and gives her all the reputation of it.

Erastus has a perfect taste in painting, and carried Lætitia with him the other day to see a collection of pictures. I sometimes visit this happy couple. As we were last week walking in the long gallery before dinner, 'I have lately laid out some money in

paintings,' says Erastus; 'I bought that Venus and Adonis purely upon Lætitia's judgment; it cost me threescore guineas, and I was this morning offered an hundred for it.' I turned towards Lætitia, and saw her cheeks glow with pleasure, while at the same time she cast a look upon Erastus, the most tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

Flavilla married Tom Tawdry; she was taken with his laced coat and rich sword-knot; she has the mortification to see Tom despised by all the worthy part of his own sex. Tom has nothing to do after dinner, but to determine whether he will pare his nails at St. James's, White's, or his own house. He has said nothing to Flavilla since they were married which she might not have heard as well from her own woman. He however takes great care to keep up the saucy ill-natured authority of a husband. Whatever Flavilla happens to assert, Tom immediately contradicts with an oath by way of preface, and, 'My dear, I must tell you you talk most confoundedly silly.' Flavilla had a heart naturally as well disposed for all the tenderness of love as that of Lætitia; but as love seldom continues long after esteem, it is difficult to determine, at present, whether the unhappy Flavilla hates or despises the person most whom she is obliged to lead her whole life with.

X.

N° 507. SATURDAY, OCT. 11, 1712.

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges.
JUV. Sat. li. 44.

Preserv'd from shame by numbers on our side.

THERE is something very sublime, though very fanciful, in Plato's description of the Supreme Being; that 'truth is his body, and light his shadow.' According to this definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his nature as error and falsehood. The Platonists have so just a notion of the Almighty's aversion to every thing which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon truth as no less necessary than virtue to qualify a human soul for the enjoyment of a separate state. For this reason, as they recommended moral duties to qualify and season the will for a future life, so they prescribed several contemplati and sciences to rectify the understanding. T Plato has called mathematical demonstrations the ca thartics or purgatives of the soul, as being the mo proper means to cleanse it from error, and give i a relish of truth; which is the natural food and no rishment of the understanding, as virtue is the perfe tion and happiness of the will.

There are many authors who have shown wher the malignity of a lie consists, and set forth in pro colours the heinousness of the offence. I shall consider one particular kind of this crime, which not been so much spoken to; I mean that abomin ble practice of party-lying. This vice is so ve predominant among us at present, that a man thought of no principles who does not propagate certain system of lies. The coffee-houses are su

ported by them, the press is choked with them, eminent authors live upon them. Our bottle conversation is so infected with them, that a party-lie is grown as fashionable an entertainment as a lively catch, or a merry story. The truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be struck dumb were this fountain of discourse dried up. There is however one advantage resulting from this detestable practice: the very appearances of truth are so little regarded, that lies are at present discharged in the air, and begin to hurt nobody. When we hear a party-story from a stranger, we consider whether he is a whig or a tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of course, in which the honest gentleman designs to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common sense, that gives credit to the relations of party writers; nay, his own friends shake their heads at him, and consider him in no other light than an officious tool, or a well-meaning idiot. When it was formerly the fashion to husband a lie, and trump it up in some extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little serviceable to the faction that made use of it: but at present every man is upon his guard: the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to see men of probity, who would scorn to utter a falsehood for their own particular advantage, give so readily into a lie, when it is become the voice of their faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are men of honour in their persons, thus to become notorious liars in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reasons for it, and at the same time discover the insufficiency of these reasons to justify so criminal a practice.

In the first place, men are apt to think t t
guilt of a lie, and consequently the punishment,
be very much diminished, if not wholly worn
the multitudes of those who partake in it. T nou
the weight of a falsehood would be too much for
to bear, it grows light in their imaginations when
shared among many. But in this case a man v
much deceives himself; guilt, when it sp
through numbers, is not so properly divided as
plied. Every one is criminal in proportion to
offence which he commits, not to the number
those who are his companions in it. Both the c
and the penalty lie as heavy upon every indivi
of an offending multitude, as they would upon
single person, had none shared with him in
offence. In a word, the division of guilt is like
that of matter: though it may be separated i
infinite portions, every portion shall have the wh
essence of matter in it, and consist of as many pa
as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the second place, though multitudes, w
join in a lie, cannot exempt themselves from
guilt, they may from the shame of it. The
of a lie is in a manner lost and annihilated, wh
diffused among several thousands; as a drop of
blackest tincture wears away and vanishes, w
mixed and confused in a considerable body of wat
the blot is still in it, but is not able to discover its
This is certainly a very great motive to several
offenders, who avoid crimes, not as they are pre
cial to their virtue, but to their reputation.
enough to show the weakness of this reason, whi
palliates guilt without removing it, that every m
who is influenced by it declares himself in effe
an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance
virtue to its reality, and is determined in his
duct neither by the dictates of his own consci

the suggestions of true honour, nor the principles of religion.

The third and last great motive for men's joining in a popular falsehood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a party lie, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing good to a cause which every party may be supposed to look upon as the most meritorious. The unsoundness of this principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a man must be an utter stranger to the principles either of natural religion or Christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a man might promote the supposed good of his country by the blackest calumnies and falsehoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the Christian world. When Pompey was desired not to set sail in a tempest that would hazard his life, 'It is necessary for me,' says he, 'to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live.' Every man should say to himself, with the same spirit, 'It is my duty to speak truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office.' One of the fathers hath carried this point so high as to declare he would not tell a lie, though he were sure to gain heaven by it. However extravagant such a protestation may appear, every one will own that a man may say, very reasonably, he would not tell a lie, if he were sure to gain hell by it; or, if you have a mind to soften the expression, that he would not tell a lie to gain any temporal reward by it, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain.

O.

N° 508. MONDAY, OCT. 13, 1712.

Omnes autem et habentur et dicuntur tyranni, qui potestate sunt perpetua, in ea civitate quæ libertate usa est.
CORN. NEPOS in Milt. c. 8.

For all those are accounted and denominated tyrants, who exercise a perpetual power in that state, which was before free.

THE following letters complain of what I have frequently observed with very much indignation; therefore I shall give them to the public in the words with which my correspondents, who suffer under the hardships mentioned in them, describe them.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IN former ages all pretensions to dominion have been supported and submitted to, either upon account of inheritance, conquest, or election; and all such persons, who have taken upon them any sovereignty over their fellow-creatures upon any other account, have been always called tyrants, not so much because they were guilty of any particular barbarities, as because every attempt to such a superiority was in its nature tyrannical. But there is another sort of potentates, who may with greater propriety be called tyrants than those last mentioned, both as they assume a despotic dominion over those as free as themselves, and as they support it by acts of notable oppression and injustice; and these are the rulers in all clubs and meetings. In other governments, the punishments of some have been alleviated by the rewards of others: but what makes the reign of these potentates so particularly grievous

is, that they are exquisite in punishing their subjects at the same time they have it not in their power to reward them. That the reader may the better comprehend the nature of these monarchs, as well as the miserable state of those that are their vassals, I shall give an account of the king of the company I am fallen into, whom for his particular tyranny I shall call Dionysius: as also of the seeds that sprung up to this odd sort of empire.

'Upon all meetings at taverns, it is necessary some one of the company should take it upon him to get all things in such order and readiness, as may contribute as much as possible to the felicity of the convention; such as hastening the fire, getting a sufficient number of candles, tasting the wine with a judicious smack, fixing the supper, and being brisk for the dispatch of it. Know, then, that Dionysius went through these offices with an air that seemed to express a satisfaction rather in serving the public than in gratifying any particular inclination of his own. We thought him a person of an exquisite palate, and therefore by consent beseeched him to be always our proveditor; which post, after he had handsomely denied, he could do no otherwise than accept. At first he made no other use of his power than in recommending such and such things to the company, ever allowing these points to be disputable; insomuch that I have often carried the debate for partridge, when his majesty has given intimation of the high relish of duck, but at the same time has cheerfully submitted, and devoured his partridge with most gracious resignation. This submission on his side naturally produced the like on ours; of which he in a little time made such barbarous advantage, as in all those matters, which before seemed indifferent to him, to issue out certain edicts as uncontrollable and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Per-

sians. He is by turns outrageous, peevish, forward, and jovial. He thinks it our duty for the little offices, as proveditor, that in return all conversation is to be interrupted or promoted by his inclination for or against the present humour of the company. We feel, at present, in the utmost extremity, the insolence of office; however, I, being naturally warm, ventured to oppose him in a dispute about a haunch of venison. I was altogether for roasting, but Dionysius declared himself for boiling with so much prowess and resolution, that the cook thought it necessary to consult his own safety, rather than the luxury of my proposition. With the same authority that he orders what we shall eat and drink, he also commands us where to do it: and we change our taverns according as he suspects any treasonable practices in the settling the bill by the master, or sees any bold rebellion in point of attendance by the waiters. Another reason for changing the seat of empire, I conceive to be the pride he takes in the promulgation of our slavery, though we pay our club for our entertainments, even in these palaces of our grand monarch. When he has a mind to take the air, a party of us are commanded out by way of life-guard, and we march under as great restrictions as they do. If we meet a neighbouring king, we give or keep the way, according as we are out-numbered or not; and if the train of each is equal in number, rather than give battle, the superiority is soon adjusted by a desertion from one of them.

'Now, the expulsion of these unjust rulers out of all societies would gain a man as everlasting a reputation as either of the Brutus's got for their endeavours to extirpate tyranny from among the Romans. I confess myself to be in a conspiracy against the usurper of our club; and to show my reading, as well as my merciful disposition, shall allow him

until the ides of March to dethrone himself. If he seems to affect empire until that time, and does not gradually recede from the incursions he has made upon our liberties, he shall find a dinner dressed which he has no hand in, and shall be treated with an order, magnificence, and luxury, as shall break his proud heart; at the same time that he shall be convinced in his stomach he was unfit for his post, and a more mild and skilful prince receive the acclamations of the people, and be set up in his room: but, as Milton says,

" ——These thoughts
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despair'd,
And who can think submission? War then, war,
Open, or understood, must be resolv'd."

' I am Sir,
' Your most obedient humble servant.'

' MR. SPECTATOR,

' I AM a young woman at a gentleman's seat in the country, who is a particular friend of my father's, and came hither to pass away a month or two with his daughters. I have been entertained with the utmost civility by the whole family, and nothing has been omitted which can make my stay easy and agreeable on the part of the family; but there is a gentleman here, a visitant as I am, whose behaviour has given me great uneasiness. When I first arrived here, he used me with the utmost complaisance; but, forsooth, that was not with regard to my sex; and, since he has no designs upon me, he does not know why he should distinguish me from a man in things indifferent. He is, you must know, one of those familiar coxcombs, who have observed some well-bred men with a good grace converse

with women, and say no fine things, but yet treat them with that sort of respect which flows from the heart and the understanding, but is exerted in no professions or compliments. This puppy, to imitate this excellence, or avoid the contrary fault of being troublesome in complaisance, takes upon him to try his talent upon me, insomuch that he contradicts me upon all occasions, and one day told me I lied. If I had struck him with my bodkin, and behaved myself like a man, since he will not treat me as a woman, I had, I think, served him right. I wish, sir, you would please to give him some maxims of behaviour in these points, and resolve me if all maids are not in point of conversation to be treated by all bachelors as their mistresses? If not so, are they not to be used as gently as their sisters? Is it sufferable that the fop of whom I complain should say that he would rather have such-a-one without a groat, than me with the Indies? What right has any man to make suppositions of things not in his power, and then declare his will to the dislike of one that has never offended him? I assure you these are things worthy your consideration, and I hope we shall have your thoughts upon them. I am, though a woman justly offended, ready to forgive all this, because I have no remedy but leaving very agreeable company sooner than I desire. This also is a heinous aggravation of his offence, that he is inflicting banishment upon me. Your printing this letter may perhaps be an admonition to reform him: as soon as it appears I will write my name at the end of it, and lay it in his way: the making which just reprimand, I hope you will put in the power of,

Sir,

Your constant reader,

T. and humble servant.'

N° 509. TUESDAY, OCT. 14, 1712.

Hominis frugi et temperantis functus officium.
TER. Heaut. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Discharging the part of a good œconomist.

THE useful knowledge in the following letter shall have a place in my paper, though there is nothing in it which immediately regards the polite or the learned world; I say immediately, for upon reflexion every man will find there is a remote influence upon his own affairs, in the prosperity or decay of the trading part of mankind. My present correspondent, I believe, was never in print before; but what he says well deserves a general attention, though delivered in his own homely maxims, and a kind of proverbial simplicity; which sort of learning has raised more estates, than ever were, or will be, from attention to Virgil, Horace, Tully, Seneca, Plutarch, or any of the rest, whom, I dare say, this worthy citizen would hold to be indeed ingenious, but unprofitable writers. But to the letter.

'MR. WILLIAM SPECTATOR.

'SIR, Broad-street, Oct. 10, 1712.

'I ACCUSE you of many discourses on the subject of money, which you have heretofore promised the public, but have not discharged yourself thereof. But, forasmuch as you seemed to depend upon advice from others what to do in that point, have sat down to write you the needful upon that subject. But, before I enter thereupon, I shall take this opportunity to observe to you, that the thriving

frugal man shows it in every part of his expens dress, servants, and house; and I must, in the fir place, complain to you, as Spectator, that in thes particulars there is at this time, throughout the cit of London, a lamentable change from that simplicit of manners, which is the true source of wealth an prosperity. I just now said, the man of thrift show regularity in every thing; but you may, perhaps laugh that I take notice of such a particular as I am going to do, for an instance that this city is declin if their ancient œconomy is not restored. The thin which gives me this prospect, and so much offence, i the neglect of the Royal Exchange. I mean the edi fice so called, and the walks appertaining thereunto The Royal Exchange is a fabric that well deserves t be so called, as well to express that our monarch' highest glory and advantage consists in being th patron of trade, as that it is commodious for busines and an instance of the grandeur both of prince an people. But, alas! at present it hardly seems to b set apart for any such use or purpose. Instead o the assembly of honourable merchants, sul n tradesmen, and knowing masters of ships; the n pers, the halt, the blind, and the lame; your venden of trash, apples, plums; your raggamuffins, rake shames and wenches; have justled the greater num ber of the former out of that place. Thus it is, espe cially on the evening change: so that what with the din of squallings, oaths, and cries of beggars, men o the greatest consequence in our city absent them selves from the place. This particular, by the way, is of evil consequence, for, if the 'Change be no place for men of the highest credit to frequent, it will not be a disgrace for those of less abilities to ab sent. I remember the time when rascally company were kept out, and the unlucky boys with toys and balls were whipped away by a beadle. I have

this done indeed of late, but then it has been only to chace the lads from chuck, that the beadle might seize their copper.

'I must repeat the abomination, that the walnut-trade is carried on by old women within the walks, which makes the place impassible by reason of shells and trash. The benches around are so filthy, that no one can sit down, yet the beadles and officers have the impudence at Christmas to ask for their box, though they deserve the strapado. I do not think it impertinent to have mentioned this, because it speaks a neglect in the domestic care of the city, and the domestic is the truest picture of a man every where else.

'But I designed to speak on the business of money and advancement of gain. The man proper for this, speaking in the general, is of a sedate, plain, good understanding, not apt to go out of his way, but so behaving himself at home, that business may come to him. Sir William Turner, that valuable citizen, has left behind him a most excellent rule, and couched it in a very few words, suited to the meanest capacity. He would say, "Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you*." It must be confessed, that if a man of a great genius could add steadiness to his vivacities, or substitute slower men of fidelity to transact the methodical part of his affairs, such an one would outstrip the rest of the world: but business and trade are not to be managed by the same heads which write poetry, and make plans for the conduct of life in general. So, though we are at this day beholden to the late witty and inventive duke of Buckingham for the whole trade and manufacture of glass, yet I suppose there is no one will aver, that, were his grace

* Alderman Thomas, a mercer, made this one of the mottos in his shop in Paternoster-row.

yet living, they would not rather deal with my diligent friend and neighbour, Mr. Gumley, for any goods to be prepared and delivered on such a day, than he would with that illustrious mechanic above mentioned.

'No, no, Mr. Spectator, you wits must not pretend to be rich; and it is possible the reason may be, in some measure, because you despise, or at least you do not value it enough to let it take up your chief attention; which a trader must do, or lose his credit, which is to him what honour, reputation, fame, or glory, is to other sort of men.

'I shall not speak to the point of cash itself, until I see how you approve of these my maxims in general: but I think a speculation upon "many a little makes a mickle, a penny saved is a penny got, penny wise and pound foolish, it is need that makes the old wife trot," would be very useful to the world; and, if you treated them with knowledge, would be useful to yourself, for it would make demands for your paper among those who have no notion of it at present. But of these matters more hereafter. If you did this, as you excel many writers of the present age for politeness, so you would outgo the author of the true strops of razors for use.

'I shall conclude this discourse with an explanation of a proverb, which by vulgar error is taken and used when a man is reduced to an extremity, whereas the propriety of the maxim is to use it when you would say there is plenty, but you must make such a choice as not to hurt another who is to come after you.

'Mr. Tobias Hobson, from whom we have the expression, was a very honourable man, for I shall ever call the man so who gets an estate honestly. Mr. Tobias Hobson was a carrier; and, being a man of great abilities and invention, and one that

saw where there might good profit arise, though the duller men overlooked it, this ingenious man was the first in this island who let out hackney-horses. He lived in Cambridge; and, observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man. I say, Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle always ready and fit for travelling; but, when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice; but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice; from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, "Hobson's choice." This memorable man stands drawn in fresco at an inn (which he used) in Bishopsgate-street, with a hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag:

"The fruitful mother of a hundred more."

'Whatever tradesman will try the experiment, and begin the day after you publish this my discourse to treat his customers all alike, and all reasonably and honestly, I will ensure him the same success.

I am, Sir,

Your loving friend,

T. HEZEKIAH THRIFT.'

N° 510. WEDNESDAY, OCT. 15, 1712.

——Si sapis,
Neque præterquam quas ipse amor molestias
Habet addas; et illas, quas habet, recte feras.
TER. Eun. Act 1. Sc. 1.

If you are wise, add not to the troubles which attend the passion of love, and bear patiently those which are inseparable from it.

I was the other day driving in a hack through Gerrard-street, when my eye was immediately catched with the prettiest object imaginable—the face of a very fair girl, between thirteen and fourteen, fixed at the chin to a painted sash, and made part of the landscape. It seemed admirably done, and, upon throwing myself eagerly out of the coach to look at it, it laughed, and flung from the window. This amiable figure dwelt upon me; and I was considering the vanity of the girl, and her pleasant coquetry in acting a picture until she was taken notice of, and raised the admiration of the beholders. This little circumstance made me run into reflexions upon the force of beauty, and the wonderful influence the female sex has upon the other part of the species. Our hearts are seized with their enchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal men, who by that hardness lose the chief pleasure in them, can resist their insinuations, though never so much against our own interests and opinion. It is common with women to destroy the good effects a man's following his own way and inclination might have upon his honour and fortune, by interposing their power over him in matters wherein they cannot influence him, but to his loss and disparagement. I do not know therefore a task

so difficult in human life, as to be proof against the importunities of a woman a man loves. There is certainly no armour against tears, sullen looks, or at best constrained familiarities, in her whom you usually meet with transport and alacrity. Sir Walter Raleigh was quoted in a letter (of a very ingenious correspondent of mine) upon this subject. That author, who had lived in courts, camps, travelled through many countries, and seen many men under several climates, and of as various complexions, speaks of our impotence to resist the wiles of women in very severe terms. His words are as follow:

'What means did the devil find out, or what instruments did his own subtilty present him, as fittest and aptest to work his mischief by? Even the unquiet vanity of the woman; so as by Adam's hearkening to the voice of his wife, contrary to the express commandment of the living God, mankind by that her incantation became the subject of labour, sorrow, and death: the woman being given to man for a comforter and companion, but not for a counsellor. It is also to be noted by whom the woman was tempted: even by the most ugly and unworthy of all beasts, into whom the devil entered and persuaded. Secondly, What was the move of her disobedience? Even a desire to know what was most unfitting her knowledge; an affection which has ever since remained in all the posterity of her sex. Thirdly, What was it that moved the man to yield to her persuasions? Even the same cause which hath moved all men since to the like consent, namely, an unwillingness to grieve her, or make her sad, lest she should pine, and be overcome with sorrow. But if Adam, in the state of perfection, and Solomon the son of David, God's chosen servant, and himself a man endued with the greatest wisdom, did both of them dis-

obey their Creator by the persuasion, and for the love they bare to a woman, it is not so wonderful as lamentable, that other men in succeeding ages have been allured to so many incovenient and wicked practices by the persuasion of their wives, or other beloved darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious purposes with a counterfeit passion of dissimulating sorrow and unquietness.'

The motions of the minds of lovers are no where so well described as in the words of skilful writers for the stage. The scene between Fulvia and Curius, in the second act of Jonson's Catiline, is an excellent picture of the power of a lady over her gallant. The wench plays with his affections; and as a man, of all places of the world, wishes to make a good figure with his mistress, upon her upbraiding him with want of spirit, he alludes to enterprises which he cannot reveal but with the hazard of his life. When he is worked thus far, with a flattery of her opinion of his gallantry, and desire to know more of it out of her overflowing fondness to him, he brags to her until his life is in her disposal.

When a man is thus liable to be vanquished by the charms of her he loves, the safest way is to determine what is proper to be done; but to avoid all expostulation with her before he executes what he has resolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a treaty; and one must consider how senseless a thing it is to argue with one whose looks and gestures are more prevalent with you, than your reasons and arguments can be with her. It is a most miserable slavery to submit to what you disapprove, and give up a truth for no other reason, but that you had not fortitude to support you in asserting it. A man has enough to do to conquer his own unreasonable wishes and desires; but he does that in vain, if he has those

of another to gratify. Let his pride be in his wife and family, let him give them all the conveniences of life in such a manner as if he were proud of them; but let it be his own innocent pride, and not their exorbitant desires, which are indulged by him. In this case all the little arts imaginable are used to soften a man's heart, and raise his passion above his understanding. But in all concessions of this kind, a man should consider whether the present he makes flows from his own love, or the importunity of his beloved. If from the latter, he is her slave? if from the former, her friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this subjection to women with that seriousness which so important a circumstance deserves. Why was courage given to a man, if his wife's fears are to frustrate it? When this is once indulged, you are no longer her guardian and protector, as you were designed by nature; but, in compliance to her weaknesses, you have disabled yourself from avoiding the misfortunes into which they will lead you both, and you are to see the hour in which you are to be reproached by herself for that very compliance to her. It is indeed the most difficult mastery over ourselves we can possibly attain, to resist the grief of her who charms us; but let the heart ake, be the anguish never so quick and painful, it is what must be suffered and passed through, if you think to live like a gentleman, or be conscious to yourself that you are a man of honesty. The old argument, that 'you do not love me if you deny me this,' which first was used to obtain a trifle, by habitual success will oblige the unhappy man who gives way to it to resign the cause even of his country and his honour.

T.

N° 511. THURSDAY, OCT. 16, 1712.

Quis non invenit turba quod amaret in illa?
OVID. Art. Am. i. 175.

———Who could fail to find,
In such a crowd a mistress to his mind?

'DEAR SPEC,

'Finding that my last letter took, I do intend to continue my epistolary correspondence with thee, on these dear confounded creatures, women. Thou knowest all the little learning I am master of is upon that subject: I never looked in a book, but for their sakes. I have lately met with two pure stories for a Spectator, which I am sure will please mightily, if they pass through thy hands. The first of them I found by chance in an English book, called Herodotus, that lay in my friend Dapperwit's window, as I visited him one morning. It luckily opened in the place where I met with the following account. He tells us that it was the manner among the Persians to have several fairs in the kingdom, at which all the young unmarried women were annually exposed to sale. The men who wanted wives came hither to provide themselves. Every woman was given to the highest bidder, and the money which she fetched laid aside for the public use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by. By this means the richest people had the choice of the market, and culled out all the most extraordinary beauties. As soon as the fair was thus picked, the refuse was to be distributed among the poor, and among those who could not go to the price of a beauty. Several of these married the agreeables,

paying a farthing for them, unless some-
ıanced to think it worth his while to bid for
n which case the best bidder was always the
er. But now you must know, Spec, it hap-
ı Persia, as it does in our own country, that
was' as many ugly women as beauties or
les; so that by consequence, after the ma-
s had put off a great many, there were still a
any that stuck upon their hands. In order
e to clear the market, the money which the
had sold for was disposed of among the
o that a poor man, who could not afford to
)eauty for his wife, was forced to take up
ortune; the greatest portion being always
) the most deformed. To this the author
ıat every poor man was forced to live kindly
wife, or, in case he repented of his bargain,
ı her portion with her to the next public

at I would recommend to thee on this occa-
to establish such an imaginary fair in Great
thou couldst make it very pleasant, by
g women of quality with cobblers and carmen,
bing titles and garters leading off in great ce-
shopkeepers' and farmers' daughters. Though,
ee the truth, I am confoundedly afraid, that
ve of money prevails in our island more than
Persia, we should find that some of our
men would choose out the portions, and
another for the richest piece of deformity;
on the contrary, the toasts and belles would
ht up by extravagant heirs, gamesters, and
ifts. Thou couldst make very pretty reflex-
n this occasion in honour of the Persian po-
who took care, by such marriages, to beautify
r part of the species, and to make the greatest

persons in the government the most graceful. But this I shall leave to thy judicious pen.

'I have another story to tell thee, which I likewise met with in a book. It seems the general of the Tartars, after having laid siege to a strong town in China, and taken it by storm, would set to sale all the women that were found in it. Accordingly he put each of them into a sack, and, after having thoroughly considered the value of the woman who was inclosed, marked the price that was demanded for her upon the sack. There was a great confluence of chapmen, that resorted from every part, with a design to purchase, which they were to do 'unsight unseen.' The book mentions a merchant in particular, who observing one of the sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his house. As he was resting with it upon a halfway bridge, he was resolved to take a survey of his purchase: upon opening the sack, a little old woman popped her head out of it; at which the adventurer was in so great a rage, that he was going to shoot her out into the river. The old lady, however, begged him first of all to hear her story, by which he learned that she was sister to a great mandarin, who would infallibly make the fortune of his brother-in-law as soon as he should know to whose lot she fell. Upon which the merchant again tied her up in his sack, and carried her to his house, where she proved an excellent wife, and procured him all the riches from her brother that she had promised him.

'I fancy, if I was disposed to dream a second time, I could make a tolerable vision upon this plan. I would suppose all the unmarried women in London and Westminster brought to market in sacks, with their respective prices on each sack. The first sack that is sold is marked with five thousand pound

Upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable housewife, of an agreeable countenance. The purchaser, upon hearing her good qualities, pays down her price very cheerfully. The second I would open should be a five hundred pound sack. The lady in it, to our surprise, has the face and person of a toast. As we are wondering how she came to be set at so low a price, we hear that she would have been valued at ten thousand pound, but that the public had made those abatements for her being a scold. I would afterwards find some beautiful, modest, and discreet woman, that should be the top of the market; and perhaps discover half a dozen romps tied up together in the same sack, at one hundred pound a head. The prude and the coquette should be valued at the same price, though the first should go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldst like such a vision, had I time to finish it; because, to talk in thy own way, there is a moral in it. Whatever thou mayest think of it, pr'ythee do not make any of thy queer apologies for this letter, as thou didst for my last. The women love a gay lively fellow, and are never angry at the railleries of one who is their known admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them.

Thine,

O. HONEYCOMB.'

N° 512. FRIDAY, OCT. 17, 1712.

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 344.

Mixing together profit and delight.

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We consider the instruction as an implicit censure, and the zeal which any shows for our good on such an occasion, as a piece of presumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the person who pretends to advise, does, in that particular, exercise a superiority over us, and can have no other reason for it, but that, in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our understanding. For these reasons, there is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have distinguished themselves among one another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made use of, to render this bitter portion palatable! Some convey their instructions to us in the best chosen words, others in the most harmonious numbers; some in points of wit, and others in short proverbs.

But, among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is fable, in whatsoever shape it appears. If we consider this way of instructing or giving advice, it excels all others, because it is the

least shocking, and the least subject to those exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect, in the first place, that upon the reading of a fable we are made to believe we advise ourselves. We peruse the author for the sake of the story, and consider the precepts rather as our own conclusions than his instructions. The moral insinuates itself imperceptibly; we are taught by surprise, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this method a man is so far over-reached as to think he is directing himself, while he is following the dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most unpleasing circumstance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we shall find that the mind is never so much pleased, as when she exerts herself in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the soul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable; for, in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half of the performance; every thing appears to him like a discovery of his own; he is busied all the while in applying characters and circumstances, and is in this respect both a reader and a composer. It is no wonder therefore, that on such occasions, when the mind is thus pleased with itself, and amused with its own discoveries, that it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occasion of it. For this reason the Absalom and Achitophel * was one of the most popular poems that appeared in English. The poetry

* A memorable satire written by Dryden against the faction which, by lord Shaftesbury's incitement, set the duke of Monmouth at their head. Of this poem, in which personal satire is applied to the support of public principles, the sale was so large, that it is said not to have been equalled, but by Sacheverell's trial.

is indeed very fine; but had it been much finer, it would not have so much pleased, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving advice is so inoffensive, that, if we look into ancient histories, we find the wise men of old very often chose to give counsel to their kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this nature in a Turkish tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told than the sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The visier to this great sultan (whether an humourist or an enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the visier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls near a tree that grew near an old wall out of a heap of rubbish. 'I would fain know,' says the sultan, 'what those two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it.' The visier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the sultan, 'Sir,' says he, 'I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.' The sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. 'You must know then,' said the visier, 'that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of

: son said to the father of the daughter, in my hear-
;, " Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided
u will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined vil-
es for her portion." To which the father of the
ighter replied, " Instead of fifty, I will give her
e hundred, if you please. God grant a long life
sultan Mahmoud! Whilst he reigns over us, we
ll never want ruined villages." '

The story says, the sultan was so touched with the
le, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which
l been destroyed, and from that time forward con-
ted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I shall add a most ridiculous
ce of natural magic, which was taught by no less
hilosopher than Democritus, namely, that if the
od of certain birds, which he mentioned, were
ked together, it would produce a serpent of such
vonderful virtue, that whoever did eat it should
skilled in the language of birds, and understand
ry thing they said to one another. Whether the
vise above mentioned might not have eaten such a
pent, I shall leave to the determination of the
rned. O.

N° 513. SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1712.

———Afflata est numine quando
Jam propiore Dei.———

VIRG. Æn. iv. 50.

When all the god came rushing on her soul.

DRYDEN.

E following letter comes to me from that excel-
t man in holy orders, whom I have mentioned

more than once as one of that society, who assists me in my speculations. It is a thought in sickness, and of a very serious nature, for which reason I give it a place in the paper of this day.

'SIR,

'THE indisposition which has long hung upon me is at last grown to such a head, that it must quickly make an end of me or of itself. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad state of health, there are none of your works which I read with greater pleasure than your Saturday's papers. I should be very glad if I could furnish you with any hints for that day's entertainment. Were I able to dress up several thoughts of a serious nature, which have made great impressions on my mind during a long fit of sickness, they might not be an improper entertainment for that occasion.

'Among all the reflexions which usually rise in the mind of a sick man, who has time and inclination to consider his approaching end, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before Him who made him. When a man considers, that, as soon as the vital union is dissolved, he shall see that Supreme Being whom he now contemplates at a distance, and only in his works, or, to speak more philosophically, when, by some faculty in the soul, he shall apprehend the Divine being, and be more sensible of his presence than we are now of the presence of any object which the eye beholds, a man must be lost in carelessness and stupidity, who is not alarmed at such a thought. Dr. Sherlock, in his excellent treatise upon Death, has represented, in very strong and lively colours, the state of the soul in its first separation from the body, with regard to that invisible world which every where surrounds us, though we are not able to dis-

cover it through this grosser world of matter, which is accommodated to our senses in this life. His words are as follow:

"That death, which is our leaving this world, is nothing else but putting off these bodies, teaches us that it is only our union to these bodies, which intercepts the sight of the other world. The other world is not at such a distance from us as we may imagine; the throne of God indeed is at a great remove from this earth, above the third heavens, where he displays his glory to those blessed spirits which encompass his throne; but as soon as we step out of these bodies we step into the other world, which is not so properly another world (for there is the same heaven and earth still) as a new state of life. To live in these bodies is to live in this world; to live out of them is to remove into the next: for while our souls are confined to these bodies, and can look only through these material casements, nothing but what is material can affect us; nay, nothing but what is so gross that it can reflect light, and convey those shapes and colours of things with it to the eye: so that, though within this visible world there be a more glorious scene of things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this veil of flesh parts the visible and invisible world: but when we put off these bodies, there are new and surprising wonders present themselves to our views; when these material spectacles are taken off, the soul with its own naked eyes sees what was invisible before; and then we are in the other world, when we can see it, and converse with it. Thus St. Paul tells us, that 'when we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord; but when we are absent from the body, we are present with the Lord:' 2 Cor. v. 6, 8. And methinks this is enough to cure us of our

fondness for these bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined to a prison, and to look through a grate all our lives, which gives us but a very narrow prospect, and that none of the best neither, than to be set at liberty to view all the glories of the world. What would we give now for the least glimpse of that invisible world, which the first step we take out of these bodies will present us with? There are such things 'as eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' Death opens our eyes, enlarges our prospect, presents us with a new and more glorious world, which we can never see while we are shut up in flesh; which should make us as willing to part with this veil, as to take the film off of our eyes, which hinders our sight."

'As a thinking man cannot but be very much affected with the idea of his appearing in the presence of that Being "whom none can see and live," he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being whom he appears before will examine all the actions of his past life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think there is no scheme of religion, besides that of Christianity, which can possibly support the most virtuous person under this thought. Let a man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance; passion, and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and, in short, so many defects in his best actions, that, without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his Sovereign Judge, or that he should be able to "stand in his sight." One

holy religion suggests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted.

'It is this series of thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following hymn, which I have composed during this my sickness.

I.

"When, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
O how shall I appear!

II.

"If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

III.

"When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgement on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

IV.

"But thou hast told the troubled mind
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

"Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

"For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make her pardon sure."

'There is a noble hymn [illegible] h
sieur Bayle has celebra[illegible]

which the famous author of the Art of Speaking calls an admirable one, that turns upon a thought of the same nature. If I could have done it justice in English, I would have sent it to you translated; it was written by Monsieur des Barreux, who had been one of the greatest wits and libertines in France, but in his last years was as remarkable a penitent.

" Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité;
Toujours tu prends plaisir à nous être propice,
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta justice.
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impieté
Ne laisse ton à pouvoir que le choix du supplice;
Ton intérét s'oppose à ma félicité:
Et ta clémence méme attend que je périsse,
Contente ton désir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux;
Offense toi des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;
Tonne, frappe, il est tems, rens moi guerre pour guerre!
J'adore en périssant la raison qui t'aigrit.
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnère,
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jesus Christ."

" If these thoughts may be serviceable to you, I desire you would place them in a proper light, and am ever, with great sincerity,

O. Sir, yours, &c."

N° 514. MONDAY, OCT. 20, 1712.

——Me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor: juvat ire jugis qua nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.
VIRG. Georg. iii. 291.

But the commanding Muse my chariot guides,
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides:
And pleas'd I am no beaten road to take,
But first the way to new discov'ries make
DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I CAME home a little later than usual the other night; and, not finding myself inclined to sleep, I took up Virgil to divert me until I should be more disposed to rest. He is the author whom I always choose on such occasions; no one writing in so divine, so harmonious, nor so equal a strain, which leaves the mind composed and softened into an agreeable melancholy; the temper, in which, of all others, I choose to close the day. The passages I turned to were those beautiful raptures in his Georgics, where he professes himself entirely given up to the Muses, and smit with the love of poetry, passionately wishing to be transported to the cool shades and retirements of the mountain Hæmus. I closed the book and went to bed. What I had just before been reading made so strong an impression on my mind, that fancy seemed almost to fulfil to me the wish of Virgil, in presenting to me the following vision.

'Methought I was on a sudden placed in the plains of Bœotia, where at the end of the horizon I

saw the mountain Parnassus rising before me. The prospect was of so large an extent, that I long wandered about to find a path which should directly lead me to it, had I not seen at some distance a grove of trees, which, in a plain that had nothing else remarkable enough in it to fix my sight, immediately determined me to go thither. When I arrived at it, I found it parted out into a great number of walks and alleys, which often widened into beautiful openings, as circles or ovals, set round with yews and cypresses, with niches, grottos, and caves, placed on the sides, encompassed with ivy. There was no sound to be heard in the whole place, but only that of a gentle breeze passing over the leaves of the forest; every thing beside was buried in a profound silence. I was captivated with the beauty and retirement of the place, and never so much, before that hour, was pleased with the enjoyment of myself. I indulged the humour, and suffered myself to wander without choice or design. At length, at the end of a range of trees, I saw three figures seated on a bank of moss, with a silent brook creeping at their feet. I adored them as the tutelary divinities of the place, and stood still to take a particular view of each of them. The middlemost, whose name was Solitude, sat with her arms across each other, and seemed rather pensive, and wholly taken up with her own thoughts, than any ways grieved or displeased. The only companions which she admitted into that retirement were, the goddess Silence, who sat on her right hand with her finger on her mouth, and on her left Contemplation, with her eyes fixed upon the heavens. Before her lay a celestial globe, with several schemes of mathematical theorems. She prevented my speech with the greatest affability in the world. "Fear not," said she, "I know your request before you speak it;

you would be led to the mountain of the Muses; the only way to it lies through this place, and no one is so often employed in conducting persons thither as myself." When she had thus spoken, she rose from her seat, and I immediately placed myself under her direction; but whilst I passed through the grove I could not help inquiring of her who were the persons admitted into that sweet retirement. "Surely," said I, "there can nothing enter here but virtue and virtuous thoughts; the whole wood seems designed for the reception and reward of such persons as have spent their lives according to the dictates of their conscience, and the commands of the gods." "You imagine right," said she: "assure yourself this place was at first designed for no other: such it continued to be in the reign of Saturn, when none entered here but holy priests, deliverers of their country from oppression and tyranny, who reposed themselves here after their labours, and those whom the study and love of wisdom had fitted for divine conversation. But now it is become no less dangerous than it was before desirable: vice has learned so to mimic virtue, that it often creeps in hither under its disguise. See there; just before you, Revenge stalking by, habited in the robe of Honour. Observe not far from him Ambition standing alone; if you ask him his name, he will tell you it is Emulation, or Glory. But the most frequent intruder we have is Lust, who succeeds now the deity to whom in better days this grove was entirely devoted. Virtuous Love, with Hymen, and the Graces attending him, once reigned over this happy place; a whole train of virtues waited on him, and no dishonourable thought durst presume for admittance. But now, how is the whole prospect changed! and how seldom renewed by some few who dare despise sor-

did wealth, and imagine themselves fit companions for so charming a divinity!"

'The goddess had no sooner said thus, but we were arrived at the utmost boundaries of the wood, which lay contiguous to a plain that ended at the foot of the mountain. Here I kept close to my guide, being solicited by several phantoms, who assured me they would show me a nearer way to the mountain of the Muses. Among the rest Vanity was extremely importunate, having deluded infinite numbers, whom I saw wandering at the foot of the hill. I turned away from this despicable troop with disdain; and, addressing myself to my guide, told her that, as I had some hopes I should be able to reach up part of the ascent, so I despaired of having strength enough to attain the plain on the top. But, being informed by her that it was impossible to stand upon the sides, and that if I did not proceed onwards I should irrevocably fall down to the lowest verge, I resolved to hazard any labour and hardship in the attempt: so great a desire had I of enjoying the satisfaction I hoped to meet with at the end of my enterprize.

'There were two paths, which led up by different ways to the summit of the mountain: the one was guarded by the genius which presides over the moment of our births. He had it in charge to examine the several pretensions of those who desired to pass that way, but to admit none excepting those only on whom Melpomene had looked with a propitious eye at the hour of their nativity. The other way was guarded by Diligence, to whom many of those persons applied who had met with a denial the other way; but he was so tedious in granting their request, and indeed after admittance the way was so very intricate and laborious, that many, after they had made

me progress, chose rather to return back than pro-
ed, and very few persisted so long as to arrive at
e end they proposed. Besides these two paths,
hich at length severally led to the top of the
ountain, there was a third made up of these two,
hich a little after the entrance joined in one. This
rried those happy few, whose good fortune it was
find it, directly to the throne of Apollo. I do not
ow whether I should even now have had the reso-
tion to have demanded entrance at either of these
ors, had I not seen a peasant-like man (followed
a numerous and lovely train of youths of both
xes) insist upon entrance for all whom he led up.
e put me in mind of the country clown who is
inted in the map for leading prince Eugene over
e Alps. He had a bundle of papers in his hand;
d, producing several, that he said were given to
m by hands which he knew Apollo would allow as
sses; among which, methought I saw some of my
vn writing; the whole assembly was admitted, and
ve by their presence a new beauty and pleasure to
ese happy mansions. I found the man did not pre-
nd to enter himself, but served as a kind of forester
the lawns, to direct passengers, who by their own
erit, or instructions he procured for them, had vir-
e enough to travel that way. I looked very at-
ntively upon this kind homely benefactor; and for-
ve me, Mr. Spectator, if I own to you I took him
r yourself. We were no sooner entered, but we
ere sprinkled three times with the water of the
untain of Aganippe, which had power to deliver
from all harms, but only envy, which reacheth
en to the end of our journey. We had not pro-
eded far in the middle path, when we arrived at
e summit of the hill, where there immediately
peared to us two figures, which extremely engaged

my attention: the one was a young nymph in the prime of her youth and beauty; she had wings on her shoulders and feet, and was able to transport herself to the most distant regions in the smallest space of time. She was continually varying her dress, sometimes into the most natural and becoming habits in the world, and at others into the most wild and freakish garb that can be imagined. There stood by her a man full aged and of great gravity, who corrected her inconsistencies by showing them in this* mirror, and still flung her affected and unbecoming ornaments down the mountain, which fell in the plain below, and were gathered up and worn† with great satisfaction by those that inhabited it. The name of this nymph was Fancy, the daughter of Liberty, the most beautiful of all the mountain nymphs: the other was Judgement, the offspring of Time, and the only child he acknowledged to be his. A youth, who sat upon a throne just between them, was their genuine offspring; his name was Wit, and his seat was composed of the works of the most celebrated authors. I could not but see with a secret joy, that, though the Greeks and Romans made the majority, yet our own countrymen were the next both in number and dignity. I was now at liberty to take a full prospect of that delightful region. I was inspired with new vigour and life, and saw every thing in nobler and more pleasing views than before: I breathed a purer æther in a sky which was a continued azure, gilded with perpetual sunshine. The two summits of the mountain rose on each side, and formed in the midst a most delicious vale, the habitation of the Muses, and of such as had composed works worthy of immortality. Apollo was seated

* *His.* † *Worn*; pret. for participle.

upon a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

out of the way. I was at once touched with pleasure at my own happiness, and compassion at the sight of their inextricable errors. Here the two contending passions rose so high, that they were inconsistent with the sweet repose I enjoyed; and, awaking with a sudden start, the only consolation I could admit of for my loss, was the hopes that this relation of my dream will not displease you.'

T.

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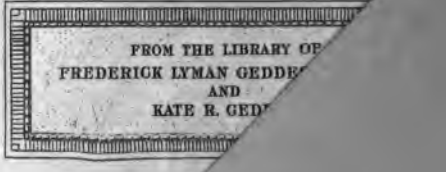
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